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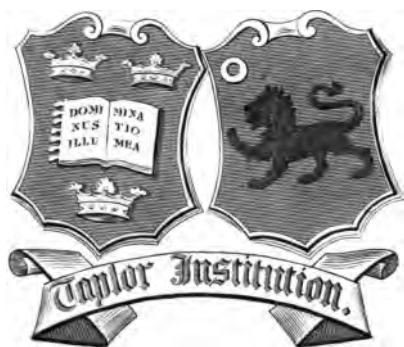
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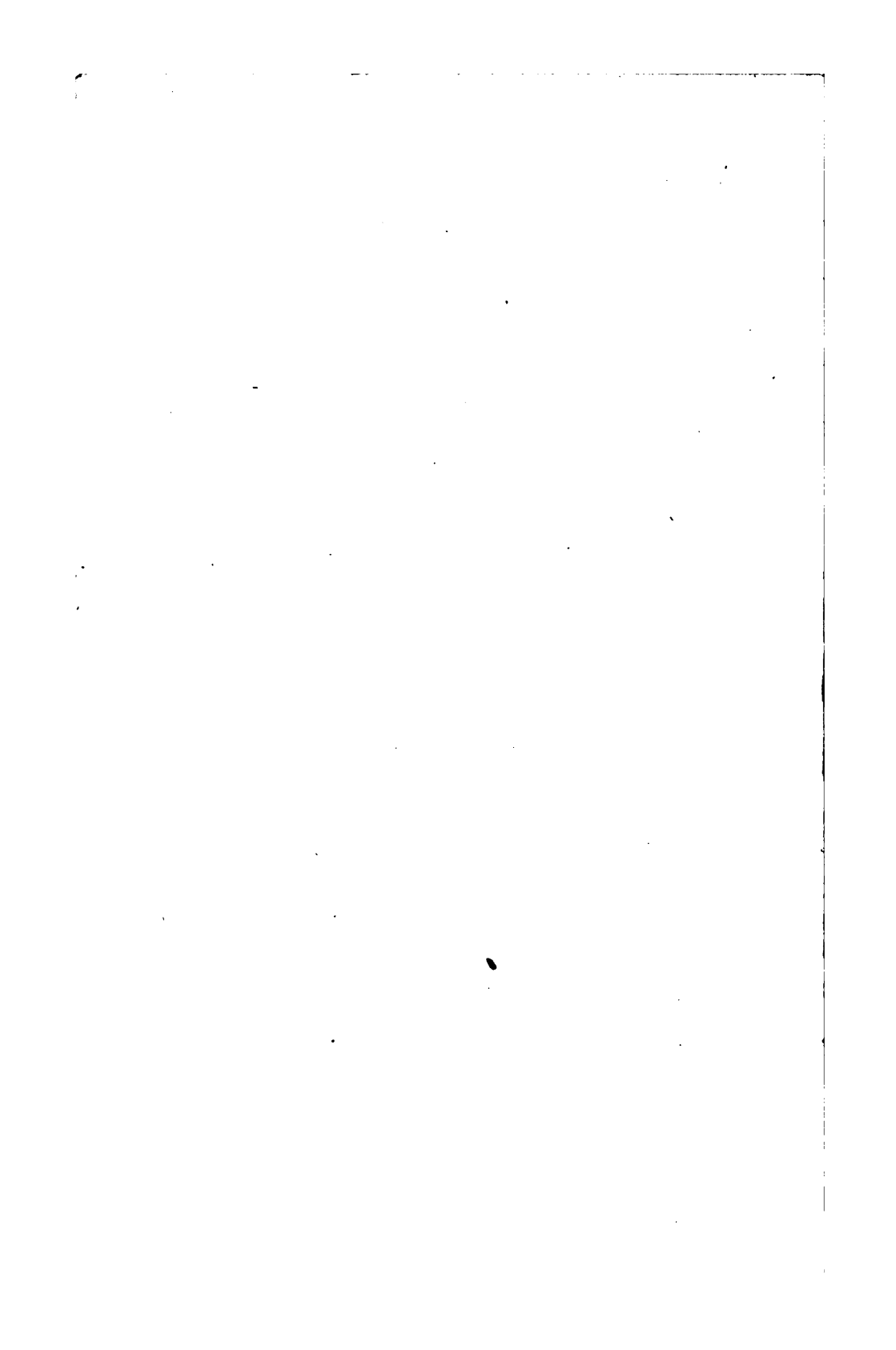


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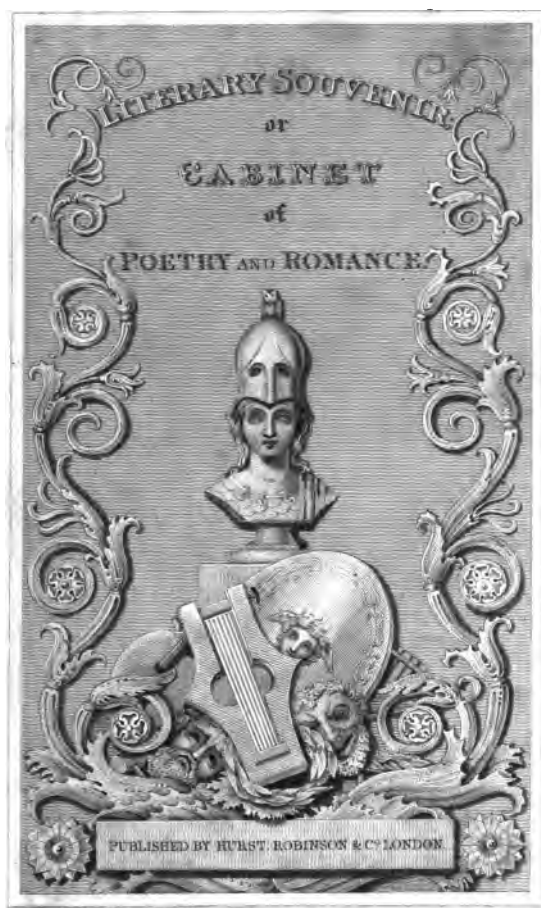
Drawn by G. S. Hayton.

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THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

London: Published by Hurst, Robinson & Co. 1795.

Printed by W. B. ...



A. Beardsley del.

THE
LITERARY SOUVENIR;

OR,
CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE.

EDITED BY
ALARIC A. WATTS.

*I have song of war for knight ;
Lay of love for lady bright ;
Fairy tale to tell the heir ;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.*
Sir Walter Scott.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.
5, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL ;
AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1826.

5-18.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. AND J. B. FLINDELL, 67, ST. MARTIN'S-LANE.

TO
HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HER GRACE'S
OBLIGED AND VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT
THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE sale of six thousand copies of the *Literary Souvenir* for 1825, under disadvantages of no ordinary nature, and the flattering testimony borne to its merits by nearly the whole of the periodical press, whilst they have afforded gratifying proofs of the correctness of my anticipations as to the probable success of such a publication, have also had the effect of stimulating my publishers and myself to produce, in the present volume, a work calculated to deserve, if not to secure, a still more extended degree of patronage; and to satisfy any reasonable expectations to which the preceding number may have given rise. It would, how-

ever, be disingenuous in me to lead my readers to expect any very material improvement hereafter. The literary contents of the following pages, both prose and verse, whether anonymous or avowed, have (if my own trivial contributions, and some two or three articles from able, but unknown pens, be excepted), been supplied, at my instigation, by a host of the most distinguished writers of the age. The embellishments, too, have been executed, as will be seen, by the most eminent engravers, from ORIGINAL paintings and drawings by the first artists of the day, in a style which, as it regards several of them, has certainly never been surpassed, if equalled, on the small scale to which they are necessarily restricted. The poet, the novelist, the painter, or engraver, may, undoubtedly, be more or less successful on one occasion than on another; but, on the whole, I can scarcely hope to pre-

sent my readers with a more favourable specimen of the *Literary Souvenir* than that which I have now the pleasure to lay before them.

Among the illustrations will be found subjects, which, upon a minute inspection, will fully bear me out in the opinion I have ventured to express, namely: the celebrated pictures by Leslie and Newton, entitled, "The Rivals," and "The Lovers' Quarrel," now engraved, for the first time, by W. Finden and Rolls; "Bolton Abbey," by E. Finden, after a splendid drawing, by Turner;* "Richmond Hill," by Goodall, after a drawing made by Turner expressly for this work; "The Forsaken," by Heath, after a picture by Newton, painted also expressly for this work;

* For the loan of this beautiful drawing I am indebted to the kindness of Thomas Lister Parker, Esq. to whom I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of returning my acknowledgments for his politeness.

Lady Louisa Russell, by Thomson, after the well known statue by Chantrey, in the Gallery at Woburn Abbey, &c. &c. &c.

I need scarcely remind my readers that if, instead of such illustrations as these, from original paintings and drawings, most of which have been procured with very great expense, I had chosen to introduce inferior plates, perhaps pleasing enough to persons possessing no great refinement of taste, taken from published prints, or obtained from cheap sources, more than double the number might have been given, at precisely the same cost. And when it is remembered that ten engravings, executed in the most finished style of the art, and upwards of four hundred pages of closely printed* ori-

* I would not have the beautiful typography of the present volume escape notice altogether. In order that the mechanical part of the work should not be unworthy of the matter and illustrations, it has been printed from an entirely new font of type.

ginal Tales, Sketches, and Poems, by about forty of the most popular writers of the day, are supplied to the public at the cost of *twelve shillings*, I shall readily be believed when I affirm that many thousand copies must be sold before the proprietors can be even reimbursed for the expenses of the work.

With regard to the literary portion of this volume, I would wish it to be clearly understood that it is what it professes to be, ORIGINAL. I am led to dwell upon this feature of my plan thus particularly, in consequence of having observed that more than one of the literary friends who have contributed anonymously to my pages, and of whose names I should have been extremely happy to have availed myself, had they permitted me so to do, have been publicly announced as the "contributors" to a work professing similar

objects with the *Literary Souvenir*, not only against their consent, but without their having furnished a single line for its pages. As I perceive the names of other of my friends attached to productions, in the announcements of the work in question, which have already appeared repeatedly in print, it is not unfair to infer that they, too, have been pressed into the service of the parties in the same manner. Of course, a selection might, upon such a principle, include *all* the poets and novelists of the age, not excepting those recently deceased, for "dead men tell no tales."

I have already extended these prefatory remarks beyond the space I meant to occupy when I set out; but I should, indeed, deserve the imputation of ingratitude if I brought them to a conclusion without returning my very warm acknowledgments to the

many distinguished writers who have so obligingly favoured me with their contributions. —I am, as the Editor of this work, scarcely more than the stringer together of other people's pearls; and having little to boast of, save the honour of an association, in its pages, with some of the brightest stars in the hemisphere of modern literature and art, it is not surprising that I should desire to make the most of my fame. With this honour I shall rest perfectly satisfied, leaving the praise which a large portion of the contents of the following pages can hardly fail of calling forth, to those to whom it can alone, by right and propriety, belong.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

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THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

A TALE OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.

Alas, how light a cause may move
Disunion between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.

Moore.

I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl. She was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw ; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanour than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies ; and the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all ; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed

ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assaulted a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with a voice which was a little out of breath, and with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valour back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance! is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for the third time, do not be inquisitive; and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing these three days."

"I will, as you desire, take both your hands and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome; and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever since you lost your beauty, or whether you have ever mustered humility to

drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in toiling to be worthy such a mighty lady."

Sibyl laughed, and snatched her hand away from him to draw it across her eyes.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years?—And has not such an age of experience made our boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same,—excepting far more lovely,—the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal for the most dismally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sybil, your miniature, half given, half stolen, at our last parting;—it has been my shield in a dozen fights, has healed, with its smile, as many wounds;—it has asked me if this was a brow whereon to register deceit,—if these were the lips to speak it,—if these were the eyes,—as I live, they are weeping even now!"

She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered, with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to make such minute observations. "I too, have had my comforter," she said, drawing the fellow miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes;—"it has been my shield against a dozen follies,—it has warned me to benefit by sad experience;—it has asked me if this was the brow whereon to register any—

thing good,—if these were the lips to speak it,—if these were the eyes,—as I live, they are conceited even now !”

“ But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart ?”

“ And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it ?”

“ Did you ever try him ?”

“ Oh, Childe Wilful ! can you change countenance at such a name even now ? No, I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger and must be indulged), I will tell you wherefore. I would not have given it to him for his head ; nor for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon ; and so now see if you can contrive to be jealous of him :—nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me ?”

“ No more of that, sweet Sybil.”

“ And will you never counterfeit a head-ache, to hide your displeasure, when I dance with Sir Duncce, or gallop with Sir Gosling ?”

“ No, never, Sybil.”

“ And will you never take leave of me for ever, and return five minutes afterwards to see how I bear it ?”

“ Never, whilst I live.”

“ Why then, I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you—when I can think of it.”

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please;—make it appear that, now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning hook, and yourself into an accomplished 'squire;—and then,—and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

It was not long afterwards that Childe Wilful, to the great surprise of Sibyl, arrived at the hall, in hot haste, from foreign parts! He had always been a favourite for his liveliness, and was, indeed, almost as much liked as abused. The old lord took him by the hand, with a comical expression of countenance which seemed to enquire how much mischief he had done; and the old ladies thought him vastly improved by travel, and awfully like a great warrior. The only persons to whom his presence was not likely to be strikingly agreeable, were a few round-shouldered suitors of Sibyl, who, in common with country 'squires in general, were largely gifted with the blessings of fleet horses, and tardy wits. Amongst these stood, pre-eminent, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell. He was a tall man, with not a bad figure, and really a handsome face; though the dangerous tendency of the first was somewhat marred by peculiar

ideas of the Graces, and the latter was perfectly innocuous from an undue economy of expression. Altogether, Sir Lubin was a very fine camel: he was a man of much dignity, always preserving a haughty silence when he did not exactly know what to say, and very properly despising those whom he could not hope to out-shine. Thus it was, that the meeting between Sir Lubin and Childe Wilful was very similar to that between Ulysses and the ghost of Ajax.

Had this been all the mortification which the Childe was doomed to undergo, he might perhaps have contrived to bear it with fortitude; but Sibyl had subjected him to the task of obtaining a good character, and his trials were insupportable.

In the first place he had to tell stories of sacked cities and distressed virgins, at the tea table, till he became popular enough with the maiden aunts to be three parts out of his mind; for Sibyl was all the time compelled to endure the homage of her other lovers. It is true that her keen wit could no more enter their double-blocked skulls, than the point of her needle could have penetrated the Macedonian phalanx; but then each villain fixed his eye upon her with all the abstracted expression of the bull's eye in a target, and seemed so abominably happy, that the sight was excruciating. Sometimes, too, Sir Lubin would muster brains to perceive that he was giving pain, and would do his best to encrease it by whispering in her ear, with a confidential smile, some terrible nothing, for

which he deserved to be exterminated; whilst, to mend the matter, the old ladies would remark upon the elegance of his manner, and hint that Sibyl was evidently coming to, because she seemed too happy to be scornful, and had lost all her taste for solitude. They would undoubtedly make a very handsome couple; and the Childe was appealed to whether he did not think that they would have a very fine family.

In the second place, his opinion of ploughs and politics, on which love had taught him to discourse but too successfully, made him a fixture at the punch-bowl; while Sir Lubin and his tribe prophaned Sibyl's hand in country dances, as long as they had breath for a plunge. It, moreover, left them ample opportunity to negotiate with the aunts upon the arrangement of her plans for the next day, when he was still condemned to admire some new farm, or ride ten miles to rejoice with his host over a wonderful prize bullock. Sometimes, too, the old lord would apologize for taking him away, by observing, that it was better to leave Sibyl to her lovers, for it was time that she should take up with some one of them, and the presence of third parties might abash her.

In the third place, when he retired to bed to sum up all the pleasures of the day, it was never quite clear to him that Sibyl did not expose him to more disquietude than was absolutely necessary. It might indeed be proper that her attachment to him should not be too apparent till he was firmly established in grace, seeing that his merit was

the only thing that could be put in the scale against the finest glebe in the county ; but then could she not appear sufficiently careless about him without being so unusually complaisant to such a set of louts ?—If his presence made her happy, there was no necessity to give them licence to presume to be happy likewise ; and, besides, she might surely find *some* moments for revisiting her grotto, instead of uniformly turning from his hasty whisper, with—"it is better not." It was not so formerly, and it was very reasonable to suppose that her three years' constancy had been sustained by some ideal picture of what he might turn out, in which she was now disappointed. He could not sleep. His restless fancy continually beheld her bright eyes looking tenderness upon the wooden face of Sir Lubin. He turned to the other side, and was haunted by a legion of young Lubins, who smiled upon him with Sibyl's looks till he almost groaned aloud. In the morning he came down with a hag-ridden countenance, which made people wonder what was the matter with him, and Sibyl asked him, with her look of ineffable archness, whether he was experiencing a return of his head-aches.

Time rolled on very disagreeably. The Childe grew every day paler and more popular : the old ladies gave him more advice, and the old lord gave him more wine, and Sibyl grew mortified at his mistrust, and Sir Lubin grew afraid of his frown, and one half of the hall could not help being sorry, and the other half were obliged to be civil. Ajax and Ulysses had stepped into each other's

shoes, and Sibyl, to keep the peace, was obliged to accede to an interview in her little boudoir.

It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious,—but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Childe was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done.

“My commands,” she gravely said, “are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off.”

As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

“Sibyl,” he exclaimed, “why have you taken such pains to torment me?”

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill!—Heaven and earth! Have I not laboured to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh yes; and hind side before as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition, is likely to have told very much in your favour."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time,—so many more of your smiles, than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question?—Oh!—is it possible to mete out attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world?—Would nothing do you think,—no tell-tale countenance,—no treacherous accent betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind, to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time,—let us seek happiness by the readiest means,—and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea;—her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible that you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence; for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now—"

Her anger never had been more than a flash,—she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of raillery, "Childe Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark

that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is anything to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing case,—I pray you stand still now while I read over the wonderous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him. Childe Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said, "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture amongst your cast-off ornaments."

This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present;—if you ask me for it to-morrow I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

Her answer was a little indignant,—his rejoinder was a little more provoking,—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve,—and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Childe's.

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserved to be treasured up."

The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place, and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl,—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul;—but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honour! Was he to endure the possibility of a possibility

of being triumphed over by such an eternal blockhead as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?

Sibyl made her appearance in the drawing-room, soon after him, in her riding dress. Her manner was cold and distant, and she heard him feign business at home without condescending to notice it, only there was a fever upon her cheek which spoke an unwonted tumult of feeling. Her horse was at the door, and Sir Lubin was ready to escort her down. As she took leave of her cousin they were both haughty, and both their hands trembled. In a minute she was seen winding through the old avenue. Sir Lubin, who was observed poking his head from his shoulders with all the grace of a goose in a basket, was evidently saying tender things, and, altogether, looked cruelly like a dangerous rival. The Childe drew his breath through his teeth as though they had been set on edge, and moved from the window like a spirit turned out of Paradise.

Sir Lubin did not find his ride very satisfactory. He discovered that it was a fine evening;—made a clever simile about Lady Sybil's cheek and a poppy,—and another about her cruelty and a bramble; but they had little or no effect. She answered "no" when she ought to have said "yes," looked bewildered when he asked her opinion, and, in fact, as he poetically expressed it, was extracting honey from the flowers of her own imagination.

"Will he indeed have the heart to leave me thus?" said Sibyl to herself. "Unkind—ungrateful—to take my little

treasure from me,—the sole companion of my bosom,—the witness of all the tears I have shed for him,—the comforter of all my doubts of his fidelity ;—it is gone for ever,—I never can stoop to receive it back,—I never will forgive him,—no, never,—that is, if he be really gone.”

And really, when she returned, he *was* gone. Sibyl, however, would not persuade herself that it was not his intention to return ; and every night had to take her pride to task for having looked out upon the road all the day. Perhaps he would write ; and she stole away, as heretofore, alone, to meet the tardy post a mile off. There were letters for my lord,—for Sir Lubin,—for the Lady Jemima.

“ No—no!—I want not them. For the Lady Sibyl—what for the Lady Sibyl ? ”

The letters were turned over and over, and still the same deadening sound fell like a knell upon her heart—
“ Nothing for the Lady Sibyl.”

She returned unwillingly to her company, and retired, at the first opportunity, to wonder if her cousin was really in earnest,—if he had really deserted her, and whether she had ever given him cause so to do. Her pride would seldom suffer her to weep, and the tears seemed swelling at her heart till each throb was a throb of pain. Sometimes she would bewilder herself with suggesting other reasons than want of inclination for his absence, and for his silence. Might he not wish to return, and be prevented by his family, who had not seen him for so long, and would naturally be importunate ? Might he not be fearful of

writing, lest his letter should fall into hands for which it was not intended, and betray the secret which she had desired him to keep? It surely might be her own over-weening caution that was afflicting her, and he might be as impatient as herself. Her imagination would begin to occupy itself in ideal scenes, till she forgot those which had really occurred, and her hand would rise fondly to her bosom to draw forth the semblance of her suffering cavalier. Alas! it was then that poor Sibyl's deceptive dreams were dispersed. The picture was gone,—was even now, perhaps, the bosom companion of another, who pitied her with smiles, and gaily upbraided him for his falsehood. Then again would the flush of shame rush over her cheek, her maiden indignation determine to forget him, and her wildered wits busy themselves upon plans of teaching him that she had done so.

In the mean time Sir Lubin began to congratulate himself that he had made an impression. Sibyl had lost the spirit to repel his advances as she had done before, and the little which she afforded him of her company, was clearly a pretty stratagem to bring him to an explanation. He had a great mind to be cruel in his turn, and lead her heart the dance, as he expressed it, which she had led his,—but then she was very pale, and might have a fit of illness. On the evening when he had resolved to make her happy, Sibyl indeed received a letter, but it was from her lover's sister. It was full of the gay rattle which usually characterizes the correspondence of hearts which

have never known sorrow; but it was other news that Sibyl looked for. She toiled through lively descriptions of fêtes, and finery, and flirtations, scarcely knowing what she read, till, at last, her eyes glanced upon the name she sought. She stopped to breathe ere she proceeded, and then, Childe Wilful was gone to —, and was paying violent attentions to the Lady Blanche.

She tore the letter calmly into little strips;—her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and, in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered—she knew not what.

It was not long after that the Childe was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful,—but, oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high-minded; but it was not the sweet pride that fascinated whilst it awed,—it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was accomplished; but they were the accomplishments approved by the understanding rather than the heart,—the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by Heaven; her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported about him,—wild, exquisite, and mysterious,—which were the same, whether wasted on the desert, or wafting delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose,—she was a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth. Oh, but

Sibyl was false! and oh, again, it was just possible that he might be mistaken. He was sadly bewildered, had another bad head-ache, and was strongly of opinion that it was not the way to forget Sibyl to put her in competition with other people. He hardly liked to confess it to himself, but he was not quite sure that, if he had any excuse which would not compromise his dignity, he would not turn his horse's head towards the hall, and suffer the fiends which were tormenting him to drive him at their own pace.

It happened that such excuse was not far distant. He had no sooner alighted at home than he was presented with a hasty note, which had been some days awaiting him, from Sibyl's father, inviting him,—a film came over his eyes, and the pulsation of his heart was paralysed,—inviting him to what he knew would give him great pleasure, to Sibyl's wedding! Should he send an excuse, and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it; or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex of the whole party? No matter, he would consider of it on his way. He gave his steed the spur as though the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for festivity, upon the fine slope of the chase,

came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider ; and the slow stride, which was accompanied by a deeper and a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. The Childe felt that he was too late. He enquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the church. He looked down upon the hilt of his sword, —he was still in time for vengeance,—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph,—to disappoint the anticipations of——Spirits of fury ! were there none to inspire a few minutes vigour into his fainting steed. The steed toiled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master ;—troops of peasant girls, dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side of the road, soon told him that he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin,—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust, in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six. They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the lady Sibyl, looking, amongst her bride's-maids, intense as a planet amidst its satellites, and they were all in extacies, which, if possible, increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the old elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the May-day multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the county. He sprang from

his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party were still standing before the altar; and he staggered and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

"More water," said some one in a low voice; "she is going to faint again."

Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?"

Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly; her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not.

It was pronounced a third time,—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysteric scream.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible!—I cannot!—I cannot!"

Her astonished lover sprang forward, and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance at each other's countenance was sufficient to explain all their sufferings,—to dissipate all their resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

"Sweet Sibyl, forgive—forgive me! I will atone for

it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "but I do not like this!"

"By my word!" added the lady Jemima, "but here is a new lover!"

"By mine honour!" responded the lady Bridget, "but he is an old one!"

"By my word and honour too," continued the lady something else, "I suspected it long ago!"

"And by my grey beard," concluded the old lord, "I wish I had done so too!—Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bride's-man still, though you cannot be bridegroom, and who knows but in our revels to-night, you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Childe Wilful's eye, which kept them bubbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable hems, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the com-

pany with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword, as he turned, between his legs, and strode, or rather rode, out of the church as fast as his dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom, on such great occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamourously, and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

"The wedding feast must not be lost," said the old lord ; "will nobody be married?"

Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and in the room of Sir Lubin, was handed the Cavalier Wilful.

"Wilt thou take *this* man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words "I will," it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

It is currently believed in Scotland, and on the Borders, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch away the drinking-cup, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized, at such a banquet, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

"If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall!"

From this prophecy the goblet took the name it bears—the *Luck of Eden-hall*.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

ON Eden's wild, romantic bowers
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,
And tint with yellow light the towers,
The stately towers of Eden-hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,
A lady at her lattice sits,
And trims her taper's wavering light,
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute
Beguile the weary moments now;
And little seems the lay to suit
Her wistful eye, and anxious brow :

For, as the chord her finger sweeps,
Ofttimes she checks her simple song,
To chide the froward chance that keeps
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long :

And listens, as the wind sweeps by,
His steed's familiar step to hear :—
Peace, beating heart ! 'twas but the cry
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower ! fast weep
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale ;
Thy cherished hero lies asleep,
Asleep in distant Russendale !

The noon was sultry, long the chace,
And when the wild stag stood at bay,
BURBEK reflected from its face
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie,
Up many a hill his courser strain,
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,
His verdant bowers, and halls again :

But twilight deepens,—o'er the wolds
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,
And now the haunted forest holds
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight ;
He blows his bugle, but the call
Roused echo mocks ; farewell, to-night,
The homefelt joys of Eden-hall !

His steed he to an alder ties,
His limbs he on the green-sward flings,
And, tired and languid, to his eyes
Woos sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer, a sigh, in murmurs faint,
He whispers to the passing air ;—
The Ave to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'Twas well that in that Elfin wood
He breathed the supplicating charm,
Which binds the Guardians of the good
To shield from all unearthly harm :

Scarce had the night's pale lady stayed
Her chariot o'er the accustomed oak,
Than murmurs in the mystic shade
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread,
His crouching greyhound whined with fear ;
And quaked the wild fern 'round his head,
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale
On glade and hillock, flower and tree,
And sweet the gurgling nightingale
Poured forth her music wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hushed ; and near
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring,
And, in gay cavalcade, appear
The Fairies round their Fairy king.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more
Were there, in silk and steel arrayed ;
And each a ruby helmet wore,
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,
On milk-white steeds, brought up their queen,
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,
Their kirtles all of Lincoln green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,
A sapphire or a topaz crown ;
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,
Which their own tercel-gents struck down.

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare ;
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade
Grew florid as they passed along,
And not a sound their bridles made
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit,—the knights advance,
And in quaint order, one by one,
Each leads his lady forth to dance,—
The timbrels sound—the charm 's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,
A daisy or a bluebell springs,
And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,
But falls within their charmed rings.

“ The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favourite tree ;
If now one lady wears a frown,
A false and froward shrew is she !

“ There 's not a smile we Fays let fall
But swells the tide of human bliss ;
And if good luck attends our call,
’Tis due on such sweet night as this :

"The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favourite tree ;
If now even Oberon wears a frown,
A false and froward churl is he !"

Thus sing the Fays ;—Lord Musgrave hears
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes
The radiant show, despite the fears
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft ! the minstrelsy declines ;
The morrice ceases, sound the shaums ;
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand,—
And underneath the greenwood bower,
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

"To banquet, ho !" the seneschals
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees
At sound of cymbals, to their calls
Consort beneath the leafy trees :

Titania by her king, each knight
Beside his ladye love ; the page
Behind his scutcheon'd lord,—a bright
Equipment on a brilliant stage.

The monarch sits;—all helms are doffed,
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside,
And, to the sound of music soft,
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
Or livelier hippocras they sip;
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With "nod, and beck, and wreathed smile,"
They heap their jewelled patines high;
Nor want there mirthful airs the while
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the wassail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offered up:

"Health to our Sovereign; fill, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim!
There's joy—in every drop there's joy
That laughs within its charmed rim!

" 'Twas wrought within a wizard's mould,
When signs and spells had happiest power ;—
Health to our king by wood and wold !
Health to our queen in hall and bower !

They rise—the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild wood echoes to their brawl,—
" Health to our king by wold and rill !
Health to our queen in bower and hall !"

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—
So help him all the Powers of Light,—
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright !

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,
The fourth it seats him on his steed ;
" Now, Luath ! or thy lord is lost—
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed !"

'Tis uproar all around, behind,—
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay ;
" The charmed cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife,—away ! away !"

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they passed ;
But, forward still good Musgrave kept,
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore ;
But when the farther bank was gained,
This song the passing whirlwind bore :

“ Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight ;
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight,
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall !”

The forest cleared, he winds his horn—
Rock, wood, and wave return the din ;
And soon, as though by Echo borne,
His gallant squires come pricking in.—

’Tis dusk of day ;—in Eden towers
A mother o’er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,
And charms away the lady’s cares,
And bids the mother’s heart rejoice.

“ Sleep sweetly, babe !” ’twas heard to say,
“ But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall !”—

Though years on years have taken flight,
Good-fortune's still the Musgrave's thrall;
Hail to his vantage in the fight!
All hail the LUCK OF EDEN-HALL!

TO AN ANGLER.

Go take thine angle, and with practiced line,
Light as the gossamer, the current sweep;
And if thou failest in the calm still deep,
In the rough eddy may a prize be thine.
Say, thou'rt unlucky where the sun-beams shine,
Beneath the shadow, where the waters creep,
Perchance the monarch of the brook shall leap,
For fate is ever better than design.
Still persevere: the giddiest breeze that blows,
For thee may blow, with fame and fortune rise;
Be prosperous;—and what reck if it arose
Out of some pebble with the stream at strife;
Or that the light wind dallied with the boughs?
Thou art successful: such is human life.

T. D.

THE WRECK.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Her sails are dragged in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies;
And her pennon, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.

Wilson

I.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark, from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

II.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck upturn,—
And sadder things than these!

III.

We saw her treasures cast away ;
The rocks with pearl were sown ;
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone ;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes,—but oh ! that shore
Had sadder sights than these !

IV.

We saw the strong man, still and low,
crushed reed thrown aside !
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died !
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That *there* a mother slept ;

V.

For her pale arms a babe had pressed *
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp !

* This circumstance is related of Mrs. Cargill, an actress of some celebrity, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, when returning from India.

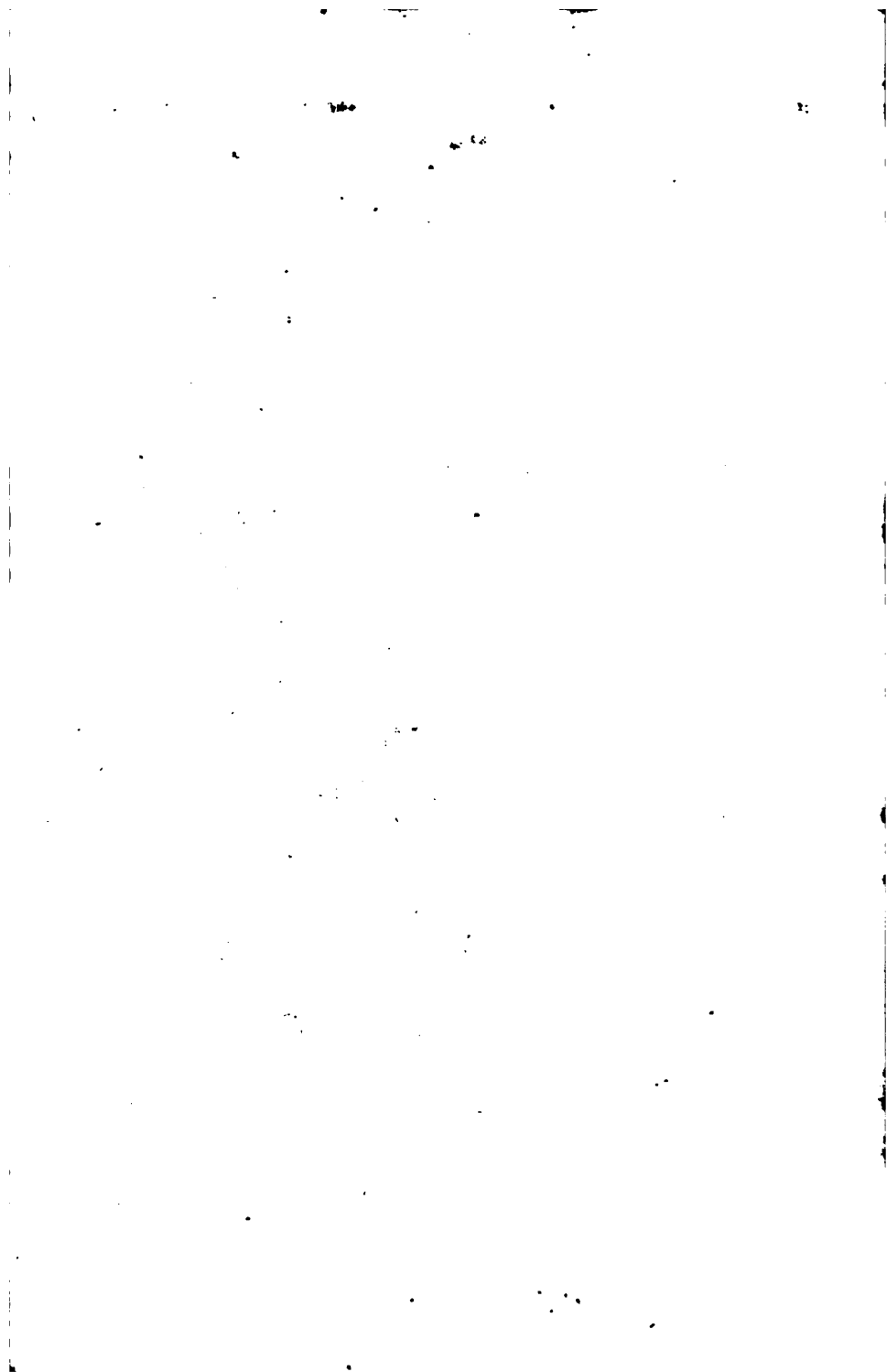
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

VI.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like Slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye ;—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony !

VII.

Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part,
Its passionate adieu !
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea !





Drawn by J. M. Turner. R.A.

BUCKHOLM HILL.

Printed for Wm. Johnson & Co. London. 1824

Engraved by E. Goodall

Printed by W. Groom

RICHMOND-HILL.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

*Sweet scene for Childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive Youth to stray in,
For Manhood to enjoy his strength,
And Age to wear away in!*

Wordsworth.

I.

LET poets rave of Arno's stream,
And painters of the winding Rhine ;
I will not ask a lovelier dream,
A sweeter scene, fair Thames, than thine ;—
As, 'neath a summer sun's decline,
Thou "wanderest at thine own sweet will,"
Reflecting from thy face divine
The flower-wreathed brow of RICHMOND-HILL !

II.

And, what though many hold thee cheap,
Because thy charms are all our own ;
And cold to thee, their praises keep
For foreign bowers, and skies alone ;—
And some will scarcely deign to own
The beauties all may share at will ;
I'll bend before thy woodland throne,
And hymn thy praise, sweet RICHMOND-HILL !

III.

I've roved o'er many a sunny land ;
'Mid many a smiling, peaceful scene ;
Where nature spreads, with lavish hand,
Her fairest flowers and softest green ;—
But wheresoe'er my steps have been
One vision hath pursued me still ;
And, as thy gliding wave serene,
My thoughts were full of RICHMOND-HILL.

IV.

And, what the fool of fashion spurns,
But makes thee dearer seem to me :
Then, whilst his sickly fancy turns
To foreign climes, I'll worship thee !
The more, that thou to all art free ;
That hearts unnumbered sweetly thrill,
When by-gone hours of blameless glee,
Come blent with thoughts of RICHMOND-HILL.

V.

The school-boy seeks thy glowing crest,
And launches thence his soaring kite,
In all the motley colours drest
His fancy deems of fair and bright ;
And,—like his heart as gay and light,
As wild, perverse, and volatile,—
The fluttering plaything wings its flight,
In curvets wild, o'er RICHMOND-HILL.

VI.

And, evermore in after-years
 When Childhood's sports have passed away ;
 When graver toys the heart endears ;
 Through other scenes the footsteps stray ;—
 Thy spell preserving still its sway,—
 What honied dreams the soul will fill
 Of many a summer's holiday
 Thus whiled away on RICHMOND-HILL.

VII.

Young lovers, too, oft haunt the shades
 That gird thy verdant diadem ;
 There linger till the day-beam fades,
 And evening's soft and dewy gem,
 The star of love, hath ris'n for them :
 Then, 'mid the silent, rapturous thrill,
 The gush of hearts 'twere vain to stem,
 How bright a heaven is RICHMOND-HILL !

VIII.

And when the ardent hopes of youth
 A tone of bliss subdued acquire,
 And the wild heart has "gained in truth
 Far more than it has lost in fire ;"
 The "happy pair" will here retire
 On memories bright to brood at will,
 To muse on themes that ne'er can tire,—
 Their "courting-days" on RICHMOND-HILL.

IX.

And even when age hath strewn the brow
With many a trace of time and care,
When all around is bright as now,
The world-worn man may here repair,
And gaze on Childhood's frolics fair,
Its artless mirth and sports, until
He lives again o'er joys that were,—
O'er boyish days on RICHMOND-HILL.

X.

Eden of many hearts! gay haunt
Of Youth—Age—Wealth and Poverty!
How doth the prisoned bosom pant
For one sweet day, from drudgery free,
To dedicate to bliss and thee!
Oh! if 'tis brightest fame, to fill
Unnumbered hearts with ecstasy;
Such fame is thine, sweet RICHMOND-HILL.

XI.

But lo! the sun is sinking fast,
Emblem how meet of man's decline,
When, life's obstructing shadows past,
His evening hour grows bright as thine!
And one mild gleam—Faith's glorious sign—
Like yon bright bark that seems so still,
Glides on the soul in light divine,
And leads it far from RICHMOND-HILL!

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

I.

So ends Childe Harold his last Pilgrimage!—
Above the Malian surge he stood, and cried
“Liberty!” and the shores, from age to age
Renowned, and Sparta’s woods and rocks, replied
“Liberty!” But a Spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking;—and its dart uplifting high
Smote him:—he sank to earth in life’s fair pride:
Sparta! thy rocks echoed another cry,
And old Ilissus sighed—“Die, generous exile, die!”

II.

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died:
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more.
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;

44 CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—
But I will bid the' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave.

III.

So ends Childe Harold his last Pilgrimage!—
Ends in that region—in that land renowned,
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,
And on the Muses' consecrated ground,—
His pale cheek fading where his brows were bound
With their unfading wreath! I will not call
The nymphs from Pindus' piny shades profound,
But strew some flowers upon thy sable pall,
And follow to the grave a Briton's funeral.

IV.

Slow move the plumed hearse, the mourning train,
I mark the long procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane
Where, Harold, thy fore-fathers mouldering lie;—
Where sleeps that mother, who with tearful eye
Pondering the fortunes of thy onward road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Who here, released from every human load,
Receives her long-lost child to the same calm abode.

V.

Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak—
When first the earth is heaped upon thy head,
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead :—
“ Here rest my son with me ;—the dream is fled ;—
The motley mask and the great coil are o'er :
Welcome to me, and to this wormy bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of earth, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

VI.

“ Here rest!—On all thy wanderings peace repose,
After the fever of thy toilsome way ;
No interruption this long silence knows ;
Here no vain phantoms lead the soul astray :
The earth-worm feeds on his unconscious prey ;
Here both shall sleep in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead, at that last awful day,
King, Lord, Almighty Judge! remember me ;
And may Heav'n's mercy rest, my erring child, on thee!”

YOUTH RENEWED.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

I.

SPRING-FLOWERS, spring-birds, spring-breezes
Are felt, and heard, and seen ;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart,—with sighs between ;
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons left behind ;—
Childhood, its smiles and tears,—
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning clouds, and dewy prime,
More exquisitely tinged by time !

II.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales ;
While hopes long lost are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales ;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood :

There falls to manhood's lot
A joy which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,
Returning spring,—renewing youth!

III.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past,
In sprightly mood yet tender,
Life's burthen down to cast,—
This is to taste from stage to stage,
Youth, or the lees refined of age;
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong;—
A richer, purer, mellow draught
With every annual cup is fraught.

May 13, 1825.

LOVE'S WEALTH.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

WELL, what if Fortune frown, love,
Heed not her fickle ray,
There are joys our hopes will crown, love,
That cannot thus decay.
Talk not of gems and gold, love,
What are gold and gems to me,
Whilst my shrining arms enfold, love,
A prize—a prize like thee?

II.

The wealth for which I pant, love,
Is a heart—a form like thine;
The only gems I want, love,
May soon, may soon be mine!
The diamonds of thine eyes, love,
All brilliants else eclipse,
And no other gems I prize, love,
Save the rubies of thy lips!

III.

Then, I pr'ythee no delay, love,
 Lest Hope fall sick the while ;
 Let 's tie the knot to-day, love,
 Nor wait for Fortune's smile.
 The heavens are blue and bright, love,
 Our hearts and hopes are gay,
 Then, a fig for Fortune's spite, love,
 We 'll tie the knot to day !

LOVE.

Wonderful passion !—clasping all, yet single !
 When in warm youth the' impetuous pulses beat.
 How all is changed in that emotion sweet ;
 How with the beautiful we seem to mingle,—
 A brook, a flower, can make the senses tingle.
 We thread the conscious paths with burning feet,
 And our hearts throb to see each loved retreat,
 By lonely stream, or grove, or dell, or dingle.
 And there, through many a day, will passion live,
 When that hath died from which its life it drew.
 Yea, there are scenes which ever can revive
 Feelings long past, breathing our youth anew,
 And to disused eye-lids strangely give
 Hot tears—else cold, as is the marble dew.

T. D.

THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

Ay, moralize on Love, and deem
Its life but as an April gleam,—
A thing of sunshine and of showers,
Of dying leaves and falling flowers.
Who would not bear the darkest sphere
That such a rainbow comes to cheer?
Ay, turn and wail above the tomb
Where sleep the wreck of youth and bloom;
And deem it quite enough to say,—
Thus Beauty and thus Love decay.
But I must look upon this spot
With feelings thy cold heart has not;
Those gentle thoughts that consecrate,
Even while they weep, the lover's fate.
I thought upon the star-lit hour,
When leant the maid 'mid leaf and flower,
And blushed and smiled the tale to hear,
Poured from her dark-eyed cavalier;
And yet, I too must moralize,
Albeit with gentler sympathies,

THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET. 51

Of all my own fond heart can tell
Of love's despair, and love's farewell—
Its many miseries, its tears
Like lava, not like dew,—its fears,
That make hope painful,—then its trust,
So often trampled in the dust ;
Neglected, blighted, and betrayed,
A sorrow and a mockery made.
Then change and adverse fortune, all
That binds and keeps sweet Love in thrall.
Oh, surely, surely, it were best
To be just for one moment blest ;
Just gaze upon one worshipped eye,
And know yourself beloved, and die !

L. E. L.

SONG.

I.

WHEN the sun sinks to his coral caves,—
When the winds sleep on the dark blue waves,—
When the ocean-birds are gone to rest,
And lingering twilight dies in the west ;—
When the tapers of heaven appear on high,
And the pure white clouds float slowly by,—
When the moon rises over the sea,
Then, Marie, my love, I will come to thee!

II.

I will come to thee at the shadowy hour,
When the Spirit of Love hath the deepest power;
When the gossamer fairy sails through the air,
And the mermaids dress their yellow hair;
The vesper hymn and thy orisons o'er,
Hie thee away to the lonely shore:
The moon's soft light is on the sea,
Now, Marie, my love, I come to thee!

H.

THE DIAMOND WATCH.

He holds him with his glittering eye.
Coleridge.

It was a glorious evening in the summer of 1793—sky and cloud blending in one uniform flood of splendour. The brightness of the heavens was reflected on the broad bosom of the Saale, a river which, passing Jena, falls lower down into the Elbe, whence the commingled waters roll onward till lost in the Noordt Zee.

On the banks of this stream, not more than a mile from Jena, rose a mound of some extent, its sloping banks clothed in the beautiful uniformity of a vine plantation. Its summit was open and spacious; intersected, at intervals, by narrow dells redolent of flowery perfume, and eloquent with the voice of babbling rivulets. The hour of sunset was past, and the evening mist was already rising from the green bosom of the earth.

In one of these dells, so shaded by shrubs and the branches of a clump of dwarf oaks as to be almost impervious to the light, sat two persons, enjoying the delicious

coolness of the hour, after one of the most oppressive days of an unusually sultry summer. Their dress was remarkable, and sufficiently indicative of their pursuits. Their sable garments and caps of black velvet, their long streaming hair, combed down the shoulders and back, and the straight swords suspended from their right breasts, denoted them to be two of the *burschen*, or students of the University of Jena.

"Such an evening as this," said the elder youth, addressing his companion, "and thou here? Thyrsa is much indebted to thee for thy attention! Thou a lover!"

"Thyrsa is gone with her mother to Carlsbad," rejoined his companion, "so thou mayst cease thy wonderment."

"So far from it that I wonder the more. A true lover knows not the relations of space. To Carlsbad! why 'tis no more than—but *seht!* who have we here?"

As he spoke, they were approached by a little old man, whose garments of brown serge appeared to have seen considerable service. He wore a conical hat, and carried in his hand an antique gold-headed cane. His features betokened great age; but his frame, though exceedingly spare, was apparently healthy and active. His eyes were singularly large and bright; and his hair, inconsistent in some respects with the rest of his appearance, crowded from under his high-crowned hat in black and grizzly masses.

"A good evening to you, *Meine Herren*," said the little

old man, with a most polite bow, as he approached the students.

They returned his salutation with the doubtful courtesy usual in intercourse with a stranger, whose appearance induces an anxiety to avoid a more intimate acquaintance with him. The old man did not seem to notice the coolness of his reception, but continued: "What think you of this?" taking from his pocket a golden watch richly chased, and studded all over with diamonds.

The students were delighted with the splendid jewel, and admired by turns the beauty of the manufacture and the costliness of the materials. The elder youth, however, found it impossible to refrain from bestowing one or two suspicious glances on the individual whose outward man but little accorded with the possession of so valuable a treasure.

He must be a thief and have stolen this watch, thought the sceptical student. "I will observe him closely."

But as he bent his eyes again upon the stranger he met the old man's look, and felt, he knew not why, somewhat daunted by it. He turned aside, and walked from his companion a few paces.

"I would," thought he, "give my folio Plato, with all old Blunderdrunk's marginal comments, to know who this old man is, whose look has startled me thus, with his two great hyæna-looking eyes, that shoot through one like a flash of lightning. He looks for all the world like a travelling quack-doctor, with his threadbare cloak and his

sugar-loaf hat, and yet he possesses a watch fit for an emperor, and talks to two burschen as if they were his boozing companions.

On returning to the spot where he had left his friend, he found him still absorbed in admiration of the watch. The old man stood by, his great grey eyes still riveted upon the student, and a something, not a smile, playing over his sallow and furrowed countenance.

"You seem pleased with my watch," said the old man to Theophan Guscht, the younger student, who continued his fixed and longing gaze on the beautiful bauble:—"Perhaps you would like to become its owner?"

"Its owner!" said Theophan, "ah, you jest;"—and he thought, "What a pretty present it would be for Thyra on our wedding-day."

"Yes," replied the old man, its owner, "I am myself willing to part with it. What offer do you make me for it?"

"What offer, indeed; as if I could afford to purchase it. There is not a bursche in our university who would venture to bid a price for so precious a jewel."

"Well then, you will not purchase my watch?"

Theophan shook his head, half mournfully.

"Nor you, Mein Herr?" turning to the other student.

"Nein," was the brief negative.

"But," said the old man, again addressing Theophan, "were I to offer you this watch,—a free present,—you would not refuse it perhaps?"

"Perhaps I should not:—*perhaps*,—which is yet more

likely,—you will not put it in my power. But we love not jesting with strangers."

"It is rarely that *I* jest," returned the old man; "those with whom I do, seldom retort. But say the word, and the watch is yours."

"Do you really?"—exclaimed Theophan, his voice trembling with joyful surprise,—“do you really say so!—Ach Gott!—Himmell! what shall I—how can I sufficiently thank you?”

"It matters not," said the old man, "you are welcome to it. There is, however, one condition annexed to the gift."

"A condition,—what is it?"

The elder student pulled Theophan by the sleeve: "accept not his gifts," he whispered; "come away,—I doubt him much." And he walked on.

"Stay a moment, Jans," said Theophan; but his companion continued his steps. Theophan was undecided whether or not he should follow him; but he looked at the watch, thought of Thyrza, and remained.

"The condition on which you accept this bauble,—the condition on which others have possessed it,—is that you wind it up every night, for a year, before sunset."

The student laughed. "A mighty condition, truly;—give me the watch."

"Or," continued the old man, without heeding the interruption, "if you fail in fulfilling the condition, you die within six hours after the stopping of the watch. It will stop at sunset if not wound up before."

"I like not that condition," said Theophan. "Be patient,—I must consider your offer."

He did so;—he thought of the easiness of avoiding the possible calamity;—he thought of the beauty of the watch,—above all, he thought of Thyrsa, and his wedding-day.

"Pshaw! why do I hesitate," said he to himself: then turning to the old man, "Give me the watch,—I agree to your condition."

"You are to wind it up before sunset for a year, or die within six hours."

"So thou hast said, and I am content: and thanks for thy gift."

"Thank me at the year's end if thou wilt," replied the old man, "meanwhile, farewell."

"Farewell,—I doubt not to be able to render my thanks at the end of the term."

Theophan was surprized, as he pronounced these words, to perceive that the old man was gone. "Be he who he may, I fear him not," said he, "I know the terms on which I have accepted his gift. What a fool was Jans Herwest to refuse his offer so rudely."

He quitted the spot on which he stood, and moved homewards. He entered Jena, sought his lodging, put by his watch, and, lighting his lamp, opened his friend's folio Plato, (with Blunderdrunk's marginal comments), and endeavoured to apply to the Symposium. But in ten minutes he closed the book with impatience, for his excited

mind rejected the philosophic feast ; and he strolled into the little garden which his chamber-window commanded, to think of the events of the evening, and, with a lover's passion, to repeat and bless the name of his Thyrsa.

There is perhaps no nature upon which the character of your true lover can be better engrafted than on that of a retired and contemplative student,—the child of imagination,—the denizen of a fancy-created world. Such was Theophan Guscht. In him a passion once awakened burned strongly and steadily ; and his introduction to Thyrsa Angerstell came like a fairy charm to conjure up an hitherto unknown world, peopled with new passions, new desires, new hopes, and new fears.

Time waned, and the watch was regularly wound up. Love smiled, for Thyrsa was not cruel. Our bursche had resumed his studies, and was in due time considered as one of the most promising students of the whole university of Jena. All loved, and all admired Theophan Guscht ; and even professor Von Steffhenback relaxed the gravity of his visage when he spoke of him ; and was even heard to say, that he himself was, in his youth, much similar to Theophan ; an assertion which those who compared the blear-eyed, flint-faced doctissimus with the free and open gaze and Grecian physiognomy of the student, could by no means understand in its literal sense.

But, as we have already observed, time flew apace ; and the day but one before the happy day that was to give to Theophan his blooming bride, had arrived. In

truth, though not to be won without wooing, Thyrza had been from the first by no means insensible to Theophan's many advantages, personal and mental, over those whom chance had brought within the sphere of her observation. Although, therefore, when his attentions first began to be such as to attract notice, the maiden considered herself bound in duty to affect all that ignorance of his meaning, and prudence of demeanour, which we understand to be essentially requisite on such occasions; yet it was without any idea of utterly extinguishing, when the proper time should arrive for their disclosure, those feelings which Thyrza, with a woman's tact, speedily perceived were entertained for her by the handsome and amiable student. And as the lover's family and worldly expectations were, to say the least of them, respectable, and his character as an individual held in high estimation among the oracles of Jena, her parents were not likely to be so perversely opposed, as papas and mamas are sometimes said to be, to their children's inclinations, should she think proper to encourage her lover's suit. His visits were, therefore, allowed: Thyrza unbent by little and little from her reserve; and that portion of their neighbours, at least one in a hundred, who disinterestedly loved to give every body's business a preference over their own, nodded, and winked, and looked wise, whenever an allusion was made to a certain matrimonial connexion, which might possibly, —they would not say when,—take place between a certain young couple,—they mentioned no names,—one of

whom resided,—though they would not mention where,—at a certain house not a hundred miles distant, &c. &c.

But to proceed: it was, as we have affirmed, the day but one before *the* day which had been long looked forward to with such joyful anticipations, and Theophan had bidden adieu to most of his fellow-students, and taken leave of the learned professors whose lectures he had attended with so much benefit. It was a fine morning, and, being at leisure, he bethought him in what manner he should pass the day. Any novice can guess how the problem was solved. He would go and visit Thyrsa. He set out accordingly, and was presently before the gate of David Angerstell's garden. A narrow, pebbled walk intersected it, at the top of which stood the house, an old quaint black and white building, with clumsy projecting upper stories, that spread to almost twice the extent of the foundation. A quantity of round, dropsical-looking flower-pots were ranged on either side of the door. The casement of a projecting window was open to receive the light breezes that blew across the flower beds, at which a young female was seated,—a beautiful, taper-waisted girl, with a demure, intelligent countenance, light twining hair, and a blue, furtively laughing eye. True as fate, that blue eye had caught a glimpse of her approaching lover. In a moment he was by her side, and had kissed with eager lips the soft little white hand that seemed almost to melt in his pressure.

It is of little use describing love scenes at this time of day. Those who are born to be lovers have either felt or can well enough imagine such things, and those dull creatures who are not, are by far too dull to glean any tolerable idea of them from what we could say. The lovers met in all the confiding tenderness of mutual affection,—happy mortals! the moments flew fast,—fast,—so fast that——But let us take time.

They had strolled out into the garden; for the considerate parents of Thyrsa had shown no disposition to interrupt their discourse further than by a mere welcome to their intended son-in-law. The evening was one of deep, full stillness,—that rich, tranquil glow, that heightens and purifies happiness, and deprives sorrow of half its bitterness. Thought was all alive within their breasts, and the eloquence of words seemed faint to the tide of feeling that flashed from their eyes.

Theophan and Thyrsa rambled, and looked, and whispered,—and rambled, looked, and whispered again and again,—and time ambled too gently for his motion to be perceived. The maiden looked on the sky: “How beautifully the sun has set,” said she.

“The sun set!” echoed Theophan, with a violence that terrified his companion,—“the sun set! then I am lost. We have met for the last time, Thyrsa.”

“Dearest Theophan,” replied the trembling girl, “why do you terrify me thus? Met for the last time! Oh! no, it cannot be. What! what calls thee hence?”

"He calls who must be obeyed,—but six short hours,—and then Thyra wilt thou bestow one thought on my memory?"

She spoke not,—moved not :—senseless and inanimate she lay in his arms, pale and cold as a marble statue, and beautiful as a sculptor's brightest dream. Theophan bore her swiftly to the house, placed her on a couch, and called for assistance. He listened, and heard approaching footsteps obeying the summons,—pressed his lips to her cold forehead, and, springing from the casement, crossed the garden, and in ten minutes was buried in the obscurity of a gloomy wood, or rather thicket, some mile or thereabouts from Jena.

Overcome by the passionate affliction that fevered his blood and throbbed in every pulse, Theophan threw himself down on a grassy eminence, and lay for some time in that torpid state of feeling in which the mind, blunted by sudden and overwhelming calamity, ceases to be aware of the horrors of its situation, and, stunned into a mockery of repose, awaits almost unconsciously the consummation of evil that impends it.

He was attracted from this lethargy by the plashing rain, which fell upon him in large thunder-drops. He looked around, and found himself in almost total darkness. The clouded sky, the low, deep voice of the wind, booming through the trees and swaying their high tops, bespoke the approaching storm. It burst upon him at length in all its fury ! Theophan hailed the distraction, for the heart loves

what assimilates to itself, and his was wrung almost to breaking with agony. He stood up and shouted to the raging elements ! He paused, and listened, for he thought some one replied. He shouted again, but it was not, this time, in mere recklessness. Amid the howling of the tempest he once more heard an answering shout : there was something strange in the voice that could thus render itself audible above the din of the storm. Again and again it was the same : once it seemed to die away into a fiend-like laugh. Theophan's blood curdled as it ran ; and his mood of desperation was exchanged for one of deep, fearful, and overstrained attention.

The tempest suddenly ceased : the thunder died away in faint and distant moanings, and the lightning flashes became less frequent and vivid. The last of these showed Theophan that he was not alone. Within his arm's reach stood a little old man : he wore a conical hat,—leaned on a gold-headed cane,—above all, he had a pair of large glaring eyes that Theophan had no difficulty in instantly recognizing.

When the momentary flash had subsided, the student and his companion were left in darkness, and Theophan could with difficulty discern the form of his companion.

There was a long silence.

"Do you remember me ?" at length interrogated the mysterious stranger.

"Perfectly," replied the student.

"That is well,—I thought you might have forgotten

me ; wits have short memories. But perhaps you do not aspire to the character."

" You, at least, must be aware I have little claim to it, otherwise I had not been the dupe I am."

" That is to say, you have made a compact, broken your part of it, and are now angry that you are likely to be called upon for the penalty. What is the hour ?"

" I know not,—I shall shortly."

" Does *she* know of this ;—you know whom I mean."

" Old man !" exclaimed Theophan fiercely, " begone. I have broken the agreement,—that I know. I must pay the penalty,—of that too I am aware, and am ready so to do ; but my hour is not yet come :—torment me not, but leave me. I would await my doom alone."

" Ah, well,—I can make allowances. You are somewhat testy with your friends ; but that we will overlook. Suppose now, the penalty you have incurred could be pretermitted."

The student replied with a look of incredulous scorn.

" Well, I see you are sceptical," continued the old man ; " but consider. You are young, active, well gifted in body and in mind."

" What is that to thee ?—still more, what is it to me—now ?"

" Much : but do not interrupt me. You love, and are beloved."

" I tell thee again, cease and begone to—hell"—

"Presently:—You are all these now,—what will you be, what will Thyrsa Angerstell be, to-morrow?"

The student's patience was exhausted: he sprang on the old man, intending to dash him to the earth. He might as well have tried his strength on one of the stunted oaks that grew beside him. The old man moved not,—not the fraction of an inch.

"Thou hast wearied thyself to little purpose, friend," said he: "we will now, if it pleases you, proceed to business. You would doubtless be willing to be released from the penalty of your neglect?"

"Probably I might."

"You would even be willing that the lot should fall upon another in preference to yourself?"

The student paused. "No,—I am content to bear the punishment of my own folly. And still—oh, Thyrsa!" he groaned in the agony of his spirit.

"What! with the advantages you possess!—the prospect before you,—the life of happiness you might propose to yourself,—and more, the happiness you might confer on Thyrsa,—with all these in your reach, you prefer death to life? How many an old and useless being, upon whom the lot might fall, would hail joyfully the doom which you shudder even to contemplate."

"Stay: were I to embrace your offer, how must the lot be decided,—to whom must I transfer my punishment?"

"Do this,—your term shall be prolonged twenty-four hours. Send the watch to Adrian Wenzel, the goldsmith,

to sell; if, within that time, he dispose of it, the purchaser takes your place, and you will be free. But decide quickly,—my time is brief, yours also must be so, unless you accede to my terms."

"But who are you to whom is given this power of life and death,—of sentencing and reprieving?"

"Seek not to know of what concerns you not. Once more, do you agree?"

"First, tell me what is your motive in offering me this chance?"

"Motive?—none. I am naturally compassionate. But decide;—there is a leaf trembling on yonder bough, it will fall in a moment. If it reach the ground before you determine—Farewell!"

The leaf dropped from the tree. "I consent!" exclaimed the student. He looked for the old man, but found that he was alone. At the same time the toll of the midnight clock sounded on his ear: it ceased,—the hour was passed, and he lived!

It was about the noon of the following day that the goldsmith, Adrian Wenzel, sold to a customer the most beautiful watch in Jena. Having completed the bargain, he repaired immediately to Theophan Gascht's lodgings.

"Well, have you sold my watch?"

"I have; here is the money, Mein Herr."

"Very well; there is your share of the proceeds."

The goldsmith departed, and Theophan shortly afterwards directed his steps towards Angerstell's house,

meditating as he went on his probable reception, and what he could offer in extenuation of his behaviour the day before. Ere he had settled this knotty point to his satisfaction, he arrived at the garden-gate. He hesitated,—grew cold and hot by turns: his heart throbbed violently. At last, making a strong effort at self-command, he entered.

At the same window, in the same posture in which he had seen her the day before, sat Thyra Angerstall. But the Thyra of yesterday was blooming, smiling, and cheerful,—to-day she was pale and wan, the image of hopeless sorrow; even as a rose which some rude hand has severed from its stem. Theophan's blood grew chill; he proceeded, and had almost reached the porch of the house when Thyra perceived him. With a loud cry, she fell from her seat. He rushed into the room, and raised her in his arms!

She recovered,—she spoke to him. She reproached him for the agony he had needlessly caused her by his cruel conduct the evening before. He obtained a hearing, and explained just so much of the history of the watch as related to its purchase, and the condition annexed to it. This he asserted was a mere trick of the donor, he having broken the condition and being yet alive. They wondered, he with affected and she with real surprise, that any one should have been tempted to part with so valuable a watch for the idle satisfaction of terrifying the recipient. However, love is proverbially credulous;—

Theophan's explanation was believed, and the reconciliation was complete.

The lovers had conversed about a quarter of an hour, when Thyra suddenly reverted again to the subject of the watch.

"It is strange," said she, "that I too am connected with a watch similar to yours."

"How,—by what means?"

"Last night I lay sleepless—'twas your unkindness, Theophan—"

Theophan hastened to renew his vows and supplications.

"Ah, well!—you know I have forgiven you. But as I lay, the thought of a watch, such as you describe, presented itself to my mind; how, or why, I cannot guess. It haunted me the whole night, and when I rose this morning it was before me still."

"What followed, dear Thyra?" enquired the anxious student.

"Listen, and you shall hear. Thinking to drive away this troublesome guest, I walked out. I had scarcely left my home two minutes when I saw a watch, the exact counterpart of my ideal one."

"Where,—where did you see it?"

"At our neighbour's, Adrian Wenzel's."

"And,—you,—you!"—His words almost choked him.

"I was impelled by some inexplicable motive,—not

that I wanted or wished for so expensive a jewel,—to purchase this watch.”

“No,—no!” exclaimed the agonized student, “you could not do so!” He restrained himself by an exertion more violent than he had believed himself capable of. He rose from his seat; and turned away his face.

Not now, as before, did his anguish vent itself in passion and violence. It seemed that the infliction was too heavy, too superhuman a calamity to be accompanied by the expression of ordinary emotions. He was deadly pale; but his eye was firm, and his lip trembled not.

“Theophan,” said his mistress, “what ails you? and why should what I have said produce so fearful an effect upon you? I shall——”

“It is nothing,—nothing, dearest Thyrsa!—I will return instantly, and tell you why I have appeared so discomposed. I am not quite myself,—I shall return almost immediately. I will but walk into the lane, and catch a breath of the fresh breeze as it comes wafted from the water.”

He left her, and passed out of the garden. “I could not,” said he inwardly, “tell her that she was murdered,—and by me too!”

He hastened on without an object, and scarcely knowing whither he was directing his steps, passed down the path which led by Angerstall’s house, in that depth of despair which is sometimes wont to deceive us with the appearance of calmness. He had no distinct idea of the calamity he

had brought upon Thyrsa,—even she was almost forgotten ; and nothing but a vague apprehension of death, connected in some unintelligible manner with himself, was present to his mind. So deep was the stupefaction in which he was involved, that it was not until some one on the road had twice spoken to him that he heard the question.

“What is the time of day?”

Theophan looked round, and encountered the large, horribly-laughing eyes of the giver of the fatal watch. He was about to speak, but the old man interrupted him.

“I have no time to listen to reproaches: you know what you have incurred. If you would avoid the evil, and save Thyrsa, I will tell you how.”

He whispered in the student's ear. The latter grew pale for a moment, but recovered himself.

“She shall be safe,” said he, “if I accept your terms? No equivocation now,—I have learnt with whom I deal.”

“Agree to what I have said, and fetch hither the watch within half an hour, and she is delivered from her doom. She shall be yours, and——”

“Promise not more, or give thy promises to those who value them. Swear that she shall be safe! I request no more,—wish for no more on earth.”

“Swear!” repeated the old man; “by what shall I swear, I pr’ythee? But I promise,—begone and fetch the watch,—remember, half an hour; and, hark! thou accedest to my terms?”

“I do!”

So saying, Theophan sped back to the house, unchecked even by the loud laugh that seemed to echo after him. He had walked farther than he had any idea of, and swiftly as he sprang over every impediment to his course, one-third of the allotted time had elapsed before he reached the room in which he had left his beloved.

It was empty!

"Thyrza! Thyrza!" shouted the student,—*"the watch! the watch!—for Heaven's sake, the watch!"*

The reverberation of his voice from the walls alone replied.

He rushed from chamber to chamber in a state of mind little short of desperation! He descended into the garden; the dull ticking of the family clock struck on his ear as he passed it, and he shuddered. At the extremity of the principal walk he beheld Thyrza.

"The watch! the watch! as you value your life and my—but haste, haste,—not a word,—a moment's delay is death!"

Without speaking, Thyrza flew to the house, accompanied by Theophan.

"It is gone," said she; "I left it here, and——"

"Then we are lost! forgive thy——"

"Oh! no, no, it is here," exclaimed she, "dearest Theophan! but why——"

He listened not even to the voice of Thyrza;—one kiss on her forehead, one look of anguish, and he was gone!

He sped! he flew!—he arrived at the spot where he

had left the old man. The place was solitary; but on the sand were traced the words—*The time is past!*

The student fell senseless on the earth.

When he recovered he found himself on a couch,—affectionate but mournful glances were bent upon him.

“Thyrza, Thyrza!” exclaimed the wretched youth, “away to thy prayers! but a soul like thine hath nought to repent. Oh! leave me,—that look!—go, go!”

She turned away, and wept bitterly. Her mother entered the room.

“Thyrza, my love, come with me. The physician is here.”

“What physician, mother?—is it——”

“No, he was from home, this is a stranger; but there is no time to lose.” She led her daughter from the apartment.

“Your patient is in that room,” she added, to the physician. He entered, and closed the door.

The mother and daughter had scarcely reached the stair-head, when a cry, which was almost a yell of agony, proceeding from the chamber they had left, interrupted their progress. It was followed by a loud and strange laugh, that seemed to shake the building to its foundation.

The mother called, or rather screamed, for her husband! the daughter sprang to the door of the patient’s chamber! It was fastened, and defied her feeble efforts to open it. From within arose the noise of a fearful struggle,—the brief exclamations of triumph, or of rage,—the groan of pain,—the strong stamp of heavy feet,—all betokening a

death-grapple between the inmates. Suddenly, something was dashed upon the ground with violence, which, from the sound, appeared to have been broken into a thousand pieces.

There was a dead silence, more appalling than the brunt of the contest. The door resisted no longer.

Thyrza, with her father and mother, entered the room : it was perfectly desolate. On the floor were scattered innumerable fragments of the fatal watch. Theophan was heard of no more.

On the fifth day from this terrible catastrophe, a plain flag of white marble in the church at —, recorded the name, age, and death of Thyrza Angerstell. The inscription is now partly obliterated ; so much so as, in all probability, to baffle the curiosity of any gentle stranger who may wish to seek it out, and drop a tear on the grave of her who sleeps beneath.

MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

*It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its sacred limits.*

Southey.

I.

LET others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout, or play ;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,—
'Twixt book and lute, the hours divide ;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fire-side !

II.

My own Fire-side ! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise ;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes !
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fire-side !

III.

A gentle form is near me now ;
 A small, white hand is clasped in mine ;
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask what joys can equal thine !
 A babe, whose beauty 's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;—
 Where may Love seek a fitter shrine,
 Than thou—my own Fire-side !

IV.

What care I for the sullen roar
 Of winds without, that ravage earth ;
 It doth but bid me prize the more,
 The shelter of thy hallowed hearth ;—
 To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth :
 Then let the churlish tempest chide,
 It cannot check the blameless mirth :
 That glads—my own Fire-side !

V.

My refuge ever from the storm
 Of this world's passion, strife, and care ;
 Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
 Their fury cannot reach me there.
 There, all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
 Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
 Have never made their hated lair,
 By thee—my own Fire-side !

VI.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;
Where life's vexations lose their sting ;
Where even grief is half subdued ;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the pampered fool deride ;
I 'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fire-side !

VII.

Shrine of my household deities !
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys !
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys :
Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried ;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fire-side !

VIII.

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !
Whate'er my future years may be ;
Let joy or grief my fate betide ;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—MY OWN FIRE-SIDE !

TO A POET'S INFANT CHILD.

I.

THERE are, who will thine infant grace
Thy proudest dowry deem ;
There are, will look upon thy face
And moralizing dream,
As of another atom piled,—
Or wave launched on the sea ;
Away!—thou'rt a *peculiar* child
To many and to me.

II.

It is not for thine eye so clear,
Nor even thy beauteous brow,
Sweet infant, that I hold thee dear ;
For many, fair as thou,

Have I beheld in stately bower,
 Perchance in lowly cot,—
 Not theirs a soul-retaining power,
 I saw them, and forgot.

III.

Bright nursing of a Poet's love,
 To thee by birth belong.
 The Delphic shrine, the laurel grove,
 The heritage of song ;—
 So rich art thou in natural grace,
 So fair that horns of thine,
 Thou seemest of the fabled race,
 Half earthly,—half divine !

IV.

Thou art not reared in low-born care,
 'Mid things of sordid mould ;
 All glorious shapes, and visions rare,
 Thine opening life unfold ;—
 The garlands for thy cradle celled
 To fairy-land belong,—
 And the strains by which thy sleep is lulled,
 To the demi-gods of song !

V.

Then hallowed thus,—thus, raised from earth,
Thou art no common child !
Let others vaunt of lordly birth
By pompous phrase beguiled ;
And others of the sword and vest
Derived from warrior sire,—
Thine, boy, shall be a nobler crest,—
Thy father's Wreath and Lyre !

August 8, 1825.

M. J. J.

AYMER'S TOMB.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown,
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the green-sward fell,
As chieftains passed; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and, with the leaves' low shiver,
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly; but of *One*,
Oh! who shall speak?—what words *his* brow unveil?—
A father following to the grave his son!—
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Through the wood-shadows moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low,—
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,

•

Stretched by a broken lance. They reached the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest-gloom
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into high archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trod the hollow-ringing aisle,
A strange, deep echo shuddered through the pile,
Till crested heads, at last, in silence bent
Round the De Couci's antique monument,
When dust to dust was given: and Aymer slept
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broidered folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine:
So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave,
And the pale image of a youth, arrayed
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid,
In slumber, on his shield. Then all was done,
All still, around the dead. His name was heard,
Perchance, when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred
By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth: but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed
On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;
And, with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side!—

Alas, to think of this!—the heart's void place
 Filled up so soon!—so like a summer-cloud
 All that we loved to pass, and leave no trace!—
 He lay forgotten in his early shroud—
 Forgotten?—not of all! The sunny smile
 Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
 And the dark locks whose breezy wavings threw
 A gladness round, whens'er their shade withdrew
 From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying
 Amidst that eagle-eye's jet radiance deep,
 And all the music with that young voice dying,
 Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
 As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived
 Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
 The pomps of kindred sorrow. Day by day,
 On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
 Through the dim fane soft summer-odours breathing;
 And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,
 And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
 In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
 From pictured windows down. The violet there
 Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly,
 And the rose, image all things fleet and fair,
 And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
 Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
 As for an altar, wove the radiant band?
 Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
 That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,

To blush through every season? Blight and chill
Might touch the changing woods, but duly still,
For years, those gorgeous coronals renewed,
And, brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
Even in mid-winter filled the solitude
With a strange smile, a glow of sunshine's realm.
Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
With a sad constancy!—

One spring-morn rose,
And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid,—
Oh! not as midst the vineyards, to repose
From the fierce noon,—a dark-haired peasant-maid.—
Who could reveal her story? That still face
Had once been fair; for on the clear arched brow,
And the curved lip, there lingered yet such grace
As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low
The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
For night was on its lids—fell mournfully!
But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
Whence came that early blight?—*her* kindred's place
Was not amidst the high De Couci race;
Yet there her shrine had been!—she grasped a wreath—
The tomb's last garland!—This was love in death!

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

FAREWELL! sweet pledge of guilty love,
And speed thy flight to realms of bliss,—
An Angel, formed for worlds above,
Thou couldst not bear the storms of this!
Farewell, most loved and most deplored,
I bend me to my Father's will;
Though my heart's blood were gladly poured,
To hold thee here a captive still!

II.

Guilt hath but found its fitting meed,—
I, who the nuptial couch defiled,
And bade a guiltless husband bleed,
Must suffer in my guiltless child.
Now know I why my love hath twined
A bond so close around my heart,—
'Twas, that by suffering I might find
The strength of that I tore apart.

III.

I did but watch thine eye unclose
 To mark its lustre wane away ;
 I did but hail thy cheek's young rose
 To mourn it withering in decay.
 Then, thoughts of struggling prayer had birth
 Within my breast,—I prayed for thee ;
 But conscience chained my soul to earth,
 And even my prayers were agony !

IV.

Yet well it were that thou shouldst die,
 All young and beauteous as thou wert ;
 That stroke dissolved the only tie
 That bound to guilt's brief joys my heart.
 For, by the anguish thou hast felt,
 And by the pangs I felt and feel,
 The' obdurate soul was taught to melt,
 Which lawless love had seemed to steel.

V.

The prophet's voice pronounced thy doom,—
 'Twas mine to own the sentence just ;
 To watch thee sinking to the tomb,
 Yet, bend submissive in the dust.
 But who shall tell the grief that swelled
 Within a father's breast, to know
 His hand the deadly shaft impelled,
 Which laid his spotless offspring low !

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILD. 87

VI.

I sinned, and thou hast suffered. *Thou!*—

Have not *I* suffered? When the dew
Of death was on thy gentle brow,

Was not mine cold with anguish too?
And, till I heard that all was o'er,

Was not a flame within my breast,
To which the pangs thy frame that tore
Had seemed a respite and a rest?

VII.

But now tis past:—I may not mourn,

For thou, beloved babe, art free;
And I may yet to thee return,

Though thou canst ne'er return to me.
Yes! we shall meet in realms more fair,

My sorrows healed, my sins forgiven,
And thy sweet smile awaits me there,
My welcome, at the gates of Heaven!

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

*How happy could I be with either.
Begger's Opera.*

I.

“ By all the bright saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair !

II.

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of Spring skies in their noontide array ;
Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day :

III.

Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace ;
Whose heart, as a bird's, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

IV.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud ;
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a cloud.

V.

With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay, a look, oft will waken its sighs ;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

VI.

In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I crown is a bumper to Fanny!

VII.

But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

VIII.

And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
That to weep I 'm unwilling, to smile am as loth ;
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather ;
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both

IX.

But since *I must* fix on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse ;
Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose !"

X.

Thus murmured a Bard—predetermined to marry,
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He 'd another he straight could prefer in its place!

XI.

So, trusting that " Fortune would favour the brave,"
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay ;
Lively Fanny declared he was *somewhat* too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a *little* too gay !

XII.

May so awful a fate bid young poets beware
How they sport with their hopes 'till they darken and
wither ;
For who thus dares presume to make love to a pair,
May be certain he 'll ne'er be accepted by either !

A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I.

THE tale I tell was told me long ago ;
Yet mirthful ones, since heard, have passed away,
While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,
And feelings fresh as those of yesterday :
'Twas told me by a man whose hairs were grey,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway
Maintained that lingering spell which age endears,
And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with tears.

II.

But not with tears of sorrow ;—for the eye
Is often wet with joy and gratitude ;
And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh,
Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued :

Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,
Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair light;
But meek submission soon her power renewed,
And patient smiles, by tears but made more bright,
Confessed that God's decree was wise, and good, and right.

III.

It was a winter's evening;—clear, but still:
Bright was the fire, and bright the silvery beam
Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill,
And parlour-floor;—the softly mingled gleam
Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme
Of pensive converse, unallied to gloom;
Ours varied like the subjects of a dream;
And turned, at last, upon the silent tomb,
Earth's goal for hoary age, and beauty's smiling bloom.

IV.

We talked of life's last hour,—the varied forms
And features it assumes;—how some men die
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms,
And starless night; others whose evening sky
Resembles those which to the outward eye
Seem full of promise:—and with softened tone,
At seasons checked by no ungrateful sigh,
The death of one sweet grand-child of his own
Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

V.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child
As ever parent could desire to see,
Or seeing, fondly love ; of manners mild,
Affections gentle,—even in her glee,
Her very mirth from levity was free ;
But her more common mood of mind was due
Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she
In ten brief years her little course had run;—
Many more brief have known, but brighter surely none.

VI.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,
Yet those who knew her better, best could tell
How calmly happy, and how meekly glad
Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell :
Like to the waters of some crystal well,
In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,
Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell
Glimpses of light more glorious and serene
Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her mien.

VII.

But, though no boist'rous playmate, her fond smile
Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth ;
Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the while
Betrayed of childish sympathies no dearth :

She loved the wild flowers scattered over earth,
Bright insects sporting in the light of day,
Blythe songsters giving joyous music birth
In groves impervious to the noontide ray ;—
All these she loved as much as those who seemed more gay.

VIII.

Yet more she loved the word, the smile, the look,
Of those who reared her with religious care ;
With fearful joy she coned that holy book,
At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,
In which her weal immortal had its share,
Recurred to memory ; for she had been trained,
Young as she was, her early cross to bear ;
And taught to love, with fervency unfeigned,
The record of His life whose death salvation gained.

IX.

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,
On every charm and grace of this fair maid ;
For in his narrative the story's end
Was long with fond prolixity delayed ;
Though 'rightly fancy had its close portrayed
Before I heard it. Who but might have guessed
That one so ripe for heaven would early fade
In this brief state of trouble and unrest
Yet only wither here to bloom in life more blest.

X.

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief;
I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,
Nor stop to paint it, slowly, leaf by leaf,
Fading, and sinking tow'rd its parent clay:
She sank, as sinks the glorious orb of day,
His glories bright'ning at his journey's close;
Yet with that chastened, soft, and gentle ray
In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,
But on whose mellowed light our eyes with joy repose.

XI.

Her strength was failing, but it seemed to sink
So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear;
'Twas like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,
Which breaks in dying music on the ear,
And placid beauty on the eye;—no tear,
Except of quiet joy, in hers was known;
Though some there were around her justly dear,
Her love for whom in every look was shown,
Yet more and more she sought and loved to be alone.

XII.

One summer morn they missed her:—she had been,
As usual, to the garden arbour brought,
After their morning meal; her placid mien
Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought,

Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness was fraught ;
And she was left amid that peaceful scene
A little space ;—but when she there was sought,
In her secluded oratory green,
Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy screen !

XIII.

They found her in her chamber, by the bed
Whence she had risen, and on the bed-side chair,
Before her, was an open bible spread ;
Herself upon her knees ;—with tender care
They stole on her devotions, when the air
Of her meek countenance the truth made known :
The child had died ! died in the act of prayer !
And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,
To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had flown.

THE NORTH-WESTER.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

They were the first
That ever burst
Into that silent sea!
Coleridge.

I.

'Mid shouts that hailed her from the shore,
And bade her speed, the bark is gone,
The dreary ocean to explore
Whose waters sweep the frigid zone ;—
And bounding on before the gale,
To bright eyes shining through their tears,
'Twixt sea and sky, her snowy sail
A lessening speck appears.

II.

Behold her next, 'mid icy isles,
Lone wending on her cheerless way ;
'Neath skies where summer scarcely smiles,
Whose light seems but the shade of day.
But while the waves she wanders o'er,
Around her form they sink to sleep ;
The pulse of nature throbs no more—
She 's chained within the deep!

III.

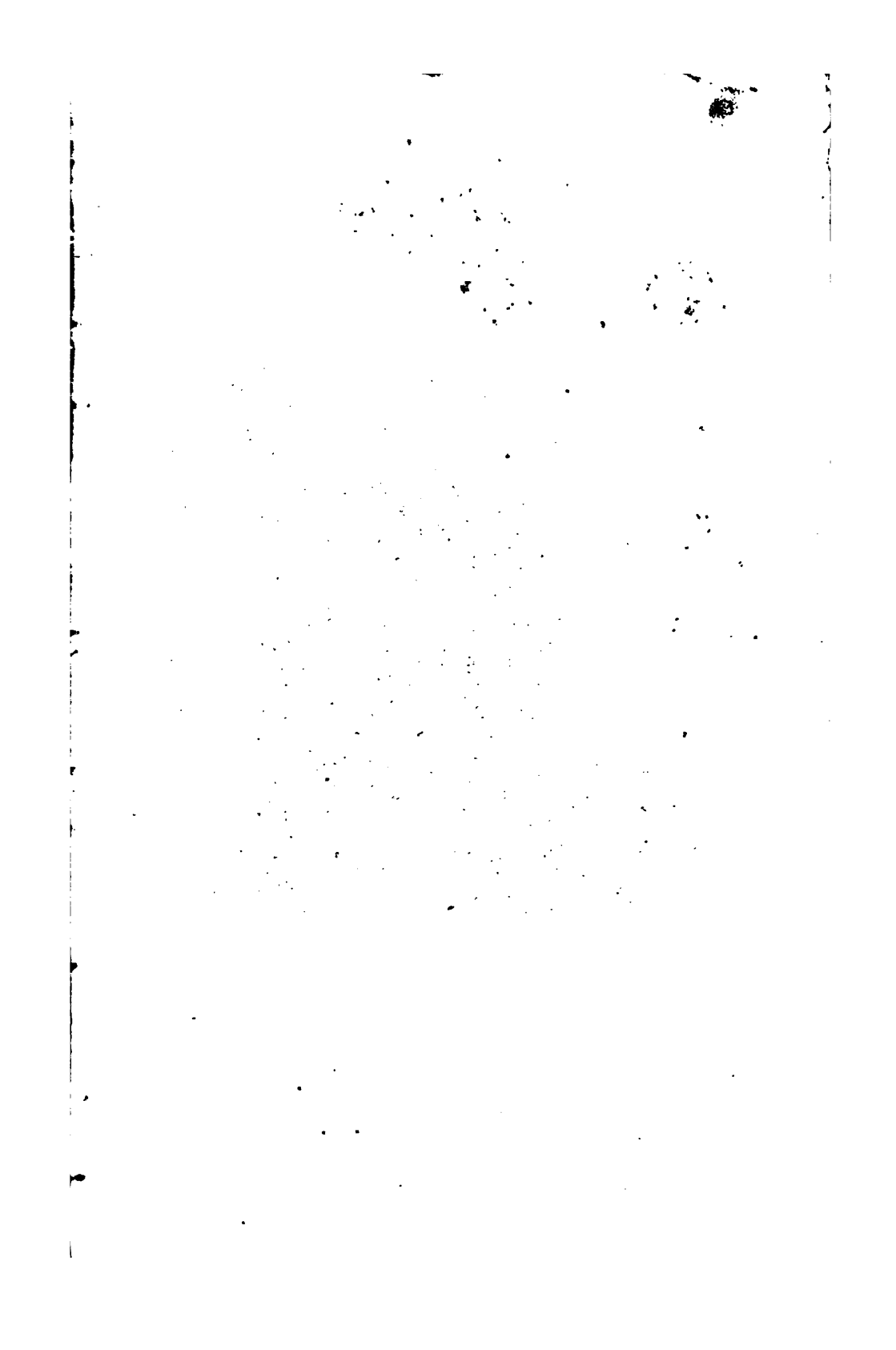
Then Hope for ever took her flight ;
Each face, as monumental stone,
Grew ghastly, in the fading light
In which their latest sun went down ;
And ere its disk to darkness past,
And closed their unreturning day,
The seaman sought the dizzy mast
To catch its latest ray.

IV.

All other secrets of their fate
From darkness would the Muse redeem ;
Unheard-of horrors to relate,
Which fancy scarce may dare to dream.
Thus much we only know—they died ;
All else oblivion deeply veils,
And charnels of the waters wide,
That tell no babbling tales.

V.

For them were wishes, longings, fears,
The sleepless night and ceaseless prayers,
Hope gleaming, rainbow-like, through tears,
And doubt that darkened to despair !
Suns, seasons, as they roll away,
No light upon the lost can shed,
Their tale a secret till the day
When seas give up their dead.





Painted by C. K. Leslie A.R.A.

Engraved by William Finden

THE BATTLE OF BUNOVAR.

Published by Robert Robinson & Co. London, 1856

Described by J. W. G. G. G.

THE RIVALS.

*Most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived,
To bait me with this foul derision?*
Shakespeare.

"NEPHEW Philip! nephew Philip! I will bear it no longer: one prank following another, night and day, day and night, —brawling and feasting with your flashing gallants:—what care I for fine name and silk doublet? I, Luke Malmsey, of Malmsey Manor, knighted by his late sacred majesty's own sword!—I, that might have spoken in Parliament, and ruffled at court with the best!—I, that have stayed in retirement to give you a proper bringing up!—Did not worthy Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve teach you to fear God, honour the king, and obey me in all things?—and Barnaby the huntsman train you in woodcraft?—and I myself show you how to carve a woodcock when you had shot it,—to sing a song, and give a toast? And what return have you made for all my care,—ay, what return I say, nephew Philip? When I sleep don't you wake me?—when I speak don't you contradict me?—is dinner ever served at noon, or supper at six? Are not my old serving-men flouted by your town lackeys? Did

not you, or a brother knave, shoot Roan Barbary in the paddock,—poor old Roan, that carried me to meet King James of blessed memory? Go to, graceless! I'm not dead yet,—no, nor ailing yet; and while I do live I'll have peace and quietness,—and I'll be obeyed and respected by my own household,—and therefore I'll MARRY, varlet!—think upon that now!”

Sir Luke ceased speaking, not because his anger was exhausted, but that he lacked breath to give it utterance. Complainant and culprit were both sitting together, after the evening, or, as a modern would term it, afternoon meal, complete opposites in dress, character, and appearance. Arrayed in a loose night-robe of murrey-coloured damask, stiff enough to support itself on end, with sleeves of sufficient width to contain a nephew in each, Sir Luke Malmsey occupied, in every sense, a tub-like arm-chair, which, with its massy frame, and cumbrous cushions, would have shamed half a dozen degenerate *fauteuils*. On a stand, which matched the dark walnut wainscotting of the room, lay the materials for smoking; and beside them stood a huge silver cup filled with clarey, wine made hot, and flavoured with honey and costly spices. The knight's appearance bespoke him a choleric, credulous, indolent, good-natured, old bachelor; who ate often, slept much, expected deference, and had no objection to flattery. He was, moreover, to quote a few lines of an excellent old ballad*—

* “The Old and Young Courtier.”

A worshipful country gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate ;
With an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
He every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages.
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks ;
With an old hall hung round with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows ;
With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds ;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds, &c.

Opposite to him sat his nephew, who also looked what in reality he was ; a personification of mirth and mischief ; a conceited, frolicsome, refractory youth, who had so long considered himself, and been considered by others, the undoubted heir to Sir Luke's estate, that he was apt to forget that at present Sir Luke was its possessor. His person was handsome, and from the scrupulous care manifested in its decoration, it seemed that none were better aware of this circumstance than Master Philip himself. The leg was " a reasonable good one," and arrayed consequently in tight fitting silken hose ; his figure was elegant, and therefore the velvet doublet was closely buttoned ; while his hair hung down to the falling collar of delicately wrought cambric, in elaborate, and yet not ungraceful curls.

From these slight sketches of their respective characters, it will readily be supposed that uncle and nephew were the plague of each other's existence. There is, however, a point, beyond which none may venture to give, be-

cause none will endure, offence ; and master Philip having recently returned from town with a fresh importation of friends and fopperies, and having, with their aid, performed a few characteristic exploits, Sir Luke was provoked to threaten the desperate remedy of marriage.

"Now, by the thistle of Saint James!" exclaimed the scape-grace, on hearing his uncle's determination, "one would think that finding a wife were as easy as buying a horse : and which of our fair neighbours will you deign to accept?"

Sir Luke vouchsafed no reply ; but continued, to use the phrase of the period, "taking" his tobacco, "that stinking weed," as Stowe terms it, "so much abused to God's dishonour." Not aware that the portentous puffs which ever and anon emanated from his uncle's lips, were in fact so many expressions of anger, master Philip resumed his banter :

"Well, but uncle—uncle Luke, I say, the thought is a thrifty one—our matters are not well looked to—we need a woman's eye ;—this wainscotting, with all its "dainty devices," looks but dingily methinks ;—our tapestry hangings lack repair ;—the Queen of Sheba's petticoats are indecorously rent, uncle, and King Solomon hath no longer eyes to see the mischief ;—the rusty bucklers in the hall cry out for Margery the scullion—our silver"—

Sir Luke's patience was exhausted ; and he interrupted these audacious allusions to his household gods, by send-

ing forth a sudden gust of smoke which effected, what no remonstrance would have done—it brought tears into his nephew's eyes; but the graceless youth, after applying his perfumed and embroidered handkerchief to the suffering organs, returned to the charge.

"Fie—fie, good uncle! an' I had been your lady just then!—portly mistress Cicely of the Hold, in her scarlet kirtle, and Sunday hood—with two rings on each finger, and her purse and keys ginging at her waist;—or lady Beatrice, uncle,—only fancy the lady Beatrice, covering her eyes with her dainty hand, and saying—"Sooth la, Sir Luke, you are an odious brute!"

The young heir was a mad-cap, but his apparently random introduction of these fair dames was a stroke of policy. They were the only unmarried ladies of consideration in the immediate neighbourhood, and he wished to sound his uncle's sentiments with respect to them. Mistress Cicely of the Hold, would, he well knew, have little objection to become mistress Cicely of Malmsey Manor; but the lady Beatrice, the refined, the beautiful, the coquettish lady Beatrice, although dependent on her brother, would, he knew, just as soon accept an offer to live in a rook's nest.

At length the knight opened his mouth for the purpose of speech. "Nephew Philip," said he, in a voice that made nephew Philip wish that his discretion had equalled his impertinence, "the father of the lady Beatrice was a worthy gentleman, my well esteemed friend, albeit, too

fond of wasting his patrimony in tricking out his grounds and dwelling, after a vain and foreign fashion; but that matters nothing to thee, or to thy concerns, nephew Philip—which are well nigh settled;—troop thy ways hence before to-morrow noon;—take all that belongs to thee—horse, hound, hawk, lackey, belt, blade, and scabbard;—leave not a feather behind;—go to town, go to court, go to Saint Nicholas, 'an thou wilt—but come not within sight of Luke Malmsey, and Malmsey Manor, on this side doomsday—think upon that now!"

The choler of an habitually calm man, or the calmness of one habitually choleric, is equally to be dreaded; and this last speech of the knight's, uttered in a quiet, determined tone, convinced the young heir that for the present the sun of his fortune was obscured. Aware, that as yet neither submission nor remonstrance would avail him, he retired, with a crest-fallen aspect, very foreign to one so incorrigibly volatile. Meanwhile, Mr. Jonas Cassock-sleeve, and grey-headed Barnaby, the huntsman, were summoned in turn to Sir Luke's retiring room. The conference held with the worthy chaplain, and the commission entrusted to him, we are not yet privileged to unfold; but with the errand confided to the inferior agent, the reader shall be made acquainted.

Barnaby was a spoiled, self-willed domestic, and so in truth were all who held a place at Malmsey Manor; but when, in the present instance, he left his master's presence and hastened to the court-yard, there was such a

visible increase of his usual self-sufficiency, the luckless understrappers in office received so many supernumerary cuffs, that it was evident Barnaby had sustained some recent honour.

"What, ho there!—knaves, loiterers, prattling fools, wasting Sir Luke's time, and neglecting my business, with a vengeance to ye—fly, rascals, fly! sort Black Bess as if King Charles were going to ride her, and see that girth, spur, and stirrup are in order!" Barnaby was proceeding to give other directions equally loud and lofty, when master Philip, who had been lounging about the court-yard, approached, and accosted him after his usual fashion.

"And pray, old green-skirts, where may you be for?"

But he of hound and horn, was well acquainted with what had occurred to alter their respective stations, and his reply was worded accordingly.

"A private mission, fair sir, a private mission," said he, slightly touching his cap, and turning on the instant to address one of his myrmidons.

The young man slipped into Barnaby's hand, that which makes all private missions public; and the ambassador's voice regained its usually submissive key. "A letter, your honour, nothing more, some trifling purchase in London—for the love of life, master Philip, don't break it open," exclaimed the huntsman ruefully, as he saw his companion after perusing the superscription—"To Master Zachary Pantofle, tailor and tireman, beside the Boar's

head, near London Stone"—deliberately remove the fastening from the epistle, and peruse its contents, which were to this effect.

"Master Zachary,—

"By the bearer, who will pay you all reasonable charges for the same, you will send down a full suit of good fashioned clothes, made in the court manner, and beeseeming occasions of more state than ordinary. I pray you give good heed hereunto; you will but need to look on the bearer of this token, to know the size of the garments needed, in expectation of which, I rest your's

LUKE MALMSEY, of Malmsey Manor."

The mercurial Philip was ready to dance with delight, at this unexpected opportunity of perpetrating a piece of mischief; nevertheless, he concealed his evil intentions under a serious aspect. "Barnaby," said he, "it is well you have shown me this letter, there is a matter of consequence omitted; how rejoiced I am at the discovery—at what hour do you set forth?"

"At the break of dawn your honour."

"Then knock at the door of my sleeping-room, when you are belted and spurred; and now to bed, to bed good Barnaby, you will need repose," said the youth, at the same time administering a golden anodyne.

At the hour appointed, the unsuspecting messenger received back the letter to Mr. Zachary Pantofle, bearing the following addition.

"Varlet!

"An'thou hopest again to stitch doublet, or touch money of mine, obey my orders touching Sir Luke's bravery. Make them, I charge thee, of patterns and colours most diverse and strange. Where it is proper to use one yard of stuff, employ two; instead of a single feather, see thou dost mount the hat with three or more, and adorn the other garments with lace and gauds in proportion. Be obedient and discreet. Thine of old,

"PHILIP MALMSEY."

Leaving these several worthies to their various pursuits, plans, and journies, the scene now changes from the old fashioned manor, with its host of little chimneys, straight walks, yew-tree hedges resembling walls of fortification, and ornamental bears and griffins, to the elegant seclusions of *STATELY PLEASANCE*.

The place accorded well with its name; less, however, for the size and decorations of the dwelling, than for the extreme beauty of the grounds. They were laid out in the Italian style of gardening, with terraces paved in mosaic work; small pleasure pavilions embowered in groves, diversified with verdant lawns, and choice flower beds; jets d'eau; marble statuary; the walks were sheltered from the sunbeams by interlacing trees, whilst a magnificent sheet of water formed a perfect mirror to all the adjacent beauties.

In one of the pavilions which looked out upon the stream we have mentioned, stood a youthful pair, for whom the

place appeared a fit home, as they, fit companions for each other. The one was a graceful cavalier, attired with a costly simplicity, which bespoke, as did his every look and gesture, noble birth, and courtly breeding. His fair companion was beautiful, but her charm consisted in variety of expression and change of mood. Her eye could suffuse itself with tears, her voice take the tone of tenderness ; but it was the transition to brilliant frolic, gay coquetry, and sportive wiles, which rendered her so enchanting. Like that of the cavalier, her attire was at once costly in material, and simple in its fashion. Her robe was composed of pearl colour satin, and her bodice, of the same material, was confined to her waist by a belt of twisted silk and silver ; whilst the delicate hand and arm, whenever exposed, (and that was not seldom) seemed yet more exquisitely proportioned, from their contrast with the massy folds of the large hanging sleeve. Her dark and luxuriant hair was in part braided, and part, as if it were forgotten, hung down to her neck in ringlets, confined only over the brow by a single row of pearls.

It was the lady Beatrice, and her affianced lover, for whom, when absent, she sighed ; and whom she tormented when, as at the present, he stood beside her, whispering true love vows and tender flatteries.

“ Ah, now, good Julian, pr’ythee tell me something new ; thou hast likened me to a star and flower, till I am sick of my emblems—something new now an’ you mean me to listen.”

"The lady Beatrice repays truth with kindness, and devotion with respect," said the cavalier, with a sigh;—that is new, for I never yet witnessed it."

"Grievous, yet passing good, that hit of thine; but come now, Julian," said the lady, assuming a most provoking air of languor and ennui, "relate me some town news—some new fashion,—I doubt I get clownish in my gear, (a coquettish glance at her elegant robe accompanied this sally), or sing me, an' thou wilt, some new ditty of thine own—any thing to spur on that lame varlet Time."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, what heed I of town news, or new fashions, when thou art near; true love, lady, requires nought beyond the presence of its object."

"Grammercy—but that doctrine suits not me," replied the mischievous beauty,—“now, here art thou, a reasonably good companion in thy way—tolerably esteemed by me in mine—yet I would some merry minstrel, or chance guest, or pleasant comedy were here—for thy sake, too, good Julian;—find you not the Pleasance dull after White-hall revels?”

The lover was prevented making the expected answer by the entrance of a third person.

"O woman, woman!" exclaimed the intruder; "as many whims are thine as there be leaves on yonder aspen, and each as lightly hung. Julian, boy, never heed her; trust me, she can pine and sigh when thou art safely out of hearing,—nay, mistress Beatrice, never wrinkle your brow, and double your hand—pretty, both of them,

I grant ; but come, now, crown me for a wizard,—here are you sighing for change, affronting your knight, abusing my poor Pleasance, and, lo ! I appear with work cut out for you—breaking of hearts, trying of tempers, masquing, and mischief, to your heart's content."

" Now, Walter, dear Walter ! an' say you so ?—and how came it about ? oh, tell me, tell me,—in truth I love mischief !"

" Or thou wert not woman," replied the last speaker, the fair heroine's elder and only brother, who had, as we have seen, joined the lovers before they were aware, and so overheard his sister's characteristic speech,—“ why, Beatrice, thou wilt hang thyself some day, in order to pass time."

" But the masque, the mischief, dear Walter !"

" All in good time, girl," replied the young man, with mock gravity. " First answer me truly—mean you to jilt Sir Julian, or having made him serve a Jacob's courtship, with a Job's patience, mean you at last to become his plague for life ?"

" For life, Walter, assuredly, if at all," replied the arch beauty.

" And you, sir knight," said Walter, turning to Julian, " feel you so secure in this lady's favour, that you dare allow the approach of a rival ; a gay and gallant suitor, who backs the offer of his heart with that of a rich old manor ?"

" Ah, Philip, frolicksome Philip !" said Beatrice with vivacity.

Her lover bit his lip.

"The honour intended you is far greater," replied Walter, gravely.

"Well, it matters not to me who, or what, may be the suitor," said Beatrice frankly, for she had observed Sir Julian's momentary jealousy,—“but read us your riddle, nevertheless, good brother, if you mean us not to die with curiosity.”

"Well, then," said he, drawing from his bosom a large unwieldy epistle, written in the stiff hand used by clerks and notaries, "this comes from the worthy knight Sir Luke Malmsey, to the honourable son (save the mark!) of his esteemed friend the late Walter Cecil; stating, in due form of courteous speech, his intention of speedily passing some days at Stately Pleasance, in the hope that the honourable son, and lady daughter of his late esteemed friend, will afterwards partake of the cheer of Malmsey Manor."

"I am as much in the dark as an owl at noon!" said Beatrice, laughing, "what brings the knight here, think ye, and who did his errand?"

"Truly, the messenger is worthy Mr. Jonas Cassock-sleeve, who hath hinted to me his own private belief that further honour is intended our house,—that his patron hath a passing thought, a half-formed inclination, to make the lady Beatrice of Stately Pleasance, the lady Beatrice of Malmsey Manor; orchards, paddocks, wainscoting, tapestry-hangings, hunting gear, and rusty armour included."

A long and merry laugh burst from the young lovers, as this inventory of the knight's treasures was concluded.

"And this," said Walter, drawing forth another epistle, which, from its smaller size, and scrawled characters, appeared to be the production of a more fashionable scribe—"this comes by another hand from frolicksome Philip, who, having got note of his uncle's intentions, prays me, on the score of old friendship, to entreat thee, on the strength of thy womanly wit, to give the old gentleman during his abode with us, such awful impressions of the blessed state of matrimony, as shall convince him that one wife would be a sorer evil than twenty nephews, though every one were a nephew Philip. And so he commends himself to our good offices, of which, at present, he hath great need, being forbidden Sir Luke's presence and Malmsey Manor till doomsday, unless means are devised to shorten the term."

"I see it all—it is all planned,—no masque will be half so merry; dearest Julian do but you and Walter play your parts, and I engage to send him to his grave in a week."

"Gad-a-mercy, Beatrice!" said Sir Julian, laughing, "I like not the precedent."

"Well, then, to his arm chair, if you like it better;" and the gay enchantress commenced a detail of those plans of proceeding which, at present, it would be premature to disclose. The reader will naturally suppose that Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve carried back to his patron many ho-

nourable messages from the master and mistress of Stately Pleasance, assuring him of warm welcome and greeting on his arrival.

Little aware of the plot in progress, or of the one already effected, as soon as Barnaby returned from his mission, the unsuspicious knight arrayed himself in the garments ordered for him by his wicked nephew, and set forth on a slow, sleek, unwieldy steed, that, taken in connexion with its rider, appeared a moving elephant and castle.

Full well had Master Zachary obeyed Philip's commands. Sir Luke's new suit, like that of the patriarch Joseph's, was "of many colours." On his high-crowned black velvet hat nodded three scarlet feathers, whilst the brim was embroidered, both within and without, with gold twist and spangles. His voluminous cloak, of crimson stuff, was rendered yet more conspicuous by a profusion of gold lace; his lilac satin doublet was adorned to correspond; and his galey-gascoignes, (or, to modernize the word, gally-gaskins), were made in that enormous fashion which treacherous Master Zachary well knew to be obsolete even amongst the vulgar. Every article was in character; the tips of the cuffs aspired to the elbow—the collar fell below the shoulders—the doublet drooped to the knees—the cloak trailed upon the ground—and the top of each boot resembled an open warming-pan!

So graced, so gilded, or to use a more convenient metaphor, so tin-foiled, not ten housewives' pewter shone brighter than Sir Luke; and he, being naturally vain

and credulous, began really to believe, on the faith of Barnaby the huntsman, Peter the butler, and Deborah the housekeeper, that he was the very pink and pattern of a gallant gentleman; one whom the lady Beatrice might be proud to see at her feet. His reception at Stately Pleasance tended to confirm him in his opinion of his own importance. The master of the mansion testified becoming anxiety for the honour of his alliance; the lady Beatrice appeared delighted with his attentions, and required them on all occasions, whilst Sir Julian was played off as a scorned and presumptuous suitor; and so cleverly was the plot contrived and carried on, that, before he was aware, the old knight found himself cajoled out of all his accustomed comforts, and installed into the office of an accepted lover. It was worse than field service to a militia man; comfort and honour, vanity and self-indulgence, were pitted one against the other, and the suitor and the old bachelor had many a conflict. The lady Beatrice would never trust herself on horseback without Sir Luke's escort, and she found it conducive to health to ride several hours each day, and at a speed that sorely annoyed the worthy knight's bones. When dismounted, the lady Beatrice was passionately fond of walking, and no arm was welcome but that which would have been most willingly withheld. The lady Beatrice grew troubled with fainting fits at the smell of tobacco, and, to prove his affection, Sir Luke gave up his pipe; added to this, she suddenly lost her appetite, and could no longer endure that other persons should eat

a hearty meal, and the knight, out of complaisance, was constrained to feed like a sparrow. Yet so well did the wily maiden flatter his self-love, whilst inflicting upon him every species of personal torture, that he really believed that all things were what they appeared.

Towards the end of a week thus spent, Beatrice perceived by certain infallible signs, that matters were in such a state that she might venture upon the *coup de grace*. She accordingly selected a particularly sultry afternoon, and, immediately after dinner, proposed a saunter through the grounds. Her brother and Sir Julian, previously instructed in their parts, were ordered to follow, and she set forth with Sir Luke, determined upon being more flatteringly tiresome than ever. It is for the reader to judge of her success.

"By my troth, madam," said the knight, as he puffed along, no bad representation of Patience in purgatory,— "and by your ladyship's leave, I will doff this red blanker of mine before the sun coin its gold lace into marks,—marry, I shall drop."

"What, throw off my favourite colour!" said his fair companion, in a reproachful tone, "and a garment so becoming!—La now, Sir Luke, the malapert Julian is jealous of that cloak, and thinks it obtains for you the favour he craves in vain,—by my word but Walter shall have its fellow."

Flattered, but not consoled, the poor gentleman refastened the ponderous garment, and trudged on beside his

beautiful tormentor, in a state bordering upon dissolution. "Now a plague on those idle boys!" said the lady, when they had wandered a considerable distance from the house, "kind, kind Sir Luke, it shames me, indeed it does, to ask it,—but I pray you just step back and rouse them; say I wait on the south terrace, and bid Mungo bring his guitar and join us there."

The distressed knight groaned inwardly, and could scarcely suppress the rising wish, that cloak, lady, Walter, Julian, Mungo, and guitar, were quietly and together in the Red Sea. Visions of departed comfort, pipes that he had smoked, dinners that he had eaten, and sleeps that he had slept, crowded on his mind; and, oppressed with the weight of his cloak, and the weight of his thoughts, the poor cavalier was ready to weep. He fulfilled, however, his mission, and with the young men and the sable musician returned to the terrace, in the vain hope of being allowed a short respite from exertion; for, according to the old song, his happiness did not consist

In motion, but in rest.

But Philip's guardian genius, the lady Beatrice, quickly perceiving the weary and woe-begone aspect of her knight, determined to put forth all her wiles and wickedness, in order to complete the good work she had undertaken. She gave Sir Julian his lesson; and immediately that cavalier, with humble air, and downcast eyes, as though unworthy of the honour he sought, approached, and prayed her to grant him her hand for some short space, and tread with

him a single measure, either a stately galliard, or the more lively lavolta.

"It were fitting, in sooth," replied Beatrice, with well-affected scorn, "to bestow such mark of favour on a gallant that loiters over the dinner board, when bidden elsewhere by the lady of his suit—stand back, Sir Laggard! To him who is ever prompt in active service and knightly *dévoir*, is that compliment rightly due: I pray you," said the lovely malicious, presenting her fair hand to Sir Luke, and accompanying the action with her most attractive smile—"I pray you accept the meed you have earned,—Mungo thy briskest air."

It was in vain that the hapless lord of Malmsey Manor declined the proffered grace, assuring the lady, with rueful contortions of face, of his willingness to pleasure her in any thing not impossible; of his utter ignorance of the graceful art of dancing, in which he doubted not Sir Julian was well skilled; his assertions were gainsaid; he was compelled to yield to his tyrant, and the lavolta, a whirling, twisting, tee-totum kind of dance, bearing some resemblance to the modern waltz, was performed by the ill-assorted partners, so as to present a lively image of the tavern sign—an Angel in conjunction with a Woolpack.

Hot, faint, breathless, ready to drop with fatigue, Sir Luke heeded not the praises lavished on his performance by the bystanders. As soon as the purgatorial exertion was concluded, he hastened to occupy a seat which was formed in an angle of the terrace wall; but his lady's

eye was on him, and precisely as he was on the point of anchoring in the desired haven, just as there remained but a step, a single step, between his aching bones and rest, the merciless Beatrice dropped her fan at his feet! Sir Julian, who saw the manoeuvre, drew back to laugh at leisure; Walter peeped over his shoulder with well-affected gravity, while the lady herself raised her pretty hand, and chid herself for carelessness, and taunted the younger knights with their lack of courtesey, and vowed that her good Sir Luke would spoil her by excess of attention. Slowly, and with labour dire, he prepared for a last effort of expiring complaisance. Leaning grievously upon his walking staff with one hand, he lowered himself till the other reached the ground; and then picking up the implement of mischief, restored it to the author of his pain.

"Thou hast won Philip's pardon, girl," whispered Walter, "that last blow of thine drove the nail up to the head!"

He spake truly. We have heard of the temple that was fabled to be constructed with such nicety that a wren, accidentally perching on one of its pinnacles, destroyed the balance, and overthrew the fabric. Such effect did the incident of the fan produce upon Sir Luke's gallantry. It was the drop added to a brimming cup—the touch given to a falling column,—and when night arrived, and he retired to bed, (at Stately Pleasance his only place of rest), thus soliloquised "the much enduring man."

" And I, Luke Malmsey, of Malmsey Manor, to play the fool;—I that had been my own master for fifty years and upwards—to ride, run, starve, and dance, God wot! like an ape in a string!—a stone weight have I lost in the last week—a stone!—may I never fill pipe again, an' I have not lost two.—Oh! Luke, Luke, that thy old bones were but in thine own arm-chair, in thine own Manor. MARRY! whip me to death like a blinded bear first! A WIFE! as many nephews as would require a ship's rigging for halters rather. Ah, poor Philip! frolicsome as I was myself, but no worse than other youths,—no worse say I? not half so bad; poor dear boy, grieving, I'll warrant, after my favour; laying plans to gain forgiveness; my own brother's son, too—as worthy Mr. Cassockaleeve says, a living family picture;—no, no, madame Beatrice, I'm not to be cozened out of Malmsey Manor by your bright eyes, and cunning smiles. I'll sit still when I like, and eat as much dinner as I like—and I'll be my own master—ay, and I'll have peace and quietness, and therefore I'll go home:—think upon that now!"

Sleep, instead of weakening, confirmed the knight's wise resolution. Business of importance (that lie of centuries), called him home the next morning, and though the lady Beatrice complained much of his sudden departure, and testified becoming chagrin on the occasion, neither she, nor her brother, threatened him with an action for breach of promise of marriage.

Our readers will surely save us the trouble of winding

up our history. They will imagine for themselves, that master Philip had soon occasion to thank the lady Beatrice for her successful efforts in his favour ; that he made as many promises of future good behaviour as satisfied his uncle ; and kept as many of them as satisfied himself ; that worthy Mr. Cassockaleeve was speedily required to perform for Sir Julian and Beatrice the clerical service which he had once anticipated he should perform for that lady and his patron. If a great lover of poetical justice, the reader may imagine yet further, that though Sir Luke Malmsey was afterwards a frequent guest at Stately Pleasance, he was never again required to dance the lavolta, or refrain from smoking ; or walk after dinner, or in short, do any one thing contrary to his own inclinations.

M. J. J.

LOVE'S JUBILEE.

BY JAMES HOGG.

FIRST SPIRIT.

LOVELY Spirit, where dost thou fly
With such impatience in thine eye?—
Behold the hues of the closing day
Are mingled still with the gloaming gray ;
And thine own sweet star of the welkin sheen,
The star of love, is but faintly seen!
See how she hangs like a diamond dim
By the walks of the holy Seraphim,
While the fays in the middle vales of blue
Have but half distilled their freight of dew.
It is too early in the night
For a spirit so lovely and so bright
To be tracing the walks of this world beneath,
Unhallowed by sin, and mildewed by death ;
Where madness and folly are ever rife,
And snares that beleaguer mortal life.—
I know thee well, sweet Spirit of Love,
And I know thy mission from above ;
Thou comest with every grace refined
To endow the earthly virgin's mind ;

A record of her virtues to keep,
And all her thoughts awake and asleep.
Bright Spirit, thou hast a charge of care!
Come tarry with me in this woodland fair,
I will teach thee more in one hour of joy
Than all thou hast learned since thou left'st the sky.
Come tarry with me, let the maidens be,
'Till the hour of dreaming and phantasy;
And then will I seek with thee to share
The task of fanning their foreheads fair,
And scaring the little fays of sin
That tickle the downy dimpling chin;
That prank with the damaak vein of the cheek,
And whisper words it were wrong to speak.
From all these foes thy wards shall be free,
If thou wilt go woo in the wood with me;
Till yon twin stars hang balanced even,
Like ear-rings on the cheeks of heaven!

SECOND SPIRIT.

And who art thou, that with shameless brow,
Darest here such license to avow?
If aright I judge from what I've heard,
This courtesy might well be spared;
For of all the spirits beneath the sun
Thou art the one that I most would shun!
Art thou not he of guardian fame,
That watchest over the sex supreme?

Say, Spirit, was the charge not given
To thee, before the throne of heaven,
To guard the youth of this vale from sin,
From follies without and foibles within?
If so, thou hast honour of thy trade!
A glorious guardian hast thou made!
To the dole and the danger of mine and me,
My malison light on it and thee!
Go woo with thee!—by this heavenly mind
I had rather go woo with a mortal hind!

FIRST SPIRIT.

Sweet Spirit, sure thou could'st never opine
That my charge could be as pure as thine?
Something for sex thou should'st allow;
Yet have I done what spirit might do,
And more will I still, if thou wilt go rest
With me on the wild thyme's fragrant breast,
By form of an angel never prest!
I will spread thee a couch of the violet blue,
Of our own heaven's cerulean hue;
The sweetest flowers shall round thee be strewed,
And I'll pillow thy head on the gossamer's shroud;
And there, 'neath the green leaves closely furled,
I will cool thy cheek with the dew of the world;
I will bind thy locks with the sweet wood-roof,
And fan thy brow with the wabron leaf;

I will press thy heaving heart to mine,
And try to mix with our love divine
An earthly joy, a mortal bliss ;
I will woo thee and woo thee for a kiss,
As a thing above all gifts to prize,
And I'll swear 'tis the odour of Paradise!
In earthly love, when ardent and chaste,
There's a joy which angels scarce may taste;
Then come to the bower I have framed for thee;
We'll let the youth of the vale go free,
And this eve shall be LOVE'S JUBILEE!

SECOND SPIRIT.

I will not, I dare not such hazard run,
My virgin race may be all undone.
The breeze is chill,—it is wearing late,
Away thou guardian profligate!

FIRST SPIRIT.

Sweet spirit, why that quivering lip,
Which an angel of light might love to sip?
And why doth thy radiance come and go,
Like the hues of thine own celestial bow?
And why dost thou look to the ground and sigh,
And away from the green-wood turn thine eye?
Are these the symptoms, may I divine,
Of an earthly love, and is it mine?

SECOND SPIRIT.

Ah, no! it is something about my head,
Some qualm of languor or of dread.
That breeze is surely in a glow,
And yet it is chill—what shall I do?
Wilt thou not go?—ah! haste away
Unto thy charge; thou art worse than they.

FIRST SPIRIT.

I will not, cannot leave thee so;
I must woo thee whether thou wilt or no;
Let us hide from the star-beam and the gale,—
Why dost thou tremble and look so pale?

SECOND SPIRIT.

Oh, my dear maidens of beauty so bright,
What will become of you all to-night!
For I fear me this eve of wizard spell,
May be by shade, by bower, and dell,
An eve to dream of—not to tell!

FIRST SPIRIT.

I will charge the little elves of sin
To keep their silken cells within,—
In the night-flower's breast, the witch-bell blue,
Or wrapt in the daisy's silver flue;
And not to warp, on any pretence,
The thoughts or the dreams of innocence.

There shall not one of them dare to sip
The dew of love from the fervid lip,
Till the sleeping virgin, pale and wan,
Shrink back, as if from the kiss of man.
There shall no elfin, unproved,
Take the dear form of the youth beloved;
Or whisper of love within the ear
A word for maiden unmeet to hear.
From man's deep wiles thy sex I'll guard,
If a smile from thine eye be my reward;
For all beside we must let them be,
And this eve shall be LOVE'S JUBILEE!

The guardian angel of virgin fame,
In one sweet dale which I may not name,
Was won for that dear eve, to prove
The thrilling enjoyments of earthly love:
And if by matron the truth was said,
There was ne'er such an eve since the stars were made,
For young delight, and for moments bright,
And all that could virtuous love requite;
For all was holy, and pure, and chaste,
As the angels that wooed in their home of rest.
The welkin glowed with a rosy blue,
And its star of love had a brighter hue;
The green wood strains with joy were rife,
And its breeze was a balm of heavenly life.

SONNET.

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Ay, 'twas an eve—by bower and dell—
 An eve to dream of—not to tell:
 For ever hallowed may it be,
 That eve of LOVE's HIGH JUBILEE!

Altrive Lake, Candlemas-day, 1825.

SONNET.

BY ARTHUR BROOKE.

OH God! oh God! a dream has then the power
 To bring once more the blighting and the bloom,
 The youthful splendour, and the dying gloom;—
 Dread transit from love's warm voluptuous hour,
 Which poured down blisses like a summer shower,
 To the cold change, when death's commencing doom
 Froze o'er the path which pointed to the tomb,
 Where loveliness so loved had never sunk before!
 Oft will the care-wrought curtain of the day
 Hide half the horrors from my inward sight;
 But as the eternal stars their ranks display,
 Soon as the sun has quenched his garish light;
 So, sweeping past in terrible array,
 These haunt my slumbers through the dead midnight.

THE SYBIL'S PROPHECY.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

BY THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

Scene—A wild and picturesque landscape in the vicinity of the Lake of Geneva; woods of pine, and precipices, with a deep perspective of distant mountains. The Sybil's cave indistinctly seen on the summit of a rock.—Time—Sunset.

Enter GERTRUDE, conducted by ULRIC, both seen among the windings of the rocks before they advance.

GERTRUDE (*gazing around her in terror*).

DIDST thou not hear it?—'twas a human voice!

ULRIC.

It was the marmot's whistle from the rock,—
Or the wild echo of the chamois' leap,—
Or the hoarse scream of the cloud-cleaving eagle;—
Or 'twas, perchance, the deep and distant roar
Of some far avalanche!

GERTRUDE.

I will no further;
My blood is chilled,—it is a horrid errand!—
Why art thou silent? Speak to me,—yea, tell me

That it is horrid, so thou dost but speak !
Hast thou e'er known of those who traced this path ?
Tell me some tale, even though it fearful be,
So I may hear thy voice !

ULRIC.

I knew a man,
A lone, a luckless, solitary wretch,
Want made his being loathsome, and he came—

GERTRUDE.

End not thine ominous and fearful tale ;
Perchance he came in twilight dim like this.

ULRIC.

He did ; and there did come a maiden here,—
A sweet, still mourner, with her broken heart,—
Love's most enthusiast worshipper ;—one on whom
The' Idalian boy had lavished all his frowns,
But aye withheld his smiles ;—one who had felt
His two worst gifts, his blindness and his dart,—
Wanting his wings to flee and be at rest.
And she but sought the Sybil of the Alps,
To ask if sorrow's seeming could be true ;
Questioning of that her heart had long resolved !

GERTRUDE.

Speak not of her ! Knowest thou of one who came
In agony of hope and fear like mine !

ULRIC.

Of those I knew, she did to all foretell
Their fates of woe,—and each has been fulfilled.

GERTRUDE.

Lightly I hold such lore : small skill it costs
 To tell of woes to come. Futurity !
 We hail thee safely by the name of grief !
 He who doth paint our untrod pilgrimage
 In colours darker than even fear hath feigned,
 Shall be no lying prophet. [*Wild music.*

ULRIC.

Look around,—

The murmur of a spirit breathes above us.
 Within yon cave there is a lyre so framed,
 Nought but the living pinions of the breeze
 Can fan it into sound ; whilst on their wing
 The viewless presence of a spirit floats !
 Lady ! thy cheek is pale, thy step is faint :
 I 'll haste to scale the rock, and from her cave
 Summon the prophetess,—if that, indeed,
 She lists to mortal summons.

[*Exit ULRIC.*

GERTRUDE, (*alone*).

Oh, ye dark scenes of more than nature's terrors,
 Untold I read your oracles of grief !
 Ye piles of imminent and beetling rock,
 Hollowed by flood and earthquake,—pioneers,
 Whose engine was the crashing thunderbolt !
 Thou mass of dateless and primæval ruins,
 Whose structure,—wonderous work of elder time,—
 Claims for its pride no mortal architect,

From whose fall'n wreck with giant step forth trod
The long-departed 'habitant :

Say, have ye not a deep, unuttered sense
Of that which in your darkness hath been sought ?
If there doth live in lifeless things a sense
Obscure, portentous, such as, without voice,
Tells, not unheard, its true and terrible tale.

Enter ADOLPH.

What voice is that, whose mournful melody
Pours its rich stream upon the stilled eve,
Turning the air to music !

GERTRUDE.

Adolph !

Free from thy chains, and wandering in these wilds ;
How art thou safe ?—and, oh ! why art thou here ?

ADOLPH.

Nay ; thou,—with pallid cheek, and locks unbound,
Wild to the mountain winds,—why art thou here,
Walking in beauty on the twilight hills,
No voice to cheer, no arm to shelter, thee ! *[Music.*

GERTRUDE.

Hark to the sounds that speak my visit's purpose.

[GENEVIEVE appearing from her cave.

Behold the awful being whom I seek,—
Bend, for Futurity is on her lips !

GENEVIEVE.

Who calls me from my rest—from the dark bed,

Where spirits slumber with me ? Would'st thou know
That which if mortals know not they are restless ;
That which if mortals know they shall be wretched ?

GERTRUDE.

I would know all that thou canst tell—alas !
I am a wretched, soul-distracted being,
Who, on the rock of unknown destiny,
Do dash like a spent wave, with fruitless force,
Feeling its strength is lost in murmuring !

GENEVIEVE (*approaching her with emotion*).

Fair, gentle girl, upon thy crisped locks,
Of sunny gold, doth love in luxury play ?
On thy smooth cheek doth love in roses dwell ?
On thy young lip doth music breathe 'mid flowers ?
Rend thy locks, maiden ! o'er their gleaming gold
Scatter foul ashes ;—on thy breast of snow
Bind the rough hair-cloth,—from that cheek its rose
Bid passionate woe's most pallid fingers crop.
Oh ! be not, lovely maiden, be not loved,
For so thou shalt be wretched !

GERTRUDE.

I am wretched !

GENEVIEVE.

Thou art, fair maiden ! Has a mother ever
Pressed on thy ruby lip, her kiss of blessing—
Parted thy thick locks—and on that white brow,
Laid fingers trembling with felicity ?

Oh, hath she blessed thee, from a heart's rich fulness,
That hardly knew a blessing for herself,
Which was not bound in thine ?

GERTRUDE.

She has,—she has !

GENEVIEVE.

And has a youth, who loved thee, bowed before thee,—
Consumed whole days in breathing forth thy name,
Envyng the air its burthen,—deemed a year,
Passed in thy sight, a moment,—felt that moment
Worth all the years that he had lost till then ?
Wast thou beloved thus ?

ADOLPH (*rushing forward*).

She was—she is !

[*He bends over GERTRUDE.*]

GENEVIEVE.

Ye love ! ye love ! then, maiden !—is it so ?
Ay, sink in beautiful shame upon his neck,—
Twine the faint claspings of thy lucid arms,
And spread the cluster of thy golden hair ;
Oh, I could love you—lovely as you are !
I must weep o'er your wretchedness to come !
Ye love—ye love !—then are you lost for ever !

ADOLPH (*claspng GERTRUDE*).

It is not ruin to be lost with thee.

GENEVIEVE (*changing her voice and manner*).

Hush your wild sounds of earthly love !—it comes :

The pinions of the spirit of the night
 Have swept my brow!—madness is in their rushing!
 List ye to me, while yet my voice is human,—
 A moment, and his blessings may be curses!
 Lovest thou this maid?

ADOLPH.

O, thou who knowest
 The deep and hidden secrets of the heart,
 Canst look on me, and ask if I do love her!

GENEVIEVE.

Lovest thou this youth?

GERTRUDE.

O, Sybil of the Alps,
 Read my heart's answer in these speechless tears!

GENEVIEVE.

Off, ye dark spirits! haunt my brow no more!
 Let me speak blessings,—blessings long have been
 As strangers to my lips. Await: 'tis coming,—
 Ye *shall* be blest;—but where?—*not* on this earth!
 There is a bell that pealeth for your bridal,—
 Death's bony hand hath rung it!
 There is a blessing,—oh, that white-lipped priest,—
 His stole 's a shroud,—his limbs are motionless!
 Hark to the strain,—they chaunt a funeral dirge.

ADOLPH.

Do I, then, fold thee in a last embrace;
 But we will die,—yes, we will die together!

[*A pause of deep emotion.*]

Ah, heaven, not even in death may we be joined !
These lowly limbs the foot of pride would spurn
From the high pile, where sleeps Prince Albert's
daughter !

GENEVIEVE (*starting*).

Prince *Albert's* daughter !—hast thou dared to name
A name the spirits dare not whisper to me.
It is a dream—and yet that look—that look !—
Speak !—who art thou ?

GERTRUDE.

I am Prince Albert's daughter !

GENEVIEVE.

Where is thine other parent ?

GERTRUDE.

That none may know, save heaven and thee alone !
Ten summers now have passed, since on one eve,—
An eve that seemed even beautiful as this,
(When the fair lake, beneath the deep blue sky,
Streamed on like molten silver),—she desired
Her faithful servant, Hugo, to transport
Herself and my younger brother o'er the wave,
To where proud Ritzsburg's lofty turrets spring
From out the sleeping waters. Darkness arose,
And gathered storm burst forth in dreadful might,
Lashing the lake to madness, ere the bark
Sped forth on its return. O, fearful seer,
Spare me the dread recital, and bestow

Your pity on me, that I thus hath lived
To tell the dreadful tale: they perished!

GENEVIEVE.

Yes, they perished;—and yet not so, sweet trembler,
There is a crime which cries aloud to heaven:
Nay, cling not to me, maiden! From her grave
Thy mother breathes her blessing:—be thou blest!

THE TWO PICTURES.

*Alike, but oh ! how different !
Wordsworth.*

WHEN I was at Florence, I do not care to mention how many years ago, I was one day lounging in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medicean Venus was from my *beau idéal* of female beauty ; when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicuous, my eye chanced to light upon a picture, which, at once, rivetted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards. It was a half-length, and consisted of a single figure—the portrait of a young lady of apparently from nineteen to twenty-one years of age. She was dressed in a low gown of puce-coloured velvet, without lace or tucker of any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear, pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the boddice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the velvet. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed,

which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the short sleeves, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness it would be idle to attempt to paint with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fulness in the upper part; their delicate gradation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were, indeed, among the most conspicuous parts of the picture; inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair which, in falling, had crowded to cover it. The colour of the hair, and general complexion of the face, (of its character I shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter), were by no means Italian; though from the name both of the person painted and of the painter, I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratto d'AGATHA LANZI*; and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian. The piece, indeed, had all the richness of colouring of that celebrated school. The brows and eye-lashes were of a deeper tint of the same colour; and the latter were, or, from their length, appeared to be, darker than the former. From the action, and, moreover, the position of the figure, as well as from the corner of a toilet-table which the artist had introduced, it seemed to me that the moment represented was

just after she had retired to her chamber for the night ; and that the withdrawing the golden bodkin from the hair was the first act of beginning to undress. The figure was standing, and apparently, from the direction of the eyes, before a mirror ; but this was not represented in the picture.

As the hair showered down in the luxuriance of its brilliant beauty, the face was lighted with a radiant smile, as if of conscious triumph in the pride and profusion of loveliness, which added to that very loveliness of which it was at once the effect and the indication. It showed, indeed, infinite taste on the part of the painter to have chosen such a moment and action ; and to have rendered them to such advantage, and yet with so much truth. The fine form, blooming into the ripeness of womanly beauty ;—the dress relieving the perfect and admirable expression of which I have spoken ;—the smile which showed the eye more bright, and the rich lips parting like a bursting rose under its influence ;—the arms raised and bent ;—the falling waves of hair ;—all served to present each individual beauty to the greatest individual advantage ; and yet combined into a whole so exquisite, that one would have thought that every merit of detail must have been sacrificed to procure it.

I was so struck with this enchanting picture, that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed before I moved from before it. Day after day, I used to repair to the gallery,

and, passing by every thing else without pausing, was accustomed so seat myself directly opposite to it, sometimes for hours. Yet it was not as a painting—that is as a work of art—that it gave me such extreme delight; but as the personification of the most lovely of created things,—a truly beautiful woman. But this picture acquired, from subsequent circumstances, additional interest in my eyes. I may as well relate them in this place. After I had been about a week in the daily habit of passing some time in the contemplation of this enchanting object, I perceived that I had a companion in my observations, a painter who was copying the picture. I was pleased that he should have had the good taste to single out my favourite for the exercise of his talents; and I used to take pleasure in watching the progress of his work. I soon perceived, however, that he was not merely copying the original. His canvas was quite of a different shape, being oblong, and large enough to contain more figures if necessary. It seemed, indeed, that it did contain them, or something else; for the figure of Agatha Lanzi being drawn at one end of the canvas, above one half of it was covered with a cloth, as though to conceal from the sight of loungers, like myself, what was represented thereupon. Neither was the figure of Agatha Lanzi in the same position as in the original picture. Her right hand, indeed, still held the bodkin, but it was firmly clutched; and the arm was uplifted, as though in the

act to strike. The left arm was extended before her at about the length of the shoulder, in an attitude of caution. The hair still flowed down the back ; but it was plainly parted on the brow, and tied together immediately upon the neck behind. This was all that I could at the moment discover of the intentions of the artist ; for the figure was only sketched in ; all the filling up was yet to be added.

If I was curious as to the cause of this singular discrepancy from the original picture, as well as to what the cloth might conceal, the painter appeared to be nearly as much so with regard to my perseverance in coming to gaze so frequently upon the same object, and the evident interest I took in every thing concerning it.

One day he entered into conversation with me. After a few observations of a general nature, he said he supposed I was a great connoisseur of the arts, by the frequency of my visits to the gallery, and the surprising interest I appeared to take in painting. I answered, as was perfectly true, that I had no knowledge whatever of painting, as an art ; and that I took interest in it more from its results, in the beauties both of form and colour to which it was capable of giving life and permanence, than from any knowledge of its principles, or skill in tracing them in its production. For instance, I continued, " I come here every day to gaze upon that picture," pointing to the portrait of Agatha Lanzi, " not from admiration of it as a work of art, though I believe it to possess great merit as such, but simply because it is a vivid and life-

like representation of as dignified and exquisite female beauty as my eye ever rested upon. It is as such that I admire it, as such that I remain for hours in this gallery with my eyes fixed intensely upon it. I admire all beauty, and human beauty, and female beauty more especially; and I admire painting for the sake of the charms it is enabled to embody. I say that I believe that portrait to possess merit as a work of art; and my reasons are these. It appears to me to be a perfect representation of a most lovely woman; I do not know the means by which that perfection has been attained; but I know that it is there. I know that nature has been naturally rendered. If there were any fault in the drawing, or the colouring, unless it were very glaring indeed, I should scarcely be able to point out what and where it was; but I should know that there was something there which rendered the portraiture less real and perfect: I should have to apply to you, sir, or to one of your brethren, to point out to me the real cause; but I should equally see and feel the effect without being conscious of it."

The artist replied, that from whatever principles or impressions I had judged, I was correct in my deduction; the portrait I had been speaking of, was a very noble and exquisite painting. "It is also," he continued, "the portrait of a most lovely creature, and I do not wonder, sir, that an admirer of beauty, as you describe yourself to be, you should be struck with it even to the degree you have mentioned. Agatha Lanzi was indeed a very remarkable

woman : may I enquire, sir, what character you would be inclined to give to those very lovely features and that exquisite form ?”

“ By your asking me the question,” I replied, “ I conclude that her history is a remarkable one ; but to judge from the picture alone, I should say that the individual there portrayed was a woman conscious of her beauty ; but whose pride outweighed her vanity so far, as to cause her to scorn the application of its power to any but lofty issues, and persons worthy of her and it. For the rest, I should conjecture that she was a woman of strong passions, who, when she had found a man worthy of her love, would lavish it upon him with a fervour and fondness, and intensity, very rarely united, and almost as seldom possessed separately. I think she would not love any man who was unworthy of her love ; her pride would preserve her from this. I conceive she had talents as well as passions,—talents of wit as well as of a graver and more exalted description. I think she was a warm and affectionate friend ; and further than this my practical knowledge of the art of physiognomy does not enable me to form an opinion.”

“ In some of your suppositions,” rejoined the painter, “ you are undoubtedly correct. In others I have no means of ascertaining how the fact was ; but on an important trait of character as it respects that picture, you have pronounced no opinion at all ; although, to speak the truth, I can scarcely wonder at your omission. When

my picture is finished, sir—which, as you perceive, is not merely a copy of the original—you shall, if you will honour me so far, give me your judgment upon it; and you shall then be made acquainted with as much as has transpired of the history of Agatha Lanzi.”

The painter, who wanted only to take the likeness of Agatha from this portrait, did not pursue his avocation much longer in the gallery. When he had obtained all he wanted, he took his piece home to finish. About a month afterwards he sent me word that it was completed; and requested me, in case I had not forgotten our conversation in the gallery some weeks before, to come and breakfast with him the next day, that I might look at it.

I availed myself of his invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment, as it respected matters entirely unconnected with his art. He possessed, in reality, a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethren affect to lay claim. He had some literary cultivation, and strong literary tastes. . After we had breakfasted, he took me into his painting-room. The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed-chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lamp burned upon a side-table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man, young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha Lanzi was near it also; she knelt upon it with one knee; her arm was upraised with the long gold

diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognised in her hand, as if about to pierce the sleeper to the heart. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white; her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only by a ribbon between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked; the slipper which had covered it having fallen to the ground. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeve of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed that exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been peculiarly successful. The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution; and also as if to hold the breath, lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper, and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fixed with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim. How different from the fine joyous smile of girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture; and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fulness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more! So soon initiated into all the sorrows, and stormy and tempestuous passions of human life,—into its deepest and blackest crimes!

I turned to my friend, the painter, for his explanation. "I can give you the best," said he. "Agatha's own account of her own conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is, indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed . . . a collection of similar pieces. It chanced not long ago to fall under my observation, and as I recognised the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernized the Italian for you—for, both in spelling and phraseology, the original would, in all probability, have proved not very intelligible to a foreigner." Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a translation.

"Convent of ———, 1535.

"My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should, at the end of one short year, have separated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may hereby take warning from my fate.

"Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul, that, whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended

the acknowledgment of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

"It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi; and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of avarice fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed; and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas, it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I adored, and enforced my marriage with another. Let me be just.

"The Count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn; and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio Gonsalvi. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the Count, he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public;

and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes; and he saw, too, that that heart was breaking. And we met in private, and strong and bitter was the conflict; and the temptation was almost greater than we could bear. But we did bear it—and we overcame it—and we parted—but not for ever. Before we separated, we swore an oath, that if ever I became free, we would wed each other, and that neither of us would ever marry, unless with one another; and we invoked heaven, and all the saints, to give ear unto our oath; and our hearts bore witness to it. And Laurentio again went away—none knew whither.

“About two months thereafter, the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend; and the son fled from his subdued and perishing father. The streets were deserted, and all kept within their own houses; save, at the dead of night, when the pest carts went round to gather together the corpses of those who had died during the day. And the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets; and the bells, that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house, they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out with a loud voice, ‘bring out your dead.’ And then those who had dead brought them out, with their faces muffled, and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths; and the dead were carried away, and they were taken to pits without the

city, prepared for their reception. The earth was then thrown in upon them, and all was done in haste, in silence, and in darkness. The time was very awful.

“ In the wickedness of my heart, I wished that my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentio Gonsalvi ; but the plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours where it was prayed for. Yes ! prayed for. I dared to breathe to heaven this prayer of hell ! I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die.

“ But time waned, and he was still untouched ; and I feared that the plague would pass away, and leave him whole.

“ One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes and fears and wishes in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of profound repose. He slept so soundly and quietly, that his slumbers were even as the slumbers of death. ‘ Would, oh, would that it were ! ’ I ejaculated ; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow ! and I looked around. The night lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me in earlier and happier days, by Laurentio, and whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still upheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilet, where I had placed it when I had undressed. ‘ It is but one blow,’ repeated I to myself, or rather the evil one suggested to me. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the Count,—I knelt with one knee upon the bed, and buried

the bodkin in his side up to the eye ! He gave one groan, and strove to rise ; but the blood spouted forth like a fountain. He became weak,—I struck again ;—he fell back ;—a few seconds and he was dead !

“ Oh, the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me ! Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him ; I thrust back his proffered kindnesses with every mark of loathing and contempt ; and now I had murdered him ! I knelt and prayed for succour and support ; but I recollected what my last prayer had been, and I found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my rosary to repeat my usual prayers ; but blood had spurted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. ‘ Yes,’ I exclaimed, ‘ yes, indeed, his blood has risen between me and heaven !’

“ To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid, as well as I could, every thing that was stained with blood ;—covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day, to spread a report that the Count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger ; and when I declared my intention of watching by him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced towards him since our marriage.

“ I announced that he grew worse ; and towards the

second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body,—covered it completely with a shroud ; and all this I did to the stark and bloody corse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder.

“ Night came, and with it the pest carts and their bells, and the cry of ‘ bring out your dead ; ’ and the Count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces ; and he was placed among the dead,—and I was free !

“ Yes, free ! for detection did not reach me ; no shadow of suspicion fell upon my name.

“ In six months I was Laurentio’s bride ! But ah, how different were my feelings from what they would have been had I been married to him in my years of innocence. Now guilt,—the guilt of blood,—was upon my soul. Its weight was as lead ; its heat was as fire.

“ When we had been some time married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud which at times passed over me. He questioned me concerning it in vain. He thought, I believe, that it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received as Count Braschi’s wife. He strove by every means in his power to comfort and cheer me. Alas ! the wound was deep hidden from the leech’s eye. How then could he heal it ; yet he often probed it to the quick.

“ One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship ? He said he

had never seen it since we had been married, and smiling, added, he supposed I had given it to the Count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but observe it; he gently chided me for suffering my spirits to give way so much; and changed the conversation.

"About a week afterwards, I chanced to be suddenly called away, and left my *escrutoire* open. Laurentio, seeking some paper, or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discoloured to the head with the indelible stain of human blood!—A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain!—He rushed to me,—questioned me,—and discovered all!

"I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep—a sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not, he said, he could not betray me; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderess to his bosom and his bed. I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable. We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle. I am still here; but I feel I shall not be so long."

"You see, sir," said the painter, turning to me as I closed the last leaf of the manuscript, "you see, sir, she indeed loved a man worthy of her love—more than worthy of it. She had, indeed, strong passions; but *hatred* was included in the number! *That* was the omission of which I spoke."

THE POET'S DEN.

A SKETCH ON THE SPOT.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Thus, in this calm retreat so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
His life steals on.

Rogers.

'Tis the "leafy month of June,"
And the pale and placid moon,
In the east her cresset rearing,
Tells that summer's eve is wearing;—
But the sun is lingering still
O'er the old, accustomed hill,
And condenses all his rays
In one broad, attempered blaze,—
Twilight's shadows deepening 'round him,—
Like a king when foes surround him,
Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!

See ! the parting god of day
Leaves a trail upon his way,—
Like the memory of the dead
When the sainted soul is fled,—
And it chequers all the skies
With its bright, innumerable dyes.
Waves of clouds, all rich and glowing,
Each into the other flowing,
Pierced by many a crimson streak,
Like the blush on Beauty's cheek ;
Here and there, dark purple tinges
Peering through their saffron fringes,
(Amethysts of price untold
Set in shrines of virgin gold),
And, anon, a dewy star,
Twinkling from blue depths afar,
Bright as Woman's tearful eye
When she weeps, she scarce knows why !

Not a sound disturbs the hush
Save the mountain-torrent's gush,
As it struggles, with a bound,
From the depth of shades profound ;
Now through tangled brushwood straying,
Now o'er velvet moss delaying,
Lapping now in parted streams,
Like a youthful poet's dreams,

And, anon, their haven won,
Gently gliding into one !
Cooling breezes bathe the brow
With delicious fragrance now ;
Incense sweet from many a bower ;
Odours from each closing flower ;
Swell upon the rising gale,
On the charmed sense prevail,
Till the pulse forgets to move,
And the soul is "drunk with love !"

Where yon sweet clematis flings,
Far and wide, its starry rings,
Where the graceful jasmine's braid,
Makes a green, eye-soothing shade,
And their shoots united rove
O'er the trelliced roof above,—
Deep embowered from mortal ken,
Thread we now a Poet's Den !

Bright Confusion reveals there,
Ne'er had she a realm more fair !
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined.
Tomes of wild, romantic lore,
Culled from Fancy's brightest store,—
(Caskets full of gems sublime
From the silent depths of Time) ;—

Poets, whose conceptions high
Are sparks of immortality ;
Sages, Wisdom's self hath crowned,
People all the walls around ;
Or, beneath the 'wildered eye,
In " admired disorder," lie,
Ingots rich of Fancy's ore,
Scattered o'er the crowded floor !

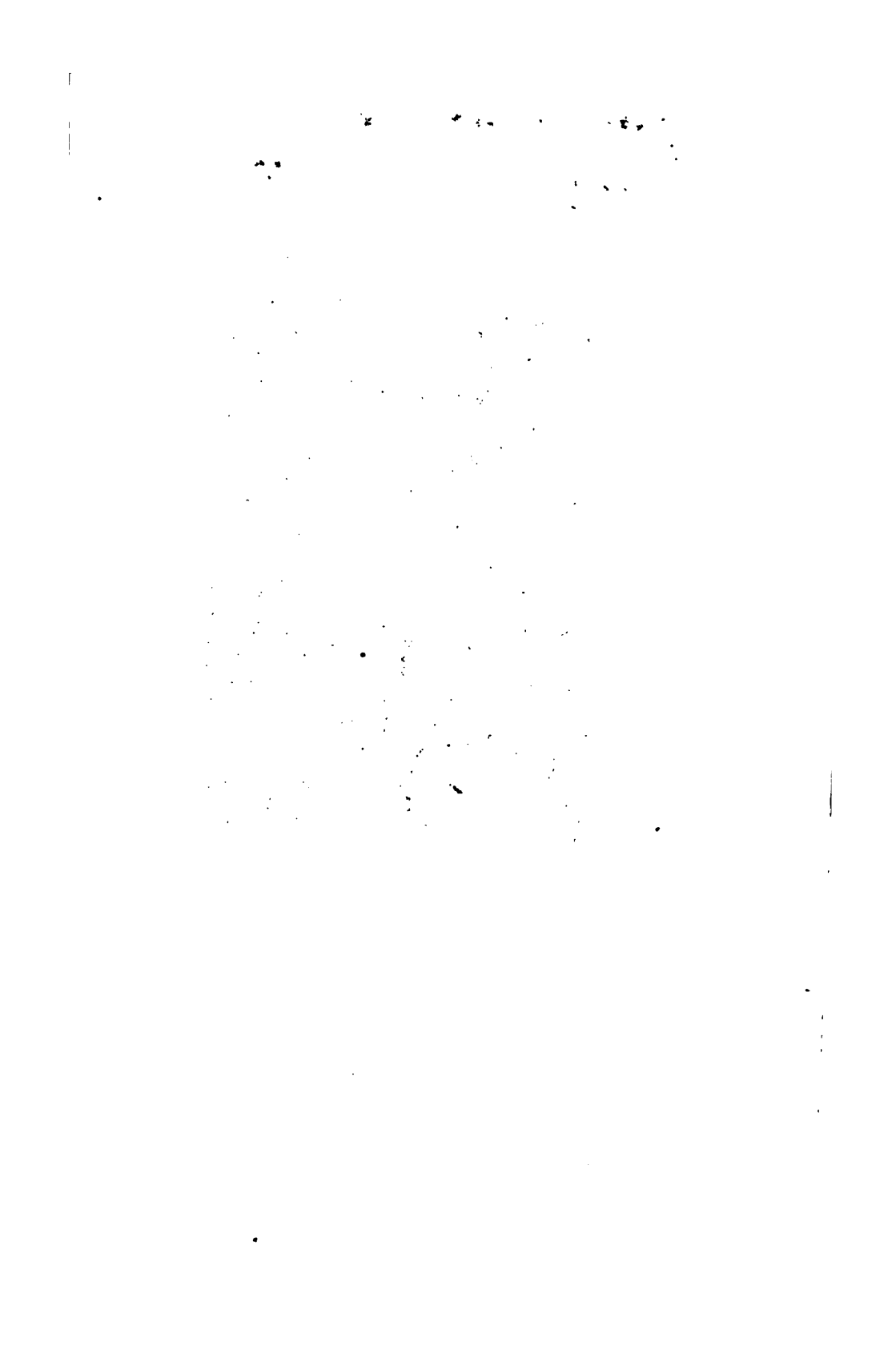
Mystic scraps are strewn around,
Like the oracles profound,
Of the Delphic Prophetess,
And—as difficult to guess !—
China vases, filled with flowers,
Fresh from evening's dewy bowers ;
Love-gifts from his lady fair,
Knots of ribbon, locks of hair ;
Sprigs of myrtle, sent to keep
Memory from too sound a sleep ;
Violets, blue as are the eyes
That awake his softest sighs,
And reward his love-sick lays
With their smiles of more than praise ;—
Spells of sweetness—gathered 'round,
Make those precincts hallowed ground !

Here a broken, stringless lute,
There a masquer's antic suit ;

Fencing foils; a Moorish brand;
Tokens strange from many a land;
Memory's lights to many a scene
Where his roving steps have been
Cameos rich, from mighty Rome
Laurel leaves from Virgil's tomb;
Golden fruit from Scio's vine;
Views along the winding Rhine;
Withered shrubs from Castaly;
Spread below, or ranged on high,
Mingle there promiscuously!
And many a fair and sunny face,
Many a sculptured shape of grace,
Such as Guido's pencil warmed,
And Canova's chisel formed,—
Brows by deathless genius crowned,—
Breathe their inspiration 'round;
Like the smile of primal Light,
Making even Chaos bright!

By the open lattice sitting,
Fevered dreams of beauty flitting
O'er his heart, and o'er his brain,
In one bright, unbroken chain;
Drinking deep through every sense
Draughts of pleasure, too intense,—
Mark the Poet's glistening eye
Wandering now o'er earth and sky!

'Tis a blissful hour to him,—
Slave of feeling—child of whim !
Builder of the lofty rhyme,—
Bard,—Musician,—Painter,—Mime !
Ever swayed by impulse strong,
Each by turns, and nothing long :
Fickle as the changing rays
Round the sun's descending blaze ;
Still in search of idle toys ;
Pining after fancied joys ;
All that charmed his heart or eye,
Sought—possessed—and then thrown by !
Doomed on shadows thus to brood,
Whilst life's more substantial good,
All that wiser bosoms prize
Fades like day from yonder skies !





Painted by G. S. Newton.

Engraved by Cha^s. Heath.

THE FORSAKEN.

Printed for Hurst Robinson & Co. London. 1825.

Printed by M. G. Quar.

THE FORSAKEN.

I dreamed a dream, that I had sung a strain
Of roses around Love,—I woke, and found
I had chained Sorrow.

L. E. L.

I HAVE caught the last wave of his snow-white plume,—
How fast to-night closes the evening gloom ;
I have heard the last sound of his horse's feet,—
Oh, wind ! once more the echoes repeat.

I should not weep thus if thou wert gone
Away to the battle as oft thou hast done ;
Or, if I wept, my tears would be
But voiceless orisons for thee.

Thou wert wont to part my scarf on thine arm,
My last kiss laid on thy lips like a charm ;
I could pray, and believe that thy maiden's prayer
Would be with thee in battle, and guard thee there.

But now thou art gone to the festival,
To the crowded city, the lighted hall,
In the courtly beauty's shining bower,
Little thou 'lt think of thine own wild flower.

Thou wilt join in the midnight saraband,
With thy graceful smile, and thy whisper bland ;
And to many another thou wilt be
All thou once wert to only me.

I might have known what would be my share—
Silent suffering, and secret care ;
I might have known my woman's part—
A faded cheek, and a rifled heart.

Often I 'd read in the minstrel-tale,
How bright eyes grow dim, and red lips pale ;
Of the tears that wail the fond maiden's lot,
But I loved thee, and all but my love forgot.

And must this be, oh, heart of mine !
Why art thou not too proud to pine ?
Again I will wreath my raven hair,
With the red-rose flowers it was wont to wear ;

Again I will enter my father's hall ;
Again be the gayest and gladdest of all ;
Like the falcon that soars at her highest bound,
Though her bosom bear in it its red death-wound !

But what boots it to teach my heart a task
So vain as weeping behind a mask,
Broken, with only ruins to hide,
Little it recks of the show of pride.

Will a smile bring back to my lip its red,
Or the azure light from my blue eye fled?
Efface from the faded brow and cheek
The tale that tells my heart must break?

No! I will away to my solitude,
And hang my head in my darkened mood;
Passing away, with a silent sigh,
Unknown, unwept, and thus will I die!

Farewell, farewell! I have but one prayer—
That no thought may haunt thee of my despair;
Be my memory to thee a pleasant thing,
An odour that came and past with thy spring.

Forget me,—I would not have thee know
Of the youth and bloom thy falseness laid low;
That the green grass grows, the cypresses wave,
And the death-stone lies on thy once love's grave!

L. E. L.

THE RILL LOST IN A THICKET.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

I.

AGAIN my gurgling rill I hear,
By ivy screened, o'ergrown with fern,
Its long-loved murmurs meet mine ear,
Its lapse mine eye can scarce discern.

II.

So time hath flung a veil between
The brisk career of youth and me,
And seems to whisper—"What hath been,
Ah, never, never more can be!"

III.

Yes! fain,—oh, fain, would I restore
The dancing of my youthful day,
As thus, though it be seen no more,
Its distant echoes die away!

A FEELING NEIGHBOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE darling objects of Mrs. Soorock's sympathy were the two maiden sisters of Baren-braes, Miss Shoosie and Miss Girzie Minnygaff; who, in the days of their youth, had never been celebrated for any beauty. Miss Shoosie was only in her fiftieth year, but so mulcted of the few graces which niggard nature had so long ago so stingily lent, that she was seemingly already an aged creature. Her sister, Miss Girzie, looked no younger, though her acquaintance used to say that she had two years less of sin and misery to answer for.

Originally there had been three young ladies of the Minnygaffs; but the eldest sister, during the life of their father, made, what at the time was considered by the laird, an imprudent marriage with a young English officer. Rupert Chandos was, without question, her equal in point of birth and family; but it was not convenient for old

Minnygaff to give his daughter any dowry, and accordingly he assumed a judicious degree of indignation at the match, to avoid the difficulty of making a settlement.

Chandos, on his part no less indignant, but sincerely so, at being so undervalued, retired with his bride into Warwickshire, and they never afterwards held any intercourse with their Scottish relations; by which state of circumstances, when the laird died, the two spinsters succeeded to the possession of the house and heritage:—of course there was no money. But the estate was entailed, and Mrs. Chandos, as the first-born, was the heiress. The sisters, however, never deemed it expedient to make any enquiry concerning her; at the same time they held and gathered as if they hourly expected she would revisit them as an avenger; and the apprehension of this, they openly confessed, was meant as an apology to the world, and accepted as such by their own consciences, for the enjoyment which they derived from the indulgence of their own natural avarice.

When they had been some four or five years in possession, a rumour reached the neighbourhood that Captain Chandos had succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, a baronet,—and Mrs. Soorocks being one of the first who chanced to hear the news, with all the christian eagerness for which she was so justly celebrated, lost no time in hastening to congratulate the spinsters on the accession of dignity which had come to their family by that marriage which they, with their father, had so expediently reviled.

After relating what she had heard, she added, in her feeling and most soothing manner, "the only thing, Miss Shoozie,—the only thing that I 'm grieved for, is the thought of what will become of you and Miss Girzie in your auld days."

"Auld days!" exclaimed Miss Girzie.

"'Deed, Miss Girzie," resumed the sympathizing visitor, "'deed it's a very melancholious thing; for, as ye are both never likely to be married, if it's the Lord's will to spare you, it will come to pass in the course of nature, that ye 'll belyve be at a time of life when ye can neither work nor want, and no doubt Sir Rupert and his leddy will call on you to count and reckon with them for every farthing that ye have gotten o' theirs. Nothing less can be expected from their hands, after the way that they were driven, in a sense, from house and hall by your father. I hope it was na true, though it has been so said, that ye were art and part in that unpardonable iniquity and crying sin against sisterly love. But for all that, as the English are well known to be a people of a turn for generosity, I would be none surprised to hear that the baronet intends to be merciful. Surely he 'll never be so extortionate as to make you pay merchant's interest, at the rate of five per cent: when it is well known ye have been getting no more than four from the bank,—and as for the wadset o' your heritable bond on the lands o' Birlton, there will be room to show you great leniency, for I 'm concern't to

hear that, were the estate brought to sale the morn, it would na pay 13s. 4d. to the pound o' the debt."

But, notwithstanding these prophetic anticipations, the spinsters were not molested. It could not, however, be altogether said that they were allowed to hold unquestioned possession, for she never met them either at church, or in her visitations, without obliging them to endure the kindest enquiries concerning Sir Rupert and Lady Chandos.

One morning she called on them at rather an unwonted early hour, with a newspaper in her hand, and a condoling spirit most amiably expressive in the sad composure of a countenance evidently dressed for an occasion of great solemnity.

"I'm in a fear, leddies," said she, "that the papers have gotten doleful news the day for you. Heh! sirs, but life is a most uncertain possession, and so is all worldly substance. But may be its no just so dreadfu' as it's herein set forth, for the newspaper folk, ye ken, use multiplying glasses; but if it should be the worst, you and Miss Girzie, Miss Shoemie, are no destitute of a religious support; and it never could be said that the baronet was a kind brother, though, for that matter, it must be allost that no love was lost between you; nevertheless, decency will cause you to make an outlay for mournings."

"And what's the Job's comforting that ye have

brought us the day?" said Miss Girzie, somewhat tartly; but Mrs. Soorocks, without answering her pungent interrogation, gave the newspaper to Miss Shoosie, saying:—

"Ye'll find the news in the second claw of the third page,—see if ye think its your gude brother that has broken his neck."

She then addressed Miss Girzie.

"And if it should be your gude brother, Miss Girzie, really ye have much cause for thanksgiving, for the papers say he has left a power o' money over and forbye his great estates,—and all goes to his only surviving child and daughter, Clara—'ceps a jointure of three thousand pounds to his disconsolate leddy. My word, your sister has had her ain luck in this world! Little did either you or your father think, in the days of your austerity, for her marrying a bare lad o' a coronet, that she was to become a three thousand pounder in the afflictions of her widowhood; and I doubt, Miss Girzie, that ye'll no caa spec her to domicile with you, when she's come to such a kingdom."

Miss Shoosie having, in the mean time, read the paragraph, handed the paper to her sister, as she said:

"Really sister, it is very like an accidence of death to some baronet, but I see no legality that he was our sister's."

"What ye observe," interposed Mrs. Soorocks, "is no without sense, Miss Shoosie, and surely if ye're treated by leddy Chandos just with a contempt it's

THE POET'S BIRTH-PLACE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

HE stayed his steed, and bared his brow,
Held o'er his eyes his hand,
And sighed a sigh, and graver grew,
And gazed upon the land :
The wild-wood wore its richest bloom ;
Bathed all in fragrance waved the broom ;
Half way to heaven the lark sang sweet ;
The murmuring stream shone at his feet ;
To sun and dew the rose was born ;
Green in its shot-blade swelled the corn ;
Glad summer through the glen's deep bounds
Showered loveliest hues and sweetest sounds.
'Twas not the grove, nor singing brook,
Nor doves, which all that balmy nook
Filled with their amorous moan,
That bade him nigh with reverence draw,
And breathe with love, and look with awe,
On yon old cottage stone !

II.

I pray thee, grey-haired sire, he said,
I pray thee tell to me,
For long through foreign lands I 've strayed,
And sailed through many a sea ;
Mind'st thou a peasant's home, which stood
Nigh this stream bank and that dark wood ?—
Before the door a springlet leaped.
I knew it, sir, he said, and wept :
Oh, many an hour of joy had birth
By its bright fire and floor of earth ;
And young men sigh, and maidens moan,
And muse 'round its remaining stone,
And ask for him was dear to me,
The youth I dandled on my knee,
A grave and bright-eyed child,—
Though laid the grassy graves among
He lives in many a living song :—
His eyes he wiped, and smiled.

III.

Now tell me, grey-haired sire, he said,
I pray thee tell me true,
Who hath its walls thus lowly laid,
Who o'er it passed the plough ?
His eyes gleamed dark, his brow grew red,
Quivered his lip and grey eyelid,—

I name him not ! I've vowed a vow,
I've never broke, nor shall I now.
Fall on my white head sin and shame
If e'er I name of him the name :
Men know him by his hound and horn,
His scented locks like May's first morn ;
Men know him by his question rude,
His haughty look, and lordly mood ;
And when he walks the way,
Ten tongues will ban where one will bless,
Even wickedness will halt and hiss,
Then turn with scorn away.

IV.

Fain of the Poet would I learn,
What sort of youth was he ?
O, gentle as the gentlest bairn
Upon its mother's knee !
I've seen him sit twixt light and dark,
Mute listening to the lyrist lark,
Now steeped in tears, now bathed in glee,
No maid more coy, no wind more free ;
His wit was like the lightning flash,
It awed the vain, consumed the rash ;
Like July's wind, his love alone
Embalmed whate'er it breathed upon ;—

Of tales he told us many a snatch,
When winter's pendants at the thatch
Hung glittering to the stars,
Of goblins ghast, of witches might,
Of fairies 'mid the rich moon-light,
And Scotland's ancient wars.

V.

Now, gentle sir, pray tell to me
Why of this youth you ask?
Full gladly, gray-haired sire, said he,
For 'tis a pleasant task.
Through many a spicy isle I've trode,
O'er many a foaming billow rode,
Tamed France's pride, braved Russia's strength,
Walked Persia's width, and India's length,
Passed wild Columbia's streams and brakes,
Her boundless woods and shoreless lakes,
Couched where the wild-wood Indians glide,
With feathered brow and quivered side,
But wheresoe'er my footsteps went,
By tower, by tree, by town, or tent,
By mountain, lake, or river,
This youth's sweet strains, like witchcraft strong,
Charmed me—charmed all—his glowing song
Charmed then, and will for ever!

VI.

What is yon lordling high and haught,

With wealth and rank to me ?

That muck-fly in the sun-beam bright

Is gayer far than he.

His rank ne'er drowned men's hearts in mirth ;

His gold ne'er gave to gladness birth ;

His ancient line, his name of pride,

Ne'er wet my cheek, nor shook my side ;—

On this lone spot his share hath shorn,

One worth ten thousand such was born,

One like yon sun whose quenchless light

Shines round the world—warm, heartsome, bright.

That running stream,—that growing tree,—

Speak with my Poet's tongue to me.

He lives, and they are living !

And, when his tender strain 's unfelt,

Trees shall not grow, snow shall not melt,

Nor shall larks sing to heaven !

THE LAUNCH OF THE NAUTILUS.

BY THE REV. E. BARNARD.

Αγκυρας ανελαιο, και εκλυται γυναια,
Ναυτιλις, και σωλοισ πασαν εφεις οδοτη.

LEONIDAS TABANTINUS.

Up with thy thin transparent sail,
Thou tiny mariner!—The gale
Comes gently from the land, and brings
The odour of all lovely things
That Zephyr, in his wanton play,
Scatters in Spring's triumphant way;—
Of primrose pale, and violet,
And young anemone, beset
By thousand spikes of every hue,
Purple and scarlet, white and blue:
And every breeze that sweeps the earth
Brings the sweet sounds of love and mirth;
The shrilly pipe of things unseen
That twitter in the meadows green;

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The linnet's love-sick melody,
The laverock's carol loud and high;
And mellowed, as from distance borne,
The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus!—Thy day
Of life and joy is come:—away!
The ocean's flood, that gleams so bright
Beneath the morning's ruddy light,
With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er
The lucid gems that pave the shore;
Each billow wears its little spray,
As maids wear wreaths on holiday;
And maid ne'er danced on velvet green
More blithely round the May's young queen,
Than thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea
That wooes thy prow so lovingly.
Then lift thy sail!—'Tis shame to rest,
Here on the sand, thy pearly breast.
Away! thou first of mariners:—
Give to the wind all idle fears;
Thy freight demands no jealous care,—
Yet navies might be proud to bear
The wonderous wealth, the unbought spell,
That load thy ruby-cinctured shell.
A heart is there to nature true,
Which wrath nor envy ever knew,—

THE LAUNCH OF THE NAUTILUS. 177

A heart that calls no creature foe,
And ne'er designed another's woe ;—
A heart whose joy o'erflows its home,
Simply because sweet spring is come.
Up, beauteous Nautilus!—Away!
The idle muse that chides thy stay
Shall watch thee long, with anxious eye,
O'er thy bright course delighted fly;
And, when black storms deform the main,
Cry welcome to the sands again !
Heaven grant, that she through life's wild sea
May sail as innocent as thee;
And, homeward turned, like thee may find
Sure refuge from the wave and wind.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

I.

Art thou desponding? I will wake a strain
 Sprightly as Pan's, when with his reedy flute
He makes the mountain-pines bow to the plain,
 And charms the Oreads mute.

II.

Art thou delighted? I will take a tone
 Of gentle woe, which makes delight more dear;
Like that which Philomel, when buds are blown,
 Pours in Night's serious ear.

III.

Art thou solicitous? My song shall flow
 Easy and voluble as waves that wind
Down the green dell, and leave where'er they go
 A track of light behind.

IV.

Whate'er thy mood, but speak ;—thou shalt be armed
 With airs to soothe, transport thee, or beguile ;
 For both my heart and harp to thee are charmed
 By spell of thy sweet smile.

LOVE AND SPRING.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

“ Thy flowers,” one day cried Love to Spring,
 “ Scarcely survive their blossoming :
 Fleet one short month, frown one dark sky,
 They in their very cradle die.”
 “ The taunt too true,” sweet Spring retorted,
 As in her bower, all bloom, she sported,
 “ And will the joys thy reign discloses
 Flourish longer than my roses ?”

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Like childhood's years, without a stain,
The yet unwritten leaf appears ;
Though future thoughts, expressed in vain,
May sully every page with tears.

Then why disturb the virgin white,
Its purity, its beauty blot ;
Unheeded lines like these to write,
Unread,—or read to be forgot ?

Yet sweet on such a page as this
'Twould be to note each fading pleasure,
Each dream of joy, each thought of bliss,
Of life, while life was yet a treasure.

And from the paths of ripening age ;
When worn with grief,—oppressed with care,
Recur unto the treasured page,
And find our young hearts pictured there !

W. A.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

It is impossible for man to tell
What things in nature are impossible,
Or out of nature; or to prove to whom,
Or for what purposes, a ghost may come.
Cradle.

"Now, nurse, I won't go to bed, unless you promise to tell us a story; something about old castles, or about witches, or about ghosts,—or about any thing you like, nurse, so that it be a frightful story," said little George, in an earnest tone, untying his shoe, and addressing himself to Mrs. Margery.

"I never heard the like of you, George," whined out his brother Philip; "you are always for that sort of thing. No, no, nurse, never mind him;—let us have something funny,—something to make us laugh. Mind, I won't go to bed any more than he, if you don't: he shan't always have his will. Do you hear that now?" and the spoiled urchin gave his head a most significant shake.

"Nursey, nursey!" bawled out Jack, the youngest and last, but by no means least importunate personage of the triumvirate, "I will neither take off a stitch of my clothes, nor let you undress me, mind that; unless you do as

George bids you, and tell us a nice, horrible little story about ghosts or robbers."

"Well, be good boys," answered the besieged Mrs. Margery, who was allowed to exercise a very limited degree of authority over the indulged and froward imps; "be good boys, and get into bed, and I will tell you one of my best stories."

"Now it must be a frightful one," ejaculated George and Jacky in one breath.

"Very well, it shall be so; and we shall have a droll one to-morrow evening, Philip,—will that do?"

"Yes, it will do; but see that you don't forget your promise, Mrs. Margery."

"Believe me, I shan't forget. Now you are all in bed. But, George, that is not your night-cap," added Margery, taking one of her own caps from his head, and handing him the right one. "Lie all down, like good boys."

"We are all ready now, cried Jacky; why don't you begin, nurse? Let it be a terrible one."

"Give me a moment,—give me a moment; let me snuff the candle, mend the fire, get my needle threaded, and my seam on my lap—"

"And then we shall be all asleep;—ha, ha, ha!—a very clever one!"

"A moment's patience then. Do you hear how the wind is whistling?—It would be an awful thing to be out travelling alone in this dark night!"

"Now, now, nurse! do give us our story; we don't mind the wind;" was the immediate rejoinder of the impatient trio.

"Hear how the rain is rattling against the panes!—Dear me! what was that came flap, flap, against the window!—I dare say it was one of the young ravens, falling down from the old tower:—I don't like these birds.—Witches always keep ravens about them, and talk to them, and the birds in due time learn their ways, and are alive to all their doings, which are wicked, and for no good. I recollect, when I was a young girl,—that is long, long ago,—"

"That cannot be so very long, long ago. You know you told us, only the other night, that you was not forty yet;" said George, interrupting her, with considerable archness.

Mrs. Margery coughed, and proceeded:—"not a very great while, to be sure; but not yesterday either. Well, I mind about a raven, with a little bell tied to its foot, which went in among the ruins of an old—"

"Never mind the ravens," bawled George angrily; "do you think, you old witch, we will lie here to listen to you and your ravens. I shall get out of bed immediately, if you do not tell us our story, and begin at the beginning. See! here goes," added he, throwing down the bed-clothes.

"Stop!—stop!" cried nurse, rising hastily; "lie down, like a sweet fellow, and I will begin in a moment."

"Do so, then," mumbled Jack, who had started to his elbow, "or, mind you now, we shall all get up:—do you hear that, nurse?"

"Very well, then; I shall begin at the beginning."

"There was an old woman who lived in a small cottage on the edge of a forest. She was infirm, and bent down with age; and, though she had no other help in the world, poverty compelled her to part with her only daughter, who was taken into a great old manor-house,—just like this of our own,—to be the companion and attendant of her master's eldest daughter.

"Her mother had been attentive to her during her tender years, and had brought her up in the dread of sin, giving her much good advice, and instructing her in the knowledge of the bible: so the poor girl knew that it was the will of Providence she should separate from her mother; and, though she did so with a heavy heart, she restrained her tears, in the hope that time would accommodate her to her situation, and that her earnings might add to the comforts of her parent's declining age. In a short time, by the sweetness of her temper,—for she was a kind, affectionate creature,—and by many amiable and friendly offices, she became a great favourite with every one in the house."

"Now, now we see what you would be at," cried George; "can't you say at once she was a very good girl, and get on. We see that plain enough, so if you please—"

"You are always in a hurry, George; but just as you

like.—Well, then; there was another young woman in the house, who was, like the rest, most kindly disposed towards Mary, until she found out that Mary's beauty had decoyed away her lover's heart from her; and then, though Mary did not know what had happened, nor could have prevented it if she had known, she hated her with a bitter hatred. Her sweetheart was the son of a small farmer, who lived about a mile from the manor, on the eastern side of the policy; and he came frequently of an evening to spend a cheerful hour by the great hall fire, as he said he was fond of music. Ah! those were the hospitable days;—those were the days of toasted cakes and foaming ale!—but one may like music for all that. So Jacob, the old coachman,—I remember Jacob, he had grown grey in the service, and very fat; for, poor old soul, he had nothing to do but ride behind my lady, through the grounds, on sunny forenoons, and make of himself what he liked for the rest of the day. The last time he ever mounted the coach-box was on his master's return from London; and, the night being dark, Jacob had remained too long by the inn fire-side to see clear; so it fell out that the carriage was upset, and Jacob was found on the other side of the hedge against which he had driven them. His son ever afterwards drove for him; but Jacob was often heard to say, after telling all his wonderful feats, that the days of driving were now over. But he had still an amusement wherewith to console him. Oh, how he would sit with his knees crossed, and his head awry,

scraping, for hours and hours, on the old violin, till every heart was glad, and the very roof rung! Poor Jacob! he was a good-natured fellow.

"But to return to my tale. The young farmer loved music, may be, well enough, and that was a good errand; but he loved Ellen the house-maid better, with her black bright eye and blue rose-knots: and, as she was fond of music too, she used always to come, as if by chance, and stand with her hand shading her face, by the side of the great roaring fire, right opposite to where young Hodges the farmer was sitting; so she couldn't help sometimes looking in his face, nor he in hers, till both fell deeply in love. Ah! boys, if you knew what it was to be in love!"—and here Mrs. Margery fetched a deep sigh.

"What are you groaning at, nurse?—pray get on."

"It was now towards the end of harvest; and, on fine moonlight nights, Farmer Hodges had more than once persuaded Ellen to take a stroll with him down the old chesnut-tree avenue; and, as they sauntered kindly together, he whispered many sweet things into her ear, which she would afterwards lie down and dream about. But the fine moonlight nights came and passed away, while Ellen was hoping and hoping,—and, alas! in vain. Hodges seemed even to shun her,—at least she thought so,—nor ever opened his lips to her but when he could not help it. No doubt she must have felt it severely, for it is a sore thing, boys, to be slighted,—mind that you never slight your sweethearts when you get them! So Ellen

would sometimes contrive to throw herself in his way, amid the clustering trees, but he never spake to her more than a civil word in passing. She grew very dull, and delighted to sit by herself, moping and cheerless; and when she heard Mary, at her work, singing away like a linnnet on a sunny morning, she would almost fret herself into a fever. Her very heart was changed, and she became an altered creature. Her temper, which was pleasant, and rather kind, grew sullen and sour; so that, observing in the course of time that the same things were going on, and that matters did not mend, she was rendered desperate. Her good looks forsook her, her cheek was sunk, and the wildness in her eyes, oh! it was terrible to look upon.—Mary, poor soul, listened to the warm speeches of Hodges, for he was madly in love with her, and would have given every thing in the world to have made her his wife; but she never knew, had never heard, of his courting Ellen, before she came to be a servant; so she told all her secrets to her rival, with the hope of amusing her in her ill health, and even asked for her advice in the matter.

“ One evening, however, strange to say, Mary was a-seeking, and no one knew where to find her. She had been home, on the day before, to tell her mother of the change which was shortly to take place in her situation; and how a kind Providence had put it into her power to be of use to her, as Hodges had agreed to take her home to live with them, after their marriage. The preliminaries had been settled: Sir William agreed to dispense with

Mary's services; and the young ladies, in testimony of their regard for her, had made her sundry little presents; which they considered might prove useful to her. The banns were to have been proclaimed in the neighbouring church on the Sunday following; and every thing was in a fair train for making poor Mary the wife of a loving husband. But, as I told you before, on the Friday evening she was a-seeking, and none knew aught about her. The night was comfortless and gloomy, something like this, but without rain; and the winds, blowing hard from the east, made a dreary noise among the trees; for there was a great deal of wood around the house.

"Hodges came in the evening, as he was accustomed to do, to inquire for his young and blooming bride; but how was he shocked to be told that she was off, like a leaf torn from the tree whereon it grew, and whirled away none knew whither. He was like one distracted. He went to and fro, in an agony of perturbation, and almost gasping for breath, while only the pride of his being a man kept the tears from bursting from his eyes, as his friends vainly endeavoured to console him. Every inquiry was made after Mary, but without effect; and, when almost midnight, he set out alone through the woods, towards the cottage of her mother. Headless of the darkness, the loneliness, or the wind, he hurried away until he had got clear of the trees; but when he knocked up the old woman from her sleep, and asked her concerning her child, her knees tottered, and she fell back into her

wicker arm-chair, weeping, and crying out in anguish—'It is as my heart dreaded,—but the will of Heaven be done! It has come, not without warning, this awful dispensation! All night I have heard the ticking of the death-watch!—it is even as my heart foreboded. Ay! the four magpies too,—what caused them to fly across my window? It is death—death—death!—Well do I know that. I shall never see Mary,—I shall never shake the hand of my child again! What will become of me!'—and with that she pressed her hands to her eyes, and wept as if her old heart would break.

"Hodges was too much shocked to think of comforting her, and out again he rushed, and back through the forest. The stream came roaring down, but he waded recklessly through it, though, by so doing, he ran the greatest risk of being swept away along with it. He saw the lights over the trees, and made direct for the manor, through ditch and over hedge, till he stood near the orchard gate."

"Then he was not drowned?" asked Philip, pulling the curtain aside, and popping his head from beneath the bed-clothes. "I shouldn't like to see a drowned man:—his face would be all sucked and wrinkled like old Nancy the washerwoman's hands."

"No:—he climbed the rocks on the opposite side, and forcing his way through the brambles and underwood, gained the postern-door, by which you pass through the orchard into the house. His hand was upon the lock, when a sudden terror came over his heart,—his knees

trembled,—and a cold sweat broke out over his face. He turned round,—and saw a figure, in white, under a tree: something told him it was Mary's ghost, but so great was his fear that he had no power to speak to it. At length he tried to step forward,—but nothing was to be seen, or heard, save the dreary sigh of the wind among the trees. —On going to the room where Mary used to sleep, all her clothes were found, save a few articles of apparel. The things she had thrown off in the morning were still lying on a chair, and her Sunday-bonnet was hanging on a peg in the corner. No one knew what to think.

“Next day some labourers, returning from their work in the fields, discovered some traces of her. By the side of the road, at the place where the water runs out from the policy, there was a long wooden bridge, at one end of which a shawl, belonging to Mary, was found lying on the grass. But this was all. The river was dragged, and the woods were searched, but no other token of Mary, dead or alive, was discovered. Weeks and months passed on; and at length every one thought that she had been drowned, and her body hurried out to sea.

“All in the manor-house were grieved, for they all loved Mary, excepting Ellen, to be sure, as I have said; and poor Hodges grew an altered man. He did not seem to care any longer about his farm. Every thing he saw around him only rendered him more miserable. If he had been sure that Mary was dead, her loss would scarcely have afflicted him so keenly; but the mystery

which hung over her fate sank him in deeper and deeper dejection. At length he determined to leave his country, and enlisted into a regiment that was going over the sea. Poor fellow! he was never heard of more. Many were the battles that were fought abroad, and many, and many were killed, but his name was never known to be among them. I dare say he died long ago, whether he was killed or not; for no one lives on to see grey hairs who has a breaking heart."

"Poor Hodges!" said Philip, somewhat affected, "I am sorry for poor Hodges. No doubt he would have married Mary, and taken care of her old mother. But was it really a ghost he saw?"

"Have patience a moment, child, and you shall hear all I know about it. But let us speak a little lower, for I am afraid we may waken Jacky,—and that would be a pity."

"Never fear, nurse," cried George impatiently; "let the brat sleep or wake as he chooses; but pr'ythee go on with your story. What more about the ghost?"

"A good deal more. But first let me tell you that, when all agreed that Mary was dead, Sir William gave a sweet little cottage to her mother, that she might live comfortably in her old age: and I dare say she was as happy as the unaccountable loss of her daughter would allow her to be, for all her neighbours were very kind to her.

"In a short time after the disappearance of Mary, every thing at the old manor seemed to be going to wrack.

The servants whispered to each other strange things; and gave up their places. Scarcely any one would venture out after dark. The chambers, which before looked full of comforts, with their rich old paintings, and carved frames, —with their gilded high-backed chairs, and their squares of Arras tapestry, now seemed lonely, dismal, and gloomy. The very trees around appeared to have grown darker and drearier, while the noises, which the winds made at night among their boughs, were likened to what was unearthly. The yelling of a hound from the neighbouring kennel made the bravest start, and hold his breath;—ah, children you needn't laugh, no person at the old manor thought it a laughing matter.

"I have already told you that the hall was formerly a cheery place, where they used all to meet at night, and amuse themselves, fiddling, dancing, singing, and telling old stories; but now, scarce any one went near it; and when they did they crowded round the fire, not caring for one another, and seeming to wish themselves any where, rather than where they were.

"Miss Lucy—ah! boys she was a pretty girl when I first knew her,—what a neck! and what fingers!—Well, she had always been a good friend of Mary's, and very very kind to her. So, to be sure, was also Miss Caroline; but to Miss Lucy the thing happened.

"It was on a winter evening, and the moon had a wild and watery look. The wind came driving against the old gable with a loud noise, and whistled through every

chink and open seam. The tall chimnies bellowed like thunder; the leaves whirled round in eddies, below every angle of the building; and the clouds drifted from east to west, like mighty armies flying from a field of battle. Miss Lucy had been sitting alone reading, when the turret clock, striking twelve, warned her to retire, and think of sleep. Suddenly a great slap came against the wainscot, which made her start. She turned round, but saw nothing. I should not like to have been in her place at such an hour, for it was a high apartment, almost separated from the body of the building, which she could not reach without wandering through a long, dark passage, and down a flight of steps. It never occurred to her, that she might bring the servants to her assistance by ringing her bell; or, if it did, she was unwilling to disturb any one; the whole family having retired to rest. Besides, it might have looked foolish for her to have called up people from their beds, merely to tell them she had heard a noise; so she proceeded to undress herself, for she would not keep her maid up,—ah! she was a considerate, as well as a lovely creature,—when, casting her eyes up to the great mirror, she saw something like a white handkerchief waving over her head. What could she now do?—her heart was failing within her, and her knees tottered; strength being scarcely left her to throw herself down into a chair. The candle burned dimly, and the apartment looked dreary and desolate; so she still thought that she was only troubled with a nervous terror. She rallied her

spirits, snuffed the candle, which diffused around a more cheerful light; and, endeavouring to sing to herself a snatch of some old tune, she prepared for bed.

"She had lain in the dark for some time, before any thing extraordinary happened. All was quiet, save the wind rumbling in the large chimneys, and the roaring noise of the trees around the house."

"You frighten me, nurse," said Philip. "Pray George don't be pulling the clothes off from me.—And what did she see?"

"She saw something that almost froze the blood in her veins. Without the door being opened, a white figure glided in, and sat down in a chair opposite the bed. The pale moonlight found a passage between the chinks of the shutters; and lay in scattered lines of light upon the floor. Miss Lucy gazed, and gazed—and her hair stood on end with terror;—her tongue became parched;—she tried to speak, but could not, whilst the figure, mournfully moving its head from side to side, kept its eyes fixed upon her. At length it rose up, and beckoned her to follow, for it seemed as if it wished Miss Lucy to speak to it; but she could neither rise nor speak, for she was weaker than a new-born babe; so it put its fingers as it were to its lips, as if to enjoin silence; and, while she looked, and looked at it, she saw at length only the moonlight streaming through the shutters; and, at the same moment, the turret-clock struck one.

"It was a long, long time before Miss Lucy closed an

eyelid; and the breakfast bell had rung before she awoke, pale, feverish, and unrefreshed. She told no one of what she had seen and heard; but her looks indicated that something extraordinary had happened to her. She never slept alone afterwards.

"On another occasion, when the groom was going to get his pails filled at the well, he saw a figure standing by the pump; and his terror being greater than his curiosity, he threw away the empty buckets, took to his heels, and did not halt until he had bolted the stable door behind him. Joe was never again caught out after dark without a lantern."

"Nurse," cried George, "I wish you would snuff the candle, the place is looking dark; and give the fire a poke. Oh dear! what noise was that?"

"Oh! it was only I knocked over the tongs. Shall I go on still?" rejoined Dame Margery.

"I don't know," said George, hesitatingly. "Perhaps—"

"No perhapses, nurse," cried the undaunted Philip; "let us have the whole of your story. We know now that they saw ghosts every night—and were terribly frightened—and never spoke to them. -What came next, nurse?"

"The thing that came next, and now we are drawing near to a close, was the falling ill of Ellen the house-maid. She had left her place, and gone home to her friends: she was in great danger, and at times grew delirious, saying wild and frightful things, which made all who heard her

shudder. Even from the first, the doctors had small hopes of her, but she became weaker and weaker; and it was plain that she was not long for this world.

"According to her desire, the minister of the village was sent for, as she wished to speak with him alone; and, when he came, he sate down by her bedside.

"The man of God held up his hand in horror, at the confession which she made to him. He then called in her friends; and they all knelt down in prayer at her bedside. When they arose, they looked at Ellen, but she was dead, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, and her fingers pointing upwards.

"The minister alighted, on the next day, at the gate of the manor; and, having found Sir William, made the whole story known to him."

"And pray what was it, nurse? Come, be quick now, you are always so tedious," said George. "It is better, I am sure, to come to the point at once."

"To be sure, nurse," echoed Philip, "you like to keep us from sleeping. You wish to finish that large seam, we know well enough, mind that; and you are just afraid to sit by yourself, lest something bad should come, and whisk you away."

"Very well, children, I have just done. Ellen had confessed on her death-bed, that she was the murderer of Mary. Having seen that Mary's fair face had stolen away the heart of her lover from her, she hated her bitterly, and sought her destruction.

"The manor-house had, long ago, in the troublesome times of England, been a kind of castle, having places for cannon, a moat, and a drawbridge. There were also some old vaults below ground, which had been used as dungeons in former days, but which had been locked up for a great many years, and were full of damp and mould. A soldier had much rather have been shot at once, than have been buried alive in such a place.

"One day as the maids were about to go to the bleaching green with their baskets of wet linen, Ellen attracted the curiosity of Mary, by telling her stories about the vaults; and asking her, if she would just like to see them. They lighted a lamp, and went down the dark steps together; for the cruel Ellen had the large rusty keys in readiness. No sooner had she got her to the door, than she pushed her in, and shut the massive bolts upon her. She listened for a moment, astonished at her own wickedness, and heard a wild scream from below; but her hatred, stifling every feeling of humanity in her breast, she blew out her lamp, and hurried upwards to the light of day. Oh! was it not an awful situation for poor Mary!—What horror, and what misery must she have endured, when she cried for help hour after hour, and no one could hear her!—When she knocked and knocked at the door of her coffin—for she was only in a larger grave—and knew that earthly help was not to be expected!

"The body was found lying upon the steps; and after it had received christian burial, no more strange sights were

seen at the manor. Almost every one within the walls had, at one time or other, been haunted by the figure; but no one had possessed sufficient presence of mind either to speak to it, or follow where it led. Though all the neighbourhood was now quiet, the place never looked so pleasant as before; and, since the family forsook it for another residence, the country people will not pass it after sunset, but in pairs; and the bravest of the two is fond to whistle, that he may keep up the courage of his comrade.

"Now, children, my tale is ended, and you must go to sleep."

"Jacky and Philip are sleeping already," said George, "but is there no more of it? Mind you now, I wish to hear it all."

"Upon my word there is no more of it, George. Go to sleep now, like a dear boy."

"Is your seam not finished yet, nurse. The tailor can make new clothes for Jacky, and Philip, and myself, all in a week; but you women are sewing, sewing from one year's end to the other. Pray who wears them all?"

"Now, George, you just want to tease me. Lie still, and sleep like your brothers."

"Sing me a song, then; some old thing or other. Not the Babes in the Wood—nor Barbara Allen—nor the Bloody Garland—nor any of that sort; in case I never sleep a wink to-night."

"Well then, any thing you please. What wouldn't one do for a quiet life! any thing to please you, child; I will sing you one that you never heard before."

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
And by a young shepherd lad did pass,
In the summer morning so early;
Said he, "my lass will you go with me,
My cot to keep, and my bride to be,
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely?"

"Oh! no, no, no," the maiden said,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
And bashfully turned aside her head,
On the summer morning so early;
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green vale,
I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave
Alone in her frail old age to grieve,
But my home can hold us all, believe,
Will that not please thee fairly?"

" Oh! no, no, no, I am all too young,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
I dare not list to a young man's tongue,
On a summer morning so early."—
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go—but she never went,
And at length she fondly blushed consent;
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

So may every maiden learn by this,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho,—

" George, are you sleeping? Softly! no answer! that's well. Good night to you all, teasing brats, you would have plagued Job out of his wits;—and now for my bumper of Cognac!

THE MAY-FLOWERS OF LIFE:

*Suggested by the Author's having found a branch of May
in a volume of Burns' Poems, which had been deposited
there, by a Friend, several years before.*

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

MEMORIAL frail of youthful years,
Of hopes as wild and bright as they,
Thy faint, sweet perfume wakens tears
I may not, cannot wish away!
Thy withered leaves are as a spell
To bring the sainted past before me;
And long-lost visions, loved too well,
In all their truth restore me.

II.

Cold is her hand who placed thee here,
Thou record sweet of Love and Spring,
Ere life's May-flowers, like thee, grew sere,
Or Hope had waved her parting wing:

When boyhood's burning dreams were mine,
And fancy's magic circlet crowned me ;
And love, when love is half divine,
Spread its enchantments 'round me !

III.

How can I e'er forget the hour
When thou wert glowing on her breast,
Fresh from the dewy hawthorn bower
That looked upon the golden west !
She snatched thee from thy sacred shrine,—
A brighter fate she scarce could doom thee,—
And bade a Poet's wreath be thine,—
His deathless page entomb thee !

IV.

That hour is past,—these dreams are fled,—
Ties, sweeter, holier, bind me now ;
And, if life's first May-flowers are dead,
Its summer garland wreathes my brow !
Sleep on, sleep on !—I would but gaze
A moment on thy faded bloom ;
Heave one wild sigh to other days,
Then close thy hallowed tomb !

August 20, 1825.

FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Oh, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase in which odours have once been distilled ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still !

Moore.

I.

FIRST love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by ;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung ;
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

II.

Mary ! I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long ;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song :
Had time and change not blotted out
The love of former days,
Thou wert the last that I should doubt
Of pleasing with my praise.

III.

When honied tokens from each tongue
 Told with what truth we loved,
 How rapturous to thy lips I clung,
 Whilst nought but smiles reproved !
 But now, methinks, if one kind word
 Were whispered in thine ear,
 Thou 'd'st startle like an untamed bird,
 And blush with wilder fear !

IV.

How loth to part, how fond to meet,
 Had we two used to be !
 At sunset with what eager feet
 I hastened on to thee !
 Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
 In spring, nay, wintry weather ;
 Now nine years' suns have ris'n and set
 Nor found us once together !

V.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
 Thyself so often nigh,
 A moment's memory when alone
 Would bring thee to mine eye :
 But now my very dreams forget
 That witching look to trace ;
 Though there thy beauty lingers yet
 It wears a stranger's face !

VI.

I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown ;
And burning blushes speak my shame
That thus I love thee on !
I felt I then thy heart did share,
Nor urged a binding vow ;
But much I doubt if thou couldst spare
One word of kindness now.

VII.

Oh ! what is now thy name to me,
Though once nought seemed so dear ?
Perhaps a jest in hours of glee,
To please some idle ear.
And yet, like counterfeits, with me
Impressions linger on,
Though all the gilded finery,
That passed for truth is gone !

VIII.

Ere the world smiled upon my lays
A sweeter meed was mine ;
Thy blushing look of ready praise
Was raised at every line.
But now methinks thy fervent love
Is changed to scorn severe ;
And songs that other hearts approve
Seem discord to thine ear.

And the vindictive shade from Jove's high throne
Glares on the suppliant ;—to earth I turn
My conscious looks, and, stretched upon the ground,
Beneath my feet, two mangled corpses lie.—
My wife! my son! why are ye silent? Why
Do ye not charge me with my crime? The deed,
Accursed in the eyes of gods and men,
Is nameless, foul, unnatural; so black
That shuddering fiends disdain me. Heaven and hell
Have shut their gates, and leave me for the prey
Of these pale tenants of the tomb! Away,
Distracting vision! Oh, ye sacred band,
Who, morn and eve, perform the holy rites
Before great Jove's high altar! give me hope,—
Speak words of comfort to my troubled soul,—
To my sad spirit, peace.

PRIEST.

The gods are just!

CONSTANTINE.

I plead for mercy!—Justice dooms my crime
To endless punishment in other worlds,
And agony in this; to keen remorse,
The deadly pang that poisons every joy.
Amid the acclamations, 'mid the shouts
Of the thronged multitude from east to west,
The countless hosts of Rome's wide empire, groans
Burst on my startled ear! Faustina's groans!
The dying cry of Crispus! At the feast,

When the brimmed goblet sparkles, and each hand
 Pours a libation to the gods, the wine
 Within my chalice turns to purple gore.
 'Tis on my soul! it stains my garments! earth
 Refuses to absorb the guilty stream,
 And the just gods with loathing turn away
 From the unhallowed offering. Oh! say
 How may I expiate my crime? What prayer,
 What costly gift, what pompous sacrifice
 May make atonement to offended Jove!
 The milk-white bull, that roams in freedom 'round
 The base of lofty Athos, crowned with flowers,
 Blooming as those which fond Europa twined
 Around the monarch of the plain and led
 By troops of noble virgins raising high
 The choral strain, shall bleed before the shrine:
 And the swart Indian, from his richest mine
 Shall dig the ruby, pluck the orient pearl
 From ocean's depths, and mould the golden ore
 In votive offerings, such as gods may deem
 Meet to adorn their temples.

PRIEST.

Œdipus,
 The blind, distracted wanderer, whose crime,
 Predestined and involuntary, seems
 Trivial compared to thine, from Pluto's realms
 Shall rend Olympus with his thrilling groans,

His bitter accusations, should the gods
 Receive oblations from thy guilty hand.
 Orestes, lashed by Furies, shall arise
 To plead against thee: Justice armed his sword,
 And blood demanded blood! Shalt thou escape
 The indignation of the gods, unloose
 The sacred bonds of nature, and with hymns,
 And sacrifice of bulls, and glittering gems,
 Appease the outraged deities? Despair!

CONSTANTINE.

I will not be denied. Where are your rites,
 Your deep enchantments, and mysterious spells?
 The smoking incense that ascends to heaven,
 The magic frenzy that compels to earth
 Descending deities? My fierce remorse,
 The' unutterable anguish of my soul,
 Demands relief! Rid me of those pale forms
 That, 'mid the blaze of day, the gloom of night,
 Are fixed for ever on my burning eyes,
 Sleeping or waking. I can bear no more!—
 Send Rome's proud emperor forth to deserts wild,—
 Bid him resign his regal diadem,—
 Relinquishing the mistress of the world,
 To roam a beggar through his own wide realm.
 Stand not so mute! Your silent, cold regards,
 Mocking my passionate grief, will make me mad!
 Pour curses on me! bid me strain each nerve

To the endurance of strange torture, keen;
Keen as my agony of mind ! but say
There is a hope, a chance, that suffering
May pave the way to mercy.

PRIEST.

Constantine,

Be not deceived ! the gods have fixed thy doom :
Nor prayer, nor penance can prevail. Depart !
We have no balm to give thee. Festal rites,
And joyous sacrifice, the song, the dance,
Performed in praise and honour, are alone
The duties of our office. Jupiter
Deigns not to give commission to his priests
To pardon criminals. Seek other shrines,
And bend the knee to foreign deities ;
Thou canst not move the gods of Greece and Rome !

CONSTANTINE.

Despite thyself thou giv'st me hope,—speak ! say
Where shall I bend my steps,—where seek the fount
Whence mercy springs ?

VALERIUS.

Turn to the living God !

Forsake these idols made by human hands,
These dumb, insensate marble images,
And seek redemption from that Holy One,
The wonderful, the marvellous ! whose name,
Above all powers of magic, far above

The sorcerer's nightly rites, Thessalian drugs,
The secret charms of Memphis, or the deep
Mysterious murmurs of the wise Chaldee,—
Miraculous, omnipotent, hath snatched
Dominion from the evil powers, and given
Salvation to a fallen world! Adore
The sacred name which devils have revered
With fear and trembling! O'er the darkened world
Behold a day-star springs!

CONSTANTINE.

Say on, thy voice
Seems to my burthened heart oracular.
Even at thy words those bleeding, ghastly shades
Have melted into air. Blessed be thy God!
A sinner's prayers are heard!

E. R.

ODE TO A STEAM-BOAT.

BY T. DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

I.

ON such an eve, perchance, as this,
When not a zephyr skims the deep,
And sea-birds rest upon the' abyss,
Scarce by its heaving rocked to sleep,—
On such an eve as this, perchance,
Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

II.

The languid ocean scarce at all
Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing,—
The lucid wavelets, as they fall,
The sunny beach in whispers kissing,
Leave not a furrow,—as they say
Oft haps, when pleasure ebbs away.

III.

Full many a broad, but delicate tint
Is spread upon the liquid plain ;
Hues rich as aught from fancy's mint,
Enamelled meads, or golden grain ;—
Flowers submarine, or purple heath,
Are mirrored from the world beneath.

IV.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,
Gems the still waters' tranquil breast ;
Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling
Its parent in the shadowing east ;—
It seems—so pure, so bright the trace,—
As sea and sky had changed their place.

V.

Hushed is the loud tongue of the deep :—
Yon glittering sail, far o'er the tide,
Amid its course appears to sleep ;
We watch, but only know it glide
Still on, by a bright track afar,
Like genius, or a falling star !

VI.

Oh ! such an eve is sorrow's balm,
Yon lake the poet's Hippocrene ;
And who would ruffle such a calm,
Or cast a cloud o'er such a scene !
'Tis done ;—and nature weeps thereat,
Thou boisterous progeny of Watt !

VII.

Wast thou a grampus,—nay, a whale,—
Or ork one sees in Ariosto ;
Went'st thou by rudder, oar, or sail,
Still wouldst thou not so outrage gusto !
But when did gusto ever dream
Of seeing ships propelled by steam ?

VIII.

Now blazing like a dozen comets,
And rushing as if nought could bind thee,
The while thy strange internal vomits
A sooty train of smoke behind thee ;
Tearing along the azure vast,
With a great chimney for a mast !

IX.

Satan, when scheming to betray us,
He left of old his dark dominions,
And winged his murky way through Chaos,
And waved o'er Paradise his pinions ;
Whilst Death and Sin came at his back,
Would leave, methinks, just such a track !

X.

Was there no quirk,—one can't tell how,—
No stiff-necked flaw,—no quiddit latent,
Thou worst of all sea monsters thou !
That might have undermined thy patent,—
Or kept it in the' inventor's desk,—
Fell bane of all that 's picturesque ?

XI.

Should Neptune, in his turn, invade thee,
And at a pinch old Vulcan fail thee,
The sooty mechanist who made thee
May hold it duty to bewail thee ;—
But I shall bring a garland votive,
Thou execrable locomotive !

XII.

He must be long-tongued, with a witness,
Whoe'er shall prove, to my poor notion,
It sorts with universal fitness
To make yon clear, pellucid ocean,
That holds not one polluted drop,
Bear on its breast a blacksmith's shop !

XIII.

Philosophers may talk of science,
And mechanicians of utility,—
In such I have but faint reliance :
To admire thee passeth my ability ;
My taste is left at double distance,
At the first *sea-quake* of thy pistons.

XIV.

It may be orthodox, and wise,
And catholic, and transcendental,
To the useful still to sacrifice,
Without a sigh, the ornamental ;
But be it granted me, at least,
That I may never be the priest !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

I.

My heart was like a spring in forests brown,
Whose voice was hushed by the chill north's disdain,
Till thou, sweet sunbeam, from the skies camest down,
And snapt its icy chain !

II.

My heart was like the violet robbed of breath
By the strong whirlwind in an hour of gloom,
Till thou, sweet spirit of the spring, from death
Revived its purple bloom !

III.

Now not the spring can gush from its green steeps,
Nor flower spread out its sweetness to the bee,
Blithe as my heart in its devotion leaps
To bless thy bower and thee !





Engraved by J. D. Smith.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Published by Hunt Robinson & Co. London 1826.

Printed by W. G. Smith.

LADY JANE'S MERLIN.

A TALE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

Awake, awake, I bring, lover, I bring,
The news is glad, that blisful is and sure
Of thy comfort ; now laugh, and play, and sing,
For in the heavens decretit is thy cure.

The King's Quair.

FAIR and royal castle of Windsor ! rising so proudly above thy circling forest, and looking down on a landscape well worthy thee,—what scenes of knightly prowess,—of royal pomp,—of strange adventure,—or of wild and varied interest, hast thou not witnessed since the first conqueror of France reared thy fair structure, and summoned the chivalry of Europe around him !—Since Chaucer, in reckless joyousness of heart, poured forth his glad numbers like the throstle, welcoming the sun and the summer blossoms,—or, since the poet-monarch of Scotland, like the caged nightingale, beguiled his long captivity with song.

Vision-bringing, history-telling castle of Windsor !

all the great, and noble, and far renowned of past ages sweep by when we look on thee,—while thou, unchanged, unmoved, catchest the first ray of morning, and glowest with the rose-tints of evening; and thy forest renews its rich vesture, as of yore, and thy river rolls on in its pride and its beauty.

Arise then, ye long vanished days! when the warder stood on the bartizan, and the archer band guarded the gateway;—when the first beam of the midsummer's sun glanced on the picturesque dresses of the yeoman of the king's bow, who were holding the stag-hounds and raches for the chase, and the hooded falcons for the gentle sport of hawking; and the company of minstrels, in their parti-coloured habits, who, with harps and rebecs, stood beneath the princely towers of Windsor, ready to summon, with the wild but inspiring "Hunt's up," the Duke of Glo'ster the Regent, and the fair and noble company, to come forth and partake the delights of "ye mysteries of ye wode and ryvere."

Up, gentles, up! for the dappled sky
Telleth that sun-rise is drawing nigh;
And the stars are vanishing one by one,
And the faeries have fled away, lest the sun
Should espy their gambols; and goblin, and sprite,
And nightmare, that stalked through the fearful night,
Have fled with the shadows, and each fair thing
In the morning's beam is awakening.

The hawks are in hood,
Our hounds fleet and good,
And the stag is aroused in the merry green wood.

Up, lordings, up! arise, and mark
The merry lay of the blithesome lark;
With dew-sprent wing to the heavens up flying,
While, on leafy spray, to her song replying,
The sweet-voiced throstle full loudly singeth
His hymn to the morning,—to her that bringeth
Soft dews, and fair flowers, and sweet sun-light,
Chasing away sprite-haunted night.

Shall that wild song
Trill so sweetly along,
Nor rise ye and join our jocund throng?

Up, ladyes, up! O, be not outdone
By every sweet flower that opes to the sun
Her witching eye, and looks blithely through
Her glittering veil of the matin dew,
And biddeth the jocund sun good morrow.
Rise fairer flowers—O! well might they borrow
Beauty from ye. They have oped their eyes
Long since—fair damsels, arise, arise!

Come forth from your bowers,
Ye breathing flowers,
Add new brightness and joy to the sunny hours!

Such was the wild lay that rung along the battlements of Windsor, and echoed among the fair spreading oaks of her forest,—but the fair and noble company did not come forth.

“ St. Hubert! the hunter’s malison on all minstrels,” exclaimed a stout yeoman, who was holding in, with considerable difficulty, a couple of noble stag-hounds, decorated with gilt collars; “ what, the sun rising, the dews drying, four brave bucks and three harts of greece in yon covers, and we must stand here like priests at a funeral!—and all through singing and minstrelsy, keeping the good company up till past ten of the clock?”

“ The saints wot well it was not through me,” returned the principal musician, who bore the high designation of ‘king of the minstrels;’ “ a bad night was it for me; for I had prepared the lay of Ypomedon, and Syr Thepas, and a new romaunt that Thomas Chester hath just put into rhyme, from the French, Syr Launfal; but an outlandish minstrel came and played on the harp so much, and sung so, that I was fain to go to the buttery-hatch and solace myself with a quart of Malmsey.”

“ No bad solace, truly, master Amelot,” returned the yeoman; “ but who was he?”

“ That no one knows, I trow,” replied Amelot, for he was disguised somewhat like a Christmas mummer; we could see nought of his face, Methinks I could play any day better than he; but the noble company thought high

of him, and my lord of Somerset gave him two broad pieces, and the regent a fair gold chain; but he would take nought but a rose from my Lady Jane."

"Then he cannot belong to your craft, if he refuses largesse," said the yeoman, laughing.

"No, indeed," said the king of the minstrels, "he is some young springal, with more marks than wit, methinks, and therefore he thinketh to go about disguised, like king Horn, in the romaunt. Sir Amias sorely wished to see whither he went; but my lord the Regent would not suffer it. He is some knight in disguise, perchance, performing a vow, said he; therefore let him depart as he listeth."

"I would he had sooner departed," muttered the yeoman; "farewell to the sports of the merry green wood; our nobles will not come forth to-day. Come, good Amelot, another 'Hunt's up,' and make the towers ring again."

Scarcely had the impatient yeoman uttered the words, ere the ponderous castle gates rolled back, and knight and baron, squire and lady, took their way to the forest.

And a goodly sight, well harmonizing with the bright hues and clear sunshine of a midsummer morning, was that merry throng bounding past so joyfully! The knight, his ponderous armour laid aside for the silken surcoat and forest-green mantle, the sword and lance exchanged for the horn-handled hunting knife, and

Shere of peacocks arrowes brighte and kene.

The baron, in cloth of tissue vest, on his gaily-caparisoned palfrey; and the high-born damsel, her long flowing gown

gracefully caught up, and confined in full folds beneath the broad girdle, the fair tresses filleted with gold and pearls, half concealed by the flat velvet cap or brodered hood,—the delicately inlaid bow borne in her hand, and the gold-banded bugle and quiver by her side, sweeping by on her Spanish jennet, like a vision of faery land. And many a noble, and many a beautiful damsel that morning took her way to the forest ; but the last was the noblest and fairest—the Lady Jane Beaufort.

“ Our lady’s benizon on thy sweet face,” cried Pierce, the yeoman, doffing his bonnet as she passed, with as much, nay, perhaps, more heartfelt devotion than if he had bent before the image of “ our ladye.”

“ Now, master Amelot, an’ ye had a song in honour of our fair Lady Jane, or even of the merlin that sits on her wrist, I could listen till curfew-tide.”

“ Nay, my Lady Jane was sung enow last night by that strange minstrel ; she would heed nought of my singing,” returned the sorely displeased ‘ king of the minstrels.’

“ Well, then, good Amelot, what say ye to the merlin,—fair mistress and fair bird. Take heed, my fair Lady Jane,” continued the yeoman, apostrophizing as though she had been present, “ ay, take heed that her creance be strong, or, with this fresh wind, ye may not reclaim her.”

And, unconscious or indifferent to the admiration her charms excited, the beautiful daughter of Somerset, surrounded by a crowd of attendant and obsequious knights, advanced toward the temporary stands, gaily adorned with

green boughs, where the noble company awaited the turning out of the game ; and, all careless of the gay scene around her, the Lady Jane sat on her fair palfrey, smoothing with her taper fingers the silken plumage of her merlin, and addressing to it those terms of endearment which ladies of the "olden time" were accustomed to bestow on their feathered favourites, while the beautiful bird arched her neck, half expanded her glossy wings, shook the silver bells attached to her feet, and looked up into her lady's face with an eye almost as bright as her own.

The noble company were soon assembled within the arbors—the master of the sport, (according to ancient usage), sounded three long notes on his horn, the signal for rousing the game. The stag-hounds were uncoupled, the raches were unloosed,—the first noble stag bounded past ; while the forest rung with the bugles of the hunters, the tinkling of the bridle bells, the deep bay of the stag-hounds, and the shouts of the joyful company. Lady Jane was among the last who joined in the pursuit, and many a knight lingered near her bridle rein ; but the inspiring ardour of the chase prevailed over gallantry, and she was, ere long, left behind. The lady turned toward the proud towers she had quitted, and again caressed her merlin ; then swiftly untwisting the silken thread, termed the *eyecane*, which secured the bird from escaping, threw it off her hand. The merlin, joyful of her newly acquired liberty, wheeled playfully round her mistress's head, and then darting upward, was lost in the blaze of morning.

The lady seemed, in thought, to follow her flight; she again gazed earnestly on the fair towers of Windsor, and, with flushed cheek and gentle smile, struck into the forest.

The sun had nearly attained his height, and the noble company, wearied with their animating but fatiguing sport, were, one by one, returning, when a young man, in the garb of a forester, threw himself at the foot of one of the oaks, and began warbling to himself a wild ballad.

O! my lady is like the blossom white,
That telleth rude winter 's gone by;
And my lady is like the star of the night,
That first peepeth forth on high;
And my lady 's like thee, fair morning light,
Flashing clear from the eastern sky.
For the white-thorn bloometh more sweet to see
On her leafless branch than on lordly tree;
And when day has fled from the coming night,
Then peepeth eve's star with her gentle light;
And the bright beam of morning more gladly falls
On prison towers than on lordly halls.

" Good morning, young forester," said Pierce, the yeoman of the king's bow, advancing from the opposite thicket, " truly, ye can sing a merry lay in the green wood as well as draw a good bow; we feared ye had been a ghost, for ye vanished so suddenly,—only ghosts walk not by day-light."

The young man arose,—there was a flush of agitation, it might be of alarm, on his cheek, and he turned away.

“Nay, ye shall not go hence, young forester, until ye try a shot with me,” cried Pierce, seizing him with no gentle grasp; “for saints preserve us,” added he, “never stag was so fairly brought down; and my Lord Somerset, and Lord Rivers, and all, so praised ye. I’ll seek him out, said I to Wat Habershaw, and try a shot with him for love; so come, young master, let’s try.”

“What did you say of Lord Somerset?” said the young forester, eagerly.

“Why, that he never saw a hart of greece struck so fairly between the horns, and ye fall four-score paces off;—Pierce, saith my Lord Somerset, tell that young forester, if he will take livery of me, he shall have eight marks by the year, a coat of Lincoln green every midsummer, a gallon of ale by the day, and vert and venison to boot. So up, young man, and let me see if ’twas good archery, or good luck, that brought down the hart of greece.”

The young forester, though apparently not greatly pleased with his new associate, could not decline his challenge. He listlessly took up the bow that lay beside him, selected his arrow, and drew his bow-string with the air of a person occupied with far different thoughts. Not so, Pierce; he turned up his sleeves, frushed his arrows, and paced backward and forward impatiently.

“Now, my good master, canst thou hit the mark on yon old oak, just beyond those elm trees.”

The young man drew his bow with a steady hand, and the arrow struck the mark.

"A plague on thee!" cried Pierce, angrily,—“could not ye wait till we had wagered somewhat?—Where were ye born and bred?”

"In the north," answered the young forester, proudly; "but ye need not complain, ye would but have lost your wager."

"We'll try once again," resumed Pierce; "I'll shoot first, and if you shoot beyond me ye shall take this good brass bugle, that for twenty years hath made Windsor forest ring again; and, if I win, I will have that gold, or rather that parcel-gilt brooch in your bonnet."

The young man took off his cap, and seemed to look with surprise, not unmixed with vexation, at the brooch that fastened the silken band.

"Ye shall have my bow and arrows," said he.

"Nay, nay, young forester, replied Pierce, "I have bows and arrows enow; if I win, the brooch for me;—but, alack! I may rather say farewell to my good brass bugle, for ye seem to have the true craft of archery. Ye look at the mark instead of the arrow."

Again the two archers prepared. Pierce's arrow sung through the air, and struck just beside that of the young forester's.

"Now, my fair master," said the well-pleased yeoman, "shoot beyond, or put in your shaft right between these two, and I'll say ye're worthy Robin Hood himself."

With greater care than before did the young forester prepare for the trial ; he cautiously measured the distance with his eye, and drew the bow-string close to his ear ; at this moment the shrill sound of a silver whistle was heard.

" There 's sore work," said Pierce, " some of our ladies have lost their merlins ; St. Hubert grant it may not be my Lady Jane."

" Again and again the silver whistle sounded ; at the last sound the young forester looked anxiously around, while the arrow, pointed with so much skill, flew wide of the mark, and was lost among the neighbouring bushes.

" Your brooch, my fair north-country archer," cried Pierce, joyfully. " What ! in Charnwood and Sherwood, will a hawk's whistle spoil your archery ?"

" Pierce," called a voice from the opposite thicket, " my Lady Jane hath utterly lost her merlin—Lord Somerset is sorely displeased—seek about for her."

" Alack, that beautiful bird !" exclaimed Pierce ; " did I not say, when my Lady Jane passed this morning, that if she let her fly with this high wind, ten to one if she might reclaim her."

" Go," continued he, addressing the last speaker, " go instantly to the keep ; she was trained there by Ralph, the constable's falconer—the wild haggard ! A hawk's bell to an earl's baldric if she may not be sitting on the battlements. Off ! I'll follow thee."

Pierce turned to where the young forester had been standing, but he had vanished.

"Saints preserve us!" cried the bold yeoman, "this archer playeth at hide and seek, like Robin Goodfellow on a misty night. Truly, unless I know somewhat more of him, I shall scarce like to wear his brooch."

Another glance at the richly chased gold brooch, which the half-affrighted archer still held in his hand, determined him, notwithstanding the mysterious disappearance of the forester, to retain it, as a token of his mastery.

"I will keep it in my pouch till after dinner," said he, "and then I'll make them all guess where I found it."

So saying, the bold yeoman set off to join the ineffectual pursuit after Lady Jane's merlin. The lady seemed to bear the loss of her favourite with so much composure that not a few of her kind companions hinted, with arch smiles that she, perhaps, was better acquainted with its place of concealment than any one else in the castle;—while her father, offering great largesse to any who should bring it back, joined himself in the search, with the dissatisfied air of a man who has just discovered some mystery which he is unable to fathom.

Day passed away, and while the particoloured light streamed with increasing brilliancy through the richly emblazoned windows of the hall, as the shadows of evening deepened,—and while the fitful sound of music and merriment bore witness to the prolonged revelry of the fair and noble company,—Pierce, cursing the ill fortune that prevented him from longer partaking the boisterous mirth of the buttery, took his way to the forest to inspect the toils

placed for the deer in readiness against the morrow's sport, and to see that the yeomen-prickers were at their duty. Although twilight yet lingered, and the rising moon yet more dispelled the shadows, still the combined influence of the deep potations he had taken, and the tales of wild marvels which he had heard, caused the good yeoman to advance with hesitating footsteps, and looks of anxious caution.

"Good Pierce," said a voice, which he recognised as that of the king of the minstrels, "look about, and tell me if thou canst see aught of that strange minstrel who played here last night. Our lady! would I might catch him, I would soon know to what craft he belonged, and cudgel him soundly to boot. 'We'll have no minstrelsy to-night said the regent, Amelot will not do after him we heard last night;'—and I had got Syr Lybeus Disconius by heart; and a marvellous sweet ballad, made by master Lydgate, concerning Sir Hector of Troy; and they would not hear me!—Look!—there he goes."

Pierce saw a shadow glide along the trees, but he could not distinguish the form.

"That's he," continued Amelot, "I saw him before, farther down yon green alley, and he was singing too; and then I heard his voice over yonder."

"I tell thee, good Amelot," returned Pierce, "I like not such slippery beings; by day-light, truly, I care not who I meet; but I love not chasing goblins by moonlight. If this minstrel were some knight in disguise, as ye think,

would he not go boldly to the castle, and pray admittance, instead of wandering about like a deer-stalker? What if he should have come from the dead, like the black knight who run three courses in the tournament, as father Gregory tells us? And mind ye not Giles of Maxloe, who was found on the morrow of Candlemas, half-drowned among the rushes at Datchet, because he followed a goblin-hunter."

"I would soon find out an he were goblin or mortal, could I catch him," replied the irritated king of the minstrels.

"Then I would ye could watch here for me," said Pierce. "O! a merry life is the hunter's when the sun's up, the dews drying, and the hounds are in cry, and the stag flying so gallantly before him! but, methinks, he needs another draught of ale, and another pottle of charneco, to lye watching the game when all good christians are asleep, and goblins and nightmares, and things belonging neither to heaven or hell, are abroad. So, good Amelot, bid Adam of the buttery-hatch send Hugh with a pottle of charneco to keep up my courage, and if there was a clove or two, and a race of ginger in it, 'twould be nought the worse;—but be sure to tell Hugh not to shout or sing; but tread as softly as in a lady's bower—for two brave harts of greece are harboured in yon cover."

The king of the minstrels duly performed his kind embassy, and Adam of the buttery-hatch, sympathizing with the night fears of the bold yeoman, sent him a pottle of such inspiriting and cordial liquor, that, bidding defiance

to all spirits who walk by moonlight, he threw himself on a bank of fern, and laying a sprig of witch-elm under his head, and repeating his night-spell as well as he was able, he stretched himself along, and soon fell asleep.

The fresh breeze that springs up just before dawn, rustling among the branches, ere long aroused the bold yeoman; a faint sound of music struck on his ear, and he looked anxiously around. In the grey and misty light, every object took an uncertain and mysterious form,—the branches seemed wreathed into strange fantastic shapes, and as they swayed across the pathway, in the breeze of the morning, the imagination might easily conjure up figures of ghost, goblin, and faery, fleeting away to their infernal prison, before the sprite-dispersing crow of the cock.—Pierce sat up and looked wildly around, while a strange wild melody, unlike any which he had been accustomed to hear, seemed to proceed from the thicket behind him. The voice drew nearer, and now he distinguished the following words.

I.

Hence, fair merlin ! the morning grey
Is reddening fast,—away ! away !
Thou spreadest thy glossy wings with glee,—
Art tired with thy short captivity ?
Fair bird ! full little thou knowest, I trow,
Of hope long delayed, and the sorrow and woe

Of long years of durance,—yet all their pain
Have been turned to joy by my Lady Jane.

II.

Hie thee, fair merlin,—away! away!
Tell my lady I bless that morn of May,
When with faery footstep, so light and free,
And clothed in beauty's regality,
She met my view, like the dawning light,
Turning my prison to a palace bright;
And waking my harp to many a strain
Of gladness, in honour of Lady Jane.

III.

Away, gentle bird,—away! away!
Tell my lady, though far from my realm I stray,
Though I may not in battle, or tourney, dare
To set lance in rest for my lady fair,
Though, like phantom, I wander, her charms to see,
Yet, such is her magic witcherie,
That I bless my prison, and kiss my chain,
A joyful captive to Lady Jane.

IV.

Now hence, fair merlin,—away! away!
Tell my lady dark clouds cannot long delay
The welcome light of the jocund day,—

That wintry storms may not blast the spring,—
That heaven will, ere long, some bright change bring.
But vain were the warrior's high renown,
The minstrel's fame, or the monarch's crown;
And pomp, and honours, and joyance, all vain,
Without the sweet smile of my Lady Jane.

As the wild lay concluded, Pierce, in an agony of terror, pulled aside the branches of the shrubs behind, and perceived the young forester, whose mysterious disappearance, the day before, had so excited his astonishment, leaning against a tree, with lady Jane's own merlin on his finger;—his forester's frock was unbuttoned, and a glittering baldric was partially visible beneath, while a richly chased golden bugle was suspended by its silken bands from his wrist. “St. Withold, who quelled the nightmare!” murmured Pierce, shuddering with horror, “he is, indeed, no mortal man!” and tales of the wild huntsman fated to pursue his sport till doomsday,—of the bold archer so treacherously slain in the greenwood, whose spirit yet haunts the scenes once so dear to him,—of the faery king with his golden bugle, the strange witchery of whose mellow tones no mortal may resist,—all rushed overpoweringly on the mind of the terrified yeoman. “It is the king of the faeries, and he loves the fairest blossom in the towers of Windsor; the merlin knows him too,—a faery doubtless. Alas! there he stands with his magic horn, and his strange singing about realms, and crowns,

and phantoms." "Sweet lady, protect me!" ejaculated the poor yeoman, with clasped hands; and with a violent effort he turned away. The rustling noise of the branches aroused the mysterious stranger, and he sprang forward. Pierce, in a paroxysm of terror, (for he who is discovered intruding on a faery's haunts must die), buried himself among the fern, scarcely daring to draw his breath. The flutter of the merlin's wings, as though preparing for flight, and the tinkle of her silver bells, struck on his well-practised ear; but he raised not his head;—commending himself to our lady, and St. Hubert, the terrified yeoman lay panting with terror, until the joyful crow of the cock, and the glad song of the lark, gave signal that all spirits had fled: then, like the bold moss-trooper of Branksome, springing up,

He joyed to see that morning light,
And sang Ave Mary as well as he might.

The merry sounds of the horn, the full cry of the hounds, the loud shout, and joyous halloo, again echoed through the green alleys of Windsor forest, as knight, and noble, and fair lady, pursued their witching pastime; while, with light heart and gay smile, the Lady Jane, her fugitive merlin again seated proudly on her brodered glove, took her way to the greenwood.

"Good Pierce, what has come to thee?" said the king of the minstrels, looking with surprise on the pale and haggard looks of the bold yeoman.

"Saints protect all hunters," said Pierce, devoutly

crossing himself, "ye know not what I have seen, nor heard, either. Alack, the strange minstrel, and strange forester, are both the same person, and we are bewitched, or alike to be, for he is the king of the faeries!"

"Our lady!" exclaimed the king of the minstrels, crossing himself also, nothing doubting the veritable existence of the monarch of faery-land; "but, good Pierce, how did ye know it was he?—had he his golden hunting horn along about his neck?"

"Ay, marry, he had the gold bugle on one wrist, and Lady Jane's merlin on the other; and now I bethink me, when yesterday I wanted to try a shot at the pricks with him, he seemed strangely unwilling, and yet I would; and then, moreover, I must take his brooch out of his cap, which is all the same as though I had sold myself to the devil."

"What have ye done with it?"

"Alack, here it is; I'll throw it into the brook as we pass, and get father Gregory to shrieve me; for all the saints well wot, that had I thought him the king of the faeries, I had fled away from him as fast as yon stag from the hounds, or a bevy of quails from a falcon."

"This is not faery gold," said the king of the minstrels, turning the brooch about and narrowly examining it, "'tis a brooch fit for a prince, and marvellously chased and graven."

"Pierce!" said a commanding voice, while the poor yeoman dared not turn his head, lest he should meet the

withering glance of the king of the faeries. "Up, Pierce! doff your bonnet," continued Amelot, "'tis my lord, the Regent."

"O! my lord duke," said Pierce, looking bewildered around him, "twenty years have I ranged this forest, but never before saw what I did last night; alack! no wonder evil spirits should have power over me, for I have taken faery gold."

The duke took the brooch, and he examined it with evident marks of surprise, and listened with attention to the bewildering account of the poor yeoman's trial of skill with the forester; his subsequent encounter at day-break; his mysterious possession of Lady Jane's merlin, "which," said Pierce, "I well knew to belong to my lady from the length of her train, and her speckled wings, and her Milan bells sounded with silver:"—and then the wild ballad about realms, and crowns, and phantoms, which seemed to him irrefragable evidence of the singer being no less important a personage than the king of faeryland.

"Comfort yourself, my good yeoman," said the duke of Glo'ster, "the king of the faeries shall no longer affright my bold foresters, I know a strong spell to exorcise him, and he shall no longer walk there by moonlight."

The duke returned to the castle, and summoned the constable of the keep before him. A messenger was dispatched to the earl of Somerset, while the noble company, who are long assembled in the great hall, weary and

hungry with the gay sports of the morning, cast many an anxious look toward the door at the upper end, impatiently anticipating the entrance of the Regent, and the welcome signals of dinner. And many anxious surmises, and many mysterious whispers, circulated among the noble company; and many a look of suspicion, not unmixed with concern, was glanced on the fair Lady Jane, who, with her beautiful merlin still sitting on her wrist, stood alone in the recess of one of the richly emblazoned windows, her eyes mournfully cast up to the keep, and the tumult of her mind too plainly visible in the changing colours of her cheek. At length the Regent appeared, surrounded by his nobles, and, followed by a long train of knights, esquires, and yeomen, took his seat beneath the cloth of estate. "Come forward, my fair Lady Jane," said he, with an arch smile, "and tell me how ye recovered your merlin!" The lady stood before her uncle, her eyes fixed on the ground; while the regent stooping, as though to caress the fair bird, suddenly broke the silken thread that secured her, and she quitted her lady's hand, and alighted on the wrist of a young man standing behind.

"O, my fair cousin Jane!" exclaimed the Regent, laughingly, beckoning the young man forward; "commend me to your merlin's fidelity, rather than to her secrecy, for she hath discovered all. My lords," continued the Regent, "we have for many years here kept in durance a young and royal prisoner, who hath sought to beguile his long captivity by love for our fair cousin

Jane. I have discovered that, depending on his knightly honour, our constable of the keep hath oftentimes permitted him to go forth in disguise, and wander in the forest. Great ransom hath been long offered for him ; then what say ye, my noble lords and counsellors, if King James of Scotland return in freedom to his kingdom, while, to secure his good faith and brotherly love towards us, we place him in the gentle custody of my Lady Jane?"

" And truly, my good king of the minstrels," said Pierce, the morning that witnessed James of Scotland's final farewell to the princely towers of Windsor, to receive the hand of Lady Jane, and take possession of his kingdom ; " yes, truly, master Amelot, I was not wholly wrong ; for though I did not, indeed, meet the king of the faeries, yet that forester was a king. I thank the saints that I did not throw his goodly brooch into the river. I 'll wear it in my bonnet right proudly, for few yeomen, beside Robin Hood, can boast they have challenged a king ; and when we sit round the fire at Christmas, and drain the wassail bowl, and tell old stories, methinks I shall tell as good a one as any of ye, for it shall be about King James of Scotland and my LADY JANE'S MERLIN."

THE RETURN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

But when returned the youth ! The youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore ;
But thirty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man.

Gravely.

I.

My native vale, my native vale,
How many a chequered year hath fled,
How many vision, bright and frail,
My youth's aspiring hopes have fed,—
Since last thy beauties met mine eye,
Upon as sweet an eve as this,
And each soft breeze that wandered by,
Whispered of love, repose, and bliss ;—
I deemed not then a ruder gale
Would sweep me soon from Malhamdale !

II.

Who may the Poet's thoughts unfold,
Ere yet he pours his soul in song,—

R

When hopes, all glowing and untold,
 And passions, numberless and strong,
 Are pent within his youthful breast,
 Or murmured but in secret sighs ;
 Till Love, the fondest cherished guest,
 His fettered tongue at length unties,
 And bids as wild a strain prevail
 As once I breathed in Malhamdale !

III.

And she who listened to my lays,
 With downcast eye and blushing cheek,
 Her smiles were as the sunny rays
 That bade the harp of Memnon speak !
 Till all the feelings, wild and warm,
 My swelling heart had nursed so long,
 Yielding to that all-powerful charm,
 Burst forth in one full tide of song :
 Alas, that dreams so fair should fail !
 We met no more in Malhamdale !

IV.

Ay, those whose fondness made thee seem
 A paradise on earth to me ;
 The one bright star whose gentle beam
 Shed light upon my destiny ;
 The kindly sympathies of love,
 The " old familiar forms " are flown,

And, seared in heart, 'tis mine to rove.
 This cold and desert world alone ;—
 I, only I, am left to wail
 O'er the lost joys of Malhamdale !

V.

When toiling 'neath an Indian sky,
 For wealth that none are left to share,
 How oft would memory's wistful eye
 Revert to scenes and hours more fair :
 The village church—my cottage-home,
 With all its clustering woodbines gay,—
 The glades through which I loved to roam,
 In years that seem but yesterday,—
 Flashed on my soul, and told a tale
 Of youth and hope, and Malhamdale.

VI.

I never closed my wearied eye
 But visions sweet as these were mine ;
 Nor offered up a prayer on high
 That did not breathe of thee and thine !
 In dreams by night, in dreams by day,—
 In hours of gloom or revelry,—
 Sweet scenes of youth's enchanted May,
 My thoughts were still of thine and thee !
 What now may memory's joys avail ?
 What now to me is Malhamdale ?

VII.

And what am I?—An exile pale,
With wasted form and withered heart,
Transplanted to my native vale,
To droop awhile, and then depart :
To think of all that might have been ;—
Of joys that gold can never buy ;—
Just wander o'er each long-loved scene,
Then seek me out a grave and die ;—
Sleep,—with no stone to tell my tale,—
By her I loved—in Malhamdale !

VIII.

My native vale—my native vale !
Even as I mark thy shadows change,
Sweet strains seem breathing on the gale,
I feel a thrilling new and strange ;
A radiant form is rising now,
How fair, upon my waning sight ;
I know her by her star-like brow,
Her loving eyes so blue and bright ;
She beckons me,—life's pulses fail ;
Adieu, adieu—my native vale !

[For the hint on which this little Poem is founded, I am proud to acknowledge my obligation to the very powerful and pathetic description of a Return from India, in "THE LIFE OF GILBERT EARLE." There is, however, no similarity whatever between the general incidents of the two pieces.]





Drawn by H. Corbould

Engraved on Steel by J. Thomson

LADY LOUISA JANE RUSSELL.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

From the Statue by Chantry at Woburn Abbey

Printed for Hurst, Robinson & Co. London, 1826

Printed by M. Groom

THE CHILD AND DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE OF LADY LOUISA
RUSSELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

Thou art a thing on our dreams to rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
Fair form, on each image of Childhood's track !

II.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers ;
When a world was our own in some dim, sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive Dove !

III.

Are they gone ? can we think it, while thou art there,
Thou radiant child with the clustering hair ?
Is it not Spring that indeed breathes free
And fresh o'er each thought, as we gaze on thee ?

IV.

No! never more may we smile as *thou*
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow!
Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine,
A memory of beauty, undimmed as thine!

V.

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace;
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn!

L'AMORE DOMINATORE

THEY built a temple for the God,
'Twas in a myrtle grove,
Where the bee and the butterfly
Vied for each blossom's love.

The marble pillars rose like snow,
Glittering in the sunshine;
A thousand roses shed their breath,
Like incense, o'er the shrine.

And there were censers of perfume,
Vases with their sweet showers,
And wreaths of every blended hue
That lights the summer flowers.

And, like the breathing of those flowers
Made audible, a sound
Came, lulling as a waterfall,
From lutes and voices 'round.

I looked upon the altar,—there
The pictured semblance lay
Of him the temple's lord; it shone
More beautiful than day.

It was a sleeping child, as fair
As the first-born of spring;
Like Indian gold waved the bright curls
In many a sunny ring.

His cheek was flushed with its own rose,
And with the crimson shed
From the rich wings that like a cloud
Were o'er his slumbers spread.

And by him lay his feathered shafts,
His golden bow unbent;—
Methought that, even in his sleep,
His smile was on them sent.

I heard them hymn his name—his power,—
I heard them, and I smiled;
How could they say the earth was ruled
By but a sleeping child?

I went then forth into the world
To see what might be there;
And there I heard a voice of woe,
Of weeping, and despair.

I saw a youthful warrior stand
In his first light of fame,—
His native city filled the air
With her deliverer's name.

I saw him hurry from the crowd,
And fling his laurel crown,
In weariness, in hopelessness,
In utter misery, down.

And what the sorrow, then I asked,
Can thus the warrior move
To scorn his meed of victory?
They told me it was Love.

I sought the forum, there was one
With dark and haughty brow,—
His voice was as the trumpet's tone,
Mine ear rings with it now.

They quailed before his flashing eye,—
They watched his lightest word,—
When suddenly that eye was dim,
That voice no longer heard.

I looked upon his lonely hour,
The weary solitude ;
When over dark and bitter thoughts
The sick heart's left to brood.

I marked the haughty spirit's strife
To rend its bonds in vain :
Again I asked the cause of ill,
And heard Love's name again.

Yet on I went : I thought that Love
To woman's gentle heart,
Perhaps, had flung a lighter shaft,
Had given a fairer part.

I looked upon a lovely face,
Lit by a large dark eye ;
But on the lash there was a tear,
And on the tip a sigh.

I asked not why that form had drooped,
Nor why that cheek was pale :
I heard the maiden's twilight song,
It told me all her tale.

I saw an urn, and round it hung
An April diadem
Of flowers, telling they mourned one
Faded and fair like them.

I turned to tales of other days,
They spoke of breath and bloom ;
And proud hearts that were bowed by Love
Into an early tomb.

I heard of every suffering
That on this earth can be:
How can they call a sleeping child
A likeness, Love, of thee?

They cannot paint thee;—let them dream
A dark and nameless thing.
Why give the likeness of the dove
Where is the serpent's sting?

L. E. L.

SURREY IN CAPTIVITY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

'Twas a May morning, and the joyous sun
Rose o'er the city with a proud array,
As though he knew the month of flowers begun,
And came bright vested for a holiday :
On the wide river barge and vessel lay,
Each with its pennon floating on the gale ;
And garlands hung in honour of the May,
Wreathed round the mast, or o'er the furled sail,
Or scattered on the deck, as fancy might prevail.

II.

And quick, on every side, were busy feet,
Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro ;
Bands of young dancers gathering in the street ;
And, ever and anon, apart and low,
Was heard of melody the quiet flow,
As some musician tuned his instrument,
And practised o'er his part for masque or show ;
And dames and maidens o'er their casements bent,
And scattered flowers about that a sweet perfume lent.

III.

From every church the pealing bells rang out,
The gay parades were thronging every square,
With flaunting banners, revelry, and rout ;
And, like a tide, the gale did music bear,
Now loud, then softened ;—and in that low air
Came, on the listener's ear, the regular tread
Of the gay multitude ; the brave, the fair
Passed on,—the high born and the lowly bred,
All, for one little day, a round of pleasure led.

IV.

Who saw that city on that joyous morn
Might deem her people held a truce with care ;
What was there then to speak of those forlorn,
Who in her pastimes might not have a share ;
Of her best nobles many were not there ;
The heart of valour and the arm of might :
The sun shone on the tower in prison, where,
Wailing his hard hap, lay the worthiest knight,
The proudest and the best, at banquet or in fight.

V.

There lay he, the young Surrey,—that brave heart
That knighthood might not peer. He chid the day
That, with its sunny light, could not impart
To him the freedom of its pleasant ray.
O doom unmerited ! There, as he lay,

Came on his ear the jocund sounds without ;
He thought how once unnoted was the May,
Unless the merry people hailed with shout
The gallant Surrey there, in revel and in rout.

VI.

He thought, how he had been the one of all ;
The knight in contest never yet unhorsed,
The courtliest gallant in the proudest hall,
His sword and name by no dishonour crossed ;—
Alone and captived now, from joy divorced,
The thought of Geraldine some solace lent ;
How he, in foreign courts, made chivalrous boast,
Holding her beauty all pre-eminent,
And by his own good arm maintained where'er he went.

VII.

He thought of her, and of the magic glass
Wherein, by skill of secret science raised,
He saw her pale and faithful, as she was,
She whom his love-lorn lyre so oft had praised :
He thought of times in memory undefaced,—
The pleasures of the woods,—the royal sport,—
The cry of hounds,—the hart each morning chased,—
The tennis-ground,—the race,—the tilting court,—
And all the love-known scenes where ladies made resort.

VIII.

His looks were such as ladies love to see,
For, as his spirit, was his bearing bold ;
His speech the " mirror of all courtesy ;"
Of such as he romance hath often told :
And in his hand a tablet he did hold,
Wherein he noted down, from time to time,
The heavy thoughts that o'er his spirit rolled ;
Grief seemed to prey on him, and blight his prime,—
His name without a blot, his heart without a crime.

IX.

From the dim window of his cell his eye
Gazed on the revel scene that lay below,
Then glanced upon the beautiful blue sky ;
The gale blew fresh,—'twas free,—he was not so :
He wept awhile the captive's bitter woe,—
He sang the captive's bitter fate. Ere long,
Through street and square, moved a procession slow,
A coffined noble, and a mourning throng,
With mumuring lament, for gallant Surrey's wrong !

TRAFALGAR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

WHEN Frenchmen saw, with coward art,
The assassin shot of war
That pierced Britannia's noblest heart,
And quenched her brightest star,

Their shout was heard,—they triumphed now
Amidst the battle's roar,
And thought the British oak would bow,
Since Nelson was no more.

But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
And—mark the vengeance due,
“Down, down, insulting ship,” she cried,
“To death, with all thy crew!”

“So perish ye for Nelson's blood—
If deaths like thine can pay
For blood so brave, or ocean wave
Can wash that crime away!”

THE BORDER CHRONICLER.

BY JAMES HOGG.

CHARLIE DINMONT.

As I was sauntering about Prince's-street a few months ago, I espied, at a distance, some one walking along, at whom all the passers-by turned round and gazed; indeed, the person or persons seemed to be moving on in the midst of a considerable crowd of people, all of whom expressed, by their looks, no small degree of interest. I hastened forward, and soon discovered the object of their curiosity. He was a tall, herculean countryman, rather coarsely and singularly dressed. He had huge topped boots, all of one colour; steel spurs; a rough coat of Galashiel's grey; a good oak staff under his arm; and immense whiskers that curled over his cheek. "How silly these people are," said I to myself, "thus to interest themselves in everything of country extraction. Certainly, if I may judge from appearances, yon farmer is a very clownish and ignorant fellow." I have heard it remarked, that "the multitude are never wrong." Of this

I shall not pretend to judge ; but I had not overtaken this man, and walked by his side half a minute, before I discovered that there was something original about him ; his very manner of walking the streets had somewhat of novelty in it. When any well-dressed or beautiful woman met him, he looked her full in the face, with a sort of good-natured familiarity, as if he had wished to address her with—"How's a'w'ye the day, my bonnie lassie?"—while she in return could scarcely maintain the gravity of her deportment till fairly past him. At length, a little spruce old man, with a powdered wig, was pushed against him by the crowd,—“Tak care, callant!” said he, “ye’ll ding wee fock owre if ye stite that way ;” and then, turning his face up to the sun, and laughing at his own jest, he strode on.

It struck me that I had somewhere seen such a figure before, though I could not remember in what place, and I therefore kept close by him, in hopes of finding an opportunity of introducing myself. Soon afterwards he stepped into an auction room, and sauntered some time in the front shop. He took some papers and prospectuses from the counter, and pretended to be reading their contents, but was all the while looking out at the corner of his eye at the clerk, as if he were a fellow of whom he had some jealousy, or with whom he wanted to pick a quarrel ; but perhaps he only suspected that the man was angry with him, or might not quite understand what was his business there. . At length, seeing some gentlemen pass

up the staircase, he ventured up likewise, but with a considerable degree of caution. The sale was over, at which he appeared disappointed, looking always around as if he wished to see the auctioneer. A tall, spare gentleman now made up to him, and accosted him instantly with some common-place observations about the weather, and the books at which they were looking. I drew near, and, affecting to read, listened to the following curious conversation between them :

"What news from the country? How are matters going on there?"

"How do ye ken that I come frae the country, lad?"

"Oh! quite well; we know a countryman at first sight, from his very appearance."

"Appearance!—what do you mean by his appearance?" Here the farmer looked at his clothes on both sides, and all around, to see if there was anything particularly wrong in them.

"Though not easily to be defined, yet there is always something materially different in the manner, air, and make."

"Make! yes, thank God, there is some little odds there. I doubt aye that you town bodies get nae feck o' meat!"

"Rather doubt that the greater part of us get far too much, friend."

"It disna kythe on ye, man! for deil hae me, if there is na a hantle o' ye just like reested kippers. But ye wae

speering about the news? Indeed, honest man, they were never so ill i' my day, nor my father's afore me. I hae heard him say that things gat a sair slump at the end o' the 'Merican war; but nothing ava like this. The hauf o' the farmers are maistly ruined already; but the weather's turned unco guid,—the braxy has na been ill this year,—Candlemas-day turned out foul, an' we would fain hope that things are gaun to turn a wee better wi' us."

"Do not you hope any such thing. The vain and foolish hopes of the farmers have ruined them! Young man, you must look farther than a change of the weather, before you begin again to cherish such ridiculous and extravagant expectations. We are a ruined nation,—a nation on the very verge of bankruptcy, and its attendants, anarchy and confusion; and, instead of things growing better, to every reflecting person it is as plain as that two and two make four, that they will yet be many degrees worse.

"I am unco vexed to hear that, man; for I cam just nto Edinbroch to tak twa or three farms, trowing that things could na be waur wi' us. The sheep stocks are comed to hauf naething, an' there's plenty o' land out. There's my Lord Hickathrift, Sir Duncan M'Grip o' the Hungrey-hall, an' Mr. Screwhimup the laird o' Bare-boddam, have a' sequestered their tenants, an' warned them away, an' now they canna get a single bode for their land; they daurna stock it theirsels, an' by this time, I trow, they'll gie ane a' farm for a sma matter. Now,

sir, if ye binna gayan sure o' what ye're saying, I like unco ill to gang hame wanting a farm or twa; for to tell the truth, there's a bit bonny lassie that I hae an ee to,—I downa bide to want her muckle langer;—I canna bring her in ower the head o' my aukd mither an' my titties,—an' unless we get a mailen o' our ain we'll be obligated to pit off. I hae a gay-pickle-siller, she has mair, an' my uncle Dan, he's to be cation for the lave. Ye'll, may be, ken him?—a hantle o' fock ken him."

"I do not, at this moment, recollect. Pray, sir, may I ask your name?"

"I'm Charlie Dinmont o' the Waker-cleuch; I leeve just a wee bit off the hee-road, as ye gang to the Cauldstaine kirk, where Dr. Christoff, the original-sin man, preaches, ye ken; an' if ever ye gang by that way, ye'll find a prime road to the right; through Drown-cow, along the Pikestane-brae, an' out owre the mids o' Hobbalequa-moss, till ye come in sight o' a lang theeket-house wi' three chimleys,—that's ours; an' my mither an' titties will be happy to see you; an' I'll tak in hand to make ye fatter than ye're just now in eight days, though I sude pit ye i' the kirm!"

"You are very kind,—very kind indeed, sir; but—"

"Come, nane o' your buts; ye had better do't, ye hae muckle need on't: we hae aye plenty o' meat, sic as it is, about the Waker-cleuch, an' we hae whiles something to drink too;—for, d'ye ken, our herd keeps a bit 'ewie wi' the crooket horn,' in his ben-end, that gies mair milk, an'

straunger milk, an' heartsomer milk, than a' the ewes o' Dead-for-cauld. I count mysel muckle behadden t'ye for your advice about the farms; an' if I war sure that ye warnna for some of them yoursel, I wad mak na ill use o' it, for I hae great hopes that ye 'll may be prove wrang in your calculations."

"I wish that there were but a bare possibility of it; no one would rejoice more heartily than I. But whoever considers the state of our finances, and the enormous load of debt under which the nation is groaning, must soon perceive that neither private nor public credit can longer be maintained. We are duped, cheated, and ruined!"

"Hout, man! I dinna like these sweeping halesale remarks; we hae studden some dowzer striffles than ony that are facing us just now. D'ye ken I hae thought a great deal about that national debt; an' there was ae year I had very near comprehendit it. I countit,—an' I reckoned,—an' I addit,—an' I multiplied, till I had a grit lang raw o' nothings, that gaed amaisht across the slate; but when I cam to subtract, it didna answer ava;—it was aye nothing fra nothing, an' we's no mention the remainder. Weel, sir, I thought it was a' owre wi' us, as ye say; but instead o' that, things gaed aye just on as weel as ever, an' rather better, an' I saw that I had never fathomed it in the least; sae I am now resolved never to puzzle my harns more about the cause o' ony thing, but just stand by the effects. If ony body war to speer at ye, how the cauld moon could gar the sea rise an' fa'!—how a wee

bit clippit thing, that gangs harling athwart the lift, sud heeze up the great ocean fra its very marl-pits?—Lord! ye wad think the thing impossible! Aha! look at the effect, lad! I can lippen til her that she'll keep her time wi' the tide to a second. But the thing that has convinced me maist ava is the staine stairs in this new town o' Edinbroch; od! ye wad think they're hanging i' the air. An' tak me beuk-sworn, I canna comprehend how they stand, an' yet I can trust to them, an' gaug up an' down them as freely as I war on the solid yird. I was aince a wee concerned about the national debt, till I saw the staine stairs o' Edinbroch; but they hae satisfied me that a man should nae count a' things absurd that he canna comprehend. Now, sir, I rede you do the same. Wad ye but just look upon the nation as a great staircase, an' the *debt* neither more nor less than the stair that bears a man up or down, precisely as he behaves an' manages himsel, I'll lay thee a guinea thou turns a third fatter. Look at me; I think, for a' the world, you an' I standing thegither, are exactly like cause an' effect!"

About this time I went forward and shook honest Charlie by the hand, reminding him of our having once met before. I soon drew him into a conversation about Border tales and Border manners, and at length he took me by the hand, and without asking my leave, trailed me down stairs into the street, and there, instead of placing his arm within mine, put it round my shoulder, impelling me on at no ordinary pace. "Aha, man, but I is glad I ha'

met wi' thee!" said he, "for hadna thou sae many poetical flights in thy head, thou's the man could give aye a sound advice ament the times. Whatten a lang, doure, grumblin' chap is he yon?"

"He is a radical Whig," said I, "and the most discontented, ill-boding person in this city; you need not regard his surmises; but I think you have hit him down for once about the national debt and the stone stairs of Edinbro'." He laughed at this remark till he made the street echo, and every person turn round and gaze who was in the division. By this time we had reached the door of a tavern, at the east end of Rose-street, and into that Charlie hurried me as fast as possible, without waiting to ask my consent, or to hear any remonstrances.

"I hae waggled up an' down on them hard free-stains," said he, "till I'se like to swairf wi' baith hunger an' drouth, but we shall vanquish them baith or we twa part." I began to expostulate, and declare off, talking of engagements elsewhere; Charlie regarded all that I said the same as if I had not been speaking, and, in the very midst of my excuses, was ordering a cold round of beef, with which he had had some former acquaintance, cold mutton-pies, and cockamers, as he called them; I said I was engaged to dinner and could not eat.

"Never mind! never mind!" said he, "tak the less, man,—tak the less; I'll, may be, mak up for your deficiencies. Deil a hair the waur you'll be o' a snack; for me, I tak my dinners aw'weel again when I get something

to eat an' drink on a forenoon. Whenever I get a hard booze my auld mither gars me aye eat a sant herring next day, some strang ewe milk cheese, an' twa or three brandered legs o' a fowl, made as hot as fire wi' pepper, to sharpen my appetite a wee; an' then she'll say (for she has maistly aye ae address to me on sic occasions); "here he mimicked the voice of an old woman, "now Charlie, my man, how is thy sharpening-stane gaun to fit?—is the stomach o' thee getting ony bit edge yet?"

"Troth, no, mither, it is as blunt as a bittle!"

"Dear Charlie, man, does thou no ken thyself a bit hungrier for a' thou hast eaten?"

"I really canna say that I do, mither; I am no' ae straw hungrier than when I began."

"Ha, ha, ha! that is, indeed, very hard, Charlie, poor man!—I 'm unco was for thee—ha, ha, ha!"

I had before this time agreed to join Charlie in his meal, and confess that it did my heart good to see with what zest he enjoyed it; neither did he spare the liquor in washing it down;—he mimicked everybody with great effect, and appeared in reality the Mathews of the Border. We talked about farms, and various other subjects; but ever and anon his conversation manifested a prejudice against all town people. Whenever he touched upon their character it was apparently with a degree of prejudices for which I could not account; and these sentiments, from a man so shrewd, convinced me that there is something radically wrong in the ideas of the country people,

relating to their town neighbours, which must have been handed down, by father to son, from the ages of chivalry. I rallied Charlie, as bitterly as I could, on his false and exaggerated calculations; but he hemmed, shook his head, and remained apparently incredulous.

TOWN AND COUNTRY APPARITIONS.

"After a', man," said Charlie Dinmont, in a tone which seemed only half in earnest, "'after a', man, how can it be that they're as upright an' conscientious men i' the city as thou hauds them up to be?—how can there be ony conscience, or fear o' God, wi' focks that hae neither deils, ghosts, nor bogles amang them? Ay, thou may'st laugh the fill o' thees; but, in truth an' verity, I think the want o' deils, ghosts, an' bogles, are the greatest want that a community can be subjected to. They are the greatest of a' checks on human crimes; an' I marvel that there are none o' them at Edinbroch, where heinous wickedness is so abundant."

"I believe that there are very many of them in Edinbro', Charlie," said I, striking in with his whimsical humour, "but here it is impossible to distinguish them. I am well assured that ghosts of hapless females, who have fallen a prey to the selfish voluptuousness of the other sex, roam these streets every night, and to a certain hour in the morning."

"Lord preserve us!—do you think sae?" said Charlie.

"I am quite certain of it," returned I, "having frequently seen them myself moving about, after midnight, with a melancholy and desponding air: but their forms throw no shadows on the pavement; their footsteps make no noise, not so much as the falling of a leaf; and, whenever they chance to look one in the face, their eyes have that dead stillness in them, that white moveless opacity, that denotes them, at first sight, to be only the ghosts of what they were."

"That's perfectly awsome, an' dreadful, an' terrible!" said he, "thou gars a' my flesh creep to hear thee! but I hae no doubt o' the circumstance, not ae grain;—poor undone, misfortunate beings! kicked out of a' rational happiness here, an' out o' heaven hereafter! O! man, I had aye some hopes that creatures like these might be made without answerable souls; but it seems my hopes have been ill-foundit. Is it not a terrible thing to think that they should come back to linger and lament round the altars on which they sacrificed heaven an' earth at the same instant! I canna think of ony state sae dreadful an' hopeless as a spirit o' that kind."

"There are sights to be seen here every night, Charlie," said I, "that cannot fail of impressing every serious heart with the deepest awe, and would be enough to drive the inhabitants of a whole glen out of their senses."

"Thou never said a truer word, man, a' the days o' thy pilgrimage here on earth," said he; "for I hae seen

sights in it mysel, that, wi' a little change o' scene, wad hae freezed the blood. Consider for ane instant, a countryman setting hame his sweetheart on a Sunday evening, after saying o' questions, reading lang skreeds o' sermons, an' hearing prayers. Weel; the twa chop on;—the rood grows aye eirier an' darker, an' they cling aye closer thegither; hardly daring to talk above their breath, till, just at the corner o' a dark pine wood, they perceive a glimmering light shining from behind the trees across their path;—they stand still—hesitate, but dare not speak, an' their hearts beat as they would burst their tenements; at length the maid ventures to whisper, "what can you be?" "God only kens!" says the other; when, at that instant, there issues from behind the corner, a hideous figure wrapped up in sack-cloth; his head swathed in a white napkin with a cowl over it. This demon carries a dark lantern in its horrid paw, that only tends to make darkness visible, an' hideousness ten times more hideous; an' just as the couple are ready to sink into the earth, the horrid apparition cries out aloud—"past twall o'clock!!!" Here I could not help bursting into a fit of laughter, at the humourous manner in which he had exaggerated the picture; but he went on, adding, "eh! what think ye o' the effect there, sir?—as I am an honest man, I saw sic a sight the last night, an' could na help thinking that if I had been at the Gird-wood corner, it was as muckle as my seven senses were worth."

"I am a believer in apparitions myself," said I, "and

in the existence of fairies and witches ; at least I believe that these last did exist, and am never quite sure that the greater part of the women are not still witches to this day ; and I am even so antiquated in my notions, as to believe in the existence of the devil likewise, and also in that of innumerable spirits, both good and evil ;—what say you to all these, Charlie ?”

“ I believe in them a’ as sternly as I believe the gospel,” said he ; “ I canna but say that we wad be muckle the better of a new deil now, for the auld ane is rather beginning to lose his effect. I notice that the bits o’ prime weel-bred minister lads think it shame now to bring him forward, an’ seem rather inclined to mak a laughing-stock o’ him. But I wadna wonder should he play them a smirl by-and-by, though he is rather in the back ground just now. But wha wadna believe in spirits ?—what a cauld-rife, insignificant, matter-o’-fact world, this wad be without hoards o’ spirits bustling amang us ?—it makes a man of nae importance at a’ when neither good nor ill spirits are looking after him, an’ counteracting ane another on his account. But weel may I believe in such interferences ! for I hae mysel seen some o’ the grandest instances o’ them that ever fell to the lot o’ man to recount ; an’ there was ane o’ them na farther gane than the last Hempton market, at Carlisle, whilk I ’ll tell thee.”

GILLANBYE'S GHOST.

"I was gawn across to Annandale at that time, to see Willie Byrrell an' John Church, an' twa or three friends; an' so I leaves Carlisle with a dozen o' Scotsmen, an' three ministers among them, an' we takes the near road across the Solway sands at the mouth of the Esk. Several o' them pretended to ken the fords; but there was a whisper o' high tides rase among them, an' we resolved to hae a guide on horseback. When we called at the guide's house he was gane across wi' a party, and the wife doubted whether he would get back that night, before the advance of the tide. We asked if there was danger; and she answered, that unless we were very expeditious there certainly would be danger: so with that we spurred into the level sand, and kept always shouting out, hoping we should meet the guide on his return. The water soon began to deepen; and we were fairly at a stand, for it was very near pitch dark. I'll never forget that night! So as we were standing deliberating, ane o' the ministers o' the gospel says, "Na, na, sirs, we'll no venture in wanting a guide, for there is just the deil's dozen o' us, an' something will befall one or more of us before we get o'er."

"Count again, honest man!" said a stranger gentleman, whom never ane o' us had seen till that moment. Now I

was as sure that that man, an' his black horse, rase out of the earth, as that I am flesh and blood; for there were thirteen o' us a' the way, an' no man could approach us, on that light-coloured plain o' sand, without having been seen. "Count again, honest man!" said he. I counted, an' sundry of us counted, an' in verity there were fourteen. From that time forth, my tongue an' the roof o' my mouth grew as dry as a whistle, an' I keepit near the hinder end o' the troop." "Wha 's this?" said one. "Where came he from?" whispered another; an' ilka body was muttering something. But there was a Mr. Little, who was hauf drunk, he rides up to him, an' he says, "whae the deil are you, sir?—an' where did ye cam fra?—for, as I'm a sinner, I never saw you till this moment."

"I came from the market, sir," says the stranger, "where I have had a busy, busy day, and am hastening across to Scotland:—do you ford the river?"

"We proposed as much," said Little, "but are rather grown eiry about finding the track."

"I have crossed it at all seasons, and at all weathers," said the stranger; "but I have not time to trifle,—if you want to cross follow me; if not, good night."

"Have wi' ye!" says Little; "I like a chap that cries *follow me*, better than ane that cries *lead on*, at sic a time as this. Have with thee, I say;—at any rate thou's have to drown first,—that's ay some comfort."

"I should have brought my hogs to a bad market then," said the stranger.

"An' thysel to nae good ane," said Little.

"But pray now, hast thou done muckle business at the Hempton to-day?"

"A little, a little," said he; "but I intend doing more before the turn of the night. I have a grand scheme in view to-night, and hope to effect it."

"Ay; but dinna thou count afore the point, guid man," says Little, "for may be thou may'at be mista'en. I's wager thou's a dealer in bacon; I sees by thy face an' thy way o' riding."

"Yes, I sometimes deal a little in the flesh," said the stranger, "but rather more in the spirit,—the former is a vile drudgery, but in the latter I take delight."

"Ay, ay! an' so thou's a smuggler then?" says Little. "Confound thee! an' I did'na find a strang reekit saur about thee a' this time, an' coudna ken what it waa. But, lad, where art thou leading us, for dost thou ken my beast is up to the thrapple, an' snorting like a whale."

"Only a deep step or two," cried the stranger, who was riding on with all the ease imaginable; "only a deep step or two;—come on, fine footing here." Some time before this, we had all stopped, except Little, owing to the depth of the tide; but more on account of a figure which approached us, on a white horse, with the swiftness of the wind, calling on us to turn back. We thought it ana going to cross in our company, an' paid little attention to him for a space. Which made him ride still faster, an' call the louder. At length we did pause, all in a body, as

we were like to be swamped, an' then we heard him calling these words—

"Stop! stop!—for the sakes of heaven and your own souls, stop! Do you know where you are going!—or whom you are following?"

Some of our party hearing this vehement interrogatory were stunned, an' involuntarily answered—"No, we do not."

"I wot that is true!" said he, "for you are going direct into the middle of the crooked swamp, into which man never went and escaped; and, in the second place, you are following old Gillanbye, or rather the devil in his likeness."

"I was almost petrified, for I had heard of the ghost of that old wretch leading people into jeopardies and death: and the moment our preserver uttered these words, I looked after our hellish guide, who at the same instant left us with a loud guffaw of a laugh, an' scoured, at a light gallop, across the tide, till he vanished in the dark. In the meantime, Little and his horse were swamped: for he was so busy talking to the devil, whom he took for a bacon-dealer and smuggler, that he never heard our preserver calling after us.

"There is only a deep step or two," says the deil; "come on, fine footing here!" Those were the last words that I heard him say; and poor Little, who saw him riding with such ease, spurred on after him, but in half a second he was over the head. He was riding a

good black mare ; an' loth, loth, was she to take the thill after the deil's horse ; for she baith snorted an' reared on end ; but her rider clapped the spurs in her side, an' plunge she went ower the head !—she gave two or three flounders, as if struggling in a bog, then down both of them went, an' the billows came up with the bursts o' their parting breath. "Ha ! ha ! ha !" quo' the deil ; an' away he flew across the Solway, as if he had been riding for a brose."

"Little's down !" cried aye ; "come on ! come on ! an' let us save Little," cried every body at ance ; an' we were a' rushing in after him ; but the figure on the white horse stopped us again, held up his hand, an' charged us ; in God's name, to keep back. "All Cumberland cannot save him," said he, "for by this time he is five fathoms deep in quicksands. That swamp will suck a thing of half the weight of that poor fellow and his horse down in three seconds, never more to be seen. Turn, and follow me ; there is only one possible path to Scotland to-night, by which I will lead you."

"We did as he commanded us, without a murmur, or without one gainsaying. It was manifest that he had saved all our lives, and the scenes which we had witnessed made so deep an impression on our minds, that we rode after him scarcely uttering a word. He kept galloping considerably a-head of us ; but his white horse appeared so conspicuous through the gloom, that we followed him

with whip and spur, and always kept him in view. Whether it was an inlet of the firth, or the mouth of the river Eden, that we crossed, I do not know, but we rode on in deep water for a considerable while, and all of us believed that we had crossed the beds of the Esk to the Scottish side.

"However, none asked any questions. In a short time we came upon the high road, on which he said,—“you are safe now on the high road for Annandale; keep together in a body, and see that you fall not out by the way,”—saying which, he rode gently on before us; but on reaching the top of the first declivity, we lost him, and never saw or heard of him any more.

"We rode on, and rode on, expecting to come upon Graitney; till at length we thought we must have passed it, and should arrive at Annan; but, ere ever we kend, we found ourselves in the middle of Langtown, on the Border. There we heard that there had been a terrible tide in the firth, that came running up breast high, like the dam of a river broken open; that several persons had been lost, and others in great jeopardy; an' that it was suspected that either the deil, or the ghost of old Gillan-bye, had been acting as a guide that night.

"I am perfectly assured that it was the devil, who would have led us into the crookit swamp; how else could he have galloped across that, an' the broad firth? And I am as well convinced that the man on the white horse was

an angel of mercy sent to save us ; and who, indeed, took us by the only path by which any of us could have reached our homes that night.

" 'Od ! sir, I wadna hae exchanged my feelings o' gratitude to heaven that night, for a' the cauldrie dogmas of a' the heartless philosophers that ever drew the breath o' life."

" Now, sir, this is but one o' many, many instances that I could relate to you of the interference of Providence, by means out o' the common course o' nature to preserve life ; an' that gars me believe baith in good an' ill spirits. I dinna believe in a' the hallan-shaker spirits that are supposed to haunt every eiry spot through the hale country ; I dinna believe that a ghost wad arise frae the dead, an' stand up in its winding-sheet, like a bog-stalker, merely to fright a body out o' his judgment that was half crazed afore. But if there is human life or innocence to preserve, or guilt and murder to bring to light, an' no earthly hand to help, I'll trust to an over-ruling Providence yet, be the means as in-comprehensible as they may.

" Didst thou ever hear the story of the White Lady of Glen-Tress ?"

" I think I have printed an edition of that story myself, Charlie."

" Deil wae care ! thou 'lt be none the waur o' hearing my way o' it. It is an excellent story, soon told, and very pat to the purpose."

THE WHITE LADY OF GLEN-TRESS.

"In my grandfather's days, the house of Glen-tress was a farm-house, which had long been in the possession of a family of the name of Tait; a dous, decent, pious family they were, an' suffered muckle for religion's sake. At length they fell back in the warld; and then their farm was taken frae them, an' laid into that of Colquhar: but the family was sae respectable an' weel likit, that the new tenant wadna turn them out, but keepit them as his shepherds. John Tait, the elder brother, had a wife an' seven children, an' his brother lived with him; an' they remained in the old farm-house, in which their fathers had lived for generations, an' in which they had always been devout worshippers o' the Almighty.

"Weel, it sae happened that one fine summer's evening, after the sun had gone down, a' the family were assembled, save one little maid. They had taken their supper, an' the goodman had reached down the bible to begin family worship. He had taken it down, an' laid aside his bonnet; he had not begun the psalm, but sat waiting till little Mary should come in. She soon came in, breathless with haste, and said:—

"Come a' out, sirs!—haste ye!—come a' out, an' see wha's coming!"

"Wha's coming here at this time o' night, bairn?" said her mother.

"The grandest lady that ever was seen in this warld!" said the child; "she's as bonny as an angel, an' a' clad in white!—she was close on me ere ever I ken'd, an' she bade me tell you to come all to her directly. Haste ye, an' come away!—I tell you she's coming!—she's coming!"

"We had better defer the warship till we see what she wants," said John; an' with that he went out, wi' the big bible under his arm. The moment he had passed the threshold, he saw a figure, as white as a meteor, coming towards him, an' beckoning him, with an air of impatience, to meet her. He answered this singular summons, an' this brought the whole family out to the green. They every one saw her coming to meet John Tait, an', at that time, they two did not appear to be more than ten or twelve yards asunder; they viewed her for a moment, in silence, when the attention of all was taken off by a tremendous crash, which was followed by a scream from the family group. John started, an' looked round; and behold the house was fallen in, an' the dust from the rubbish was rising, like a cloud, to heaven! With a palpitating heart, an' a head 'mazed with astonishment,' he perceived that he an' his numerous family had been miraculously saved from instantaneous death. He turned to address his splendid guest, but she was gone, once an' for ever! By no one but themselves had this benevolent apparition been observed.

"Now wha will venture to deny the interference of a kind Providence there, in saving an amiable an' devout family from momentary destruction?—an' who wadna rather hae heard poor Johnny Tait express his gratitude to his Maker an' Preserver that night, than a moral harangue fra ane that attributes ilka thing, baith in salvation an' providence, to our ain doings? Ay! poor Johnny Tait didna miss the prayers that night, though he had e'en to sing his psalm, an' kneel to his God, in the shieling ahind the kie."

I have a great many more of Charlie's instances noted down, which shall be forthcoming in the next volume of the *Literary Souvenir*; although it is probable they may not prove as interesting and congenial to the enlightened and polished part of the community as they did to me.

Altrive Lake, April 17, 1825.

THE FIRST KISS.

A POETICAL SKETCH.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

She half embraced him with her arm,
She pressed him with a meek embrace ;
And, bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon his face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a beautiful art ;
That he might rather feel than see
The beating of her heart.

Coleridge.

SHE had been waiting for him, till her heart
Was stirred almost to bursting with the strife
Of hope and fear, the fondness and mistrust,
That only lovers know ;—and she had vowed
To chide her truant for his long delay,—
To frown, look cold and stately as a queen,
Discourse of broken vows, dissevered ties,
And ask if men were faithless all like him !
But as she sat within her garden bower,
She heard the music of his well-known step,
And all her firm resolves, resentments, doubts,

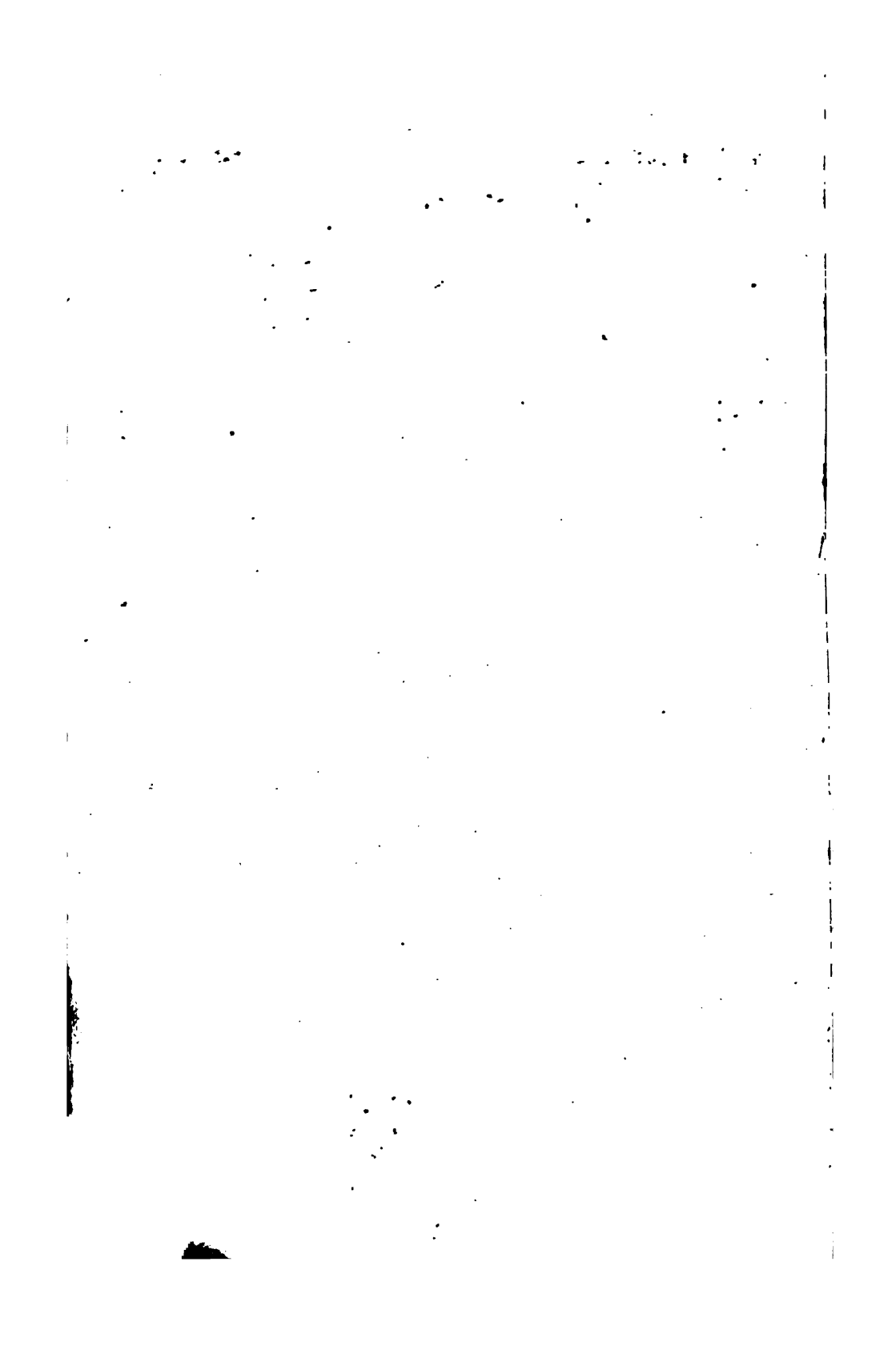


Drawn by J.M. Wright, after Retsch.

Engraved by W. Humphrey.

NO. 12. 1826.

Printed for Hurst, Robinson & Co. London. 1826.



The pride of slighted beauty, were dispelled,
As if those sounds had power to exercise
All thoughts that did not minister to love !
And her eye caught the dancing of his plume,
'Mid the green branches, as he strode along ;
Her quick ear drank his melody of voice,
As its sweet accents syllabled her name,
Till every echo 'round repeated it !

What should she do ? Go hide her from his search ;
Teach the gay laggard she could too be slow ;
And bid him feel, in part, what she had felt,
To make their after meeting more divine !
The fancy pleased her,—and she fled before him,
Swift as a startled fawn, as graceful too,
Gained their accustomed trysting place unseen,
And hid herself, in sport, behind the door,
Meaning to dart to his unconscious arms,
Just as his brow was gathering to a frown
That she could break her promises like him !

She would have stilled the beating of her heart,
That she might catch the first, faint, distant sounds
Of his approaching footsteps ; but suspense
Lent it a wilder impulse, and its throbs
Grew momentarily more loud.—She gasped for breath,
As the thick boughs that hid her summer haunt

Rustled, the latch was lifted, and the words
"Margaret, dear Margaret," in the faltering tones
Of one who seeks but scarce expects an answer,
Fell on her charmed ear.

She rushed towards him,
With all her sex's fervency and truth,
Its willing faith, devotedness of soul,
(Forgetful only of its proud reserve),
And twining round his neck her snowy arms,
Clung to his lips, as though the world and life
Had nothing for her half so sweet beside!
And in the pauses of that wild embrace,
She breathed in low and scarce articulate words,
The love shut up in her deep heart till then!

She had no thoughts that virtue might not own;
No guile to cloak, no purpose to conceal;
So she poured forth the secrets of her soul
With all the frankness of a woman's love,
Who judges others by her own pure self,
And for the world, what were its frowns to her,
Who held the all of wealth she wished her own,
In the small circle of her straining clasp.
Alas, alas, that Woman's gentler feelings
Should ever be employed to work her woe!
That those mild impulses which, were they left

To take their natural course, must lead to bliss,
Should sometimes prove the ministers of vice,
And, swelling to a wild and stormy sea,
O'erwhelm the virtues they were meant to nourish.

They stood in deep entrancement, heart to heart,
With not a breath to break the hush around them,
Save the wild thrillings of each bounding breast,
Half-smothered sighs, and soft, low murmured words
That told an endless tale of love and love!
It was a rich, bright, tranquil summer's eve;
The sun was resting on the horizon's verge;
The distant mountains, wearing crowns of gold,
Like vassal kings, arose to guard his throne;
And every object there appeared to glow
Instinct with softer beauty. On the gale,
Through the half-open lattice, came the breath,
The honied breath, of many a fragrant flower,
Closing its sweet eyes on day's farewell beam.
All things conspired to make those moments yield
A full repayment for the griefs of years:
And Faust had half forgot the fate that hung,
Like the huge avalanche a breath brings down,
O'er his devoted head; until a laugh,
A fiend-like laugh, a loud, harsh, bitter taunt,
As if in mockery of a bliss too pure
For evil spirits to behold unpained,

Recalled him to the sense of what he was,
And what he soon must be !

And devilish eyes
Were leering on them, shedding baleful light,
On that sweet scene of more than mortal passion !
Another kiss,—another, and another ;—
When lo ! the fiend grew clamorous that his dupe
Should dare resist his will, and burst upon him,
Dragging him forth from that bright paradise,
To shades where he might tutor him in guile,
And bid him plan the ruin of a heart,
Whose only fault was loving him too much !

Alas, alas, that Man so oft should be
The slave of some dark, scheming fiend like this !
And, spirited by him to deeds of ill,
Should pay dear Woman's fond, confiding truth,
(Blasting the beauty he was born to cherish),
With falsehood, treachery, despair, and death !

SONG.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

I.

Thy way along life's bright path lies,
Where flowers spring up before thee,
And faithful hearts, and loving eyes,
Assemble to adore thee.
The great and wise bend at thy shrine,
The fair and young pursue thee :
Fame's chaplets round thy temples twine,
And Pleasure smiles to woo thee !

II.

Yet mid each blessing life can bring,
Thy breast is still repining ;
'Tis cold as Ammon's icy spring
O'er which no sun is shining :
And Friendship's presence boasts no charm,
And Beauty's smiles are slighted ;
Nor joy, nor fame, the heart can warm
That early love has blighted !

THE KNIGHT'S REVENGE.

A STEEL-CLAD knight stood at the gate,
And loud he knocked and long,
Till out from the chancel came a friar,
For it was even-song.

To an alder-tree his steed was tied,
And the five wind from the west
Stirred the blue scarf on his helmet side,
And the raven plumes of his crest.

"Why knockest thou here?—No hostel this,
And we have our mass to say;
Knowest thou that rises our evening prayer,
When lours the twilight grey?"

"But if thou returnest at morning tide,
Whatever be thy behest—"

"Nay," said the stranger hastily,

"Delay not my request:

" For I have come from foreign lands,
And seen the sun of June
Set over the Holy Jerusalem ;
And its towers beneath the moon ;

" And I have battled for the Cross,
'Tis the symbol on my mail ;—
But why with faltering words should I
Prolong a needless tale.

" And I have stood by the sepulchre,
Where our good Lord was laid ;
And drank of Silea's brook that flows
In the cool of its own palm shade.

" The Lady Elinore—woe to me,
Brought the words that tale which told,
Was yesternight, by the red torch-light,
Left alone in your vaults so cold.

" 'Tis said, last night, by the red torch-light,
That a burial here hath been ;
Now I pr'ythee show me her grave who stood
My heart and heaven between.

" Alas ! alas ! that a cold, dark vault
Her dwelling place should be,
Who, singing, sate in the bright sunshine
When I went o'er the sea !—

" 'Tis nay, sir knight ; but at matin prime
If thou turn'st thy steed again,
And knock'st at the porch of St. John's chapelle,
Thou shalt not knock in vain."

Then anger flashed o'er that stranger's brow,
Like storm-clouds o'er the sky ;
And, stamping, he struck his gauntlet glove
On the falchion by his thigh.

" Now, by our Lady's holy name,
And by the good St. John,
I must gaze on the features of the dead,
Though I hew my path through stone."

The friar hath lighted his waxen taper,
And turned the grating key,
And down winding steps, through gloomy aisles,
The damp, dull way showed he.

And ever he stoed, and crossed himself,
As the night winds smote his ear ;
For the very carven imageries
Spoke nought but of death and fear.

And sable 'scutcheons flapped on high,
'Mid that grim and ghastly shade ;
And coffins were ranged on their tressels round,
And banners lowly laid.

At length the innermost aisle they gained,
Last home of a house of fame;
And the knight, looking up with a steadfast eye,
Read the legend around the name.

"Yes, here, good frere—now, haste thee, ope,"—
The holy man turned the key,
And, ere he had an Ave said,
The knight was on his knee.

He lifted the lawn from her waxen face,
And put back the satin soft;
Fled from her cheek was the glowing grace,
That had thrilled his heart so oft.

"Oh, Ellinore! I little dreamed,
When I sped me o'er the sea,
That our meeting next, when I returned,
In a charnel vault should be!

"Oh, I have met thee on the waves,
On the field have braved thee, Death!
But never before sank my heart so low
Thy withering scowl beneath!

"How different was the time, alas!
When, in the bright noon of love,
I trysted with thee in the stag coppice,
In the centre of the grove.

"How different was the time, alas!
When the gay gold ring I gave,
And smiling thou said'st,—'when thou'rt far away
I will bear it to my grave!'"

The knight turned back the satin fold,
Where her hand lay by her side,
And there, on her slender finger cold,
He the token ring espied.

"Now know I thou wert true to me,—
Ah! false thou couldst not prove!
Vain was the hate that strove to mate
Thy heart with a stranger love."

And then he kissed her clay-cold cheek,
And then he kissed his sword;—
"By this," he said, "sweet, injured maid,
Thy doom shall be deplored.

"And dearly some shall make renead,
And darkly some shall pay,
For griefs that broke thy faithful heart
When I was far away!"—

"Nay!—dost thou talk of vengeance now,"
Quoth the frere, "on thy banded knee?"—
The knight looked wildly up in his eyes,
But never a word spake he.

"Now rise, now rise, sir knight!" he cried,
"Mary Mother calm thy mind;
'Twas the will of Heaven that she should die,
To its fiat be thou resigned!"—

Uprose the knight then from his knee,
In that darksome aisle and drear;
No word he said, but, with hasty glove,
Brushed away one starting tear.

Then, as he donned his helm, he plucked
The silken scarf from its crest,
And upraised it first to his meeting lip,—
Then hid it within his breast.

The coffin-lid was closed; the frere
Went on with his taper wan;
Behind him strode the black-mailed knight,
A melancholy man.

And ever the frere, as he onwards bent
From that darksome place of dread,
Where the confined clay of that ladye lay,
Did backwards turn his head.

"Say, holy frere, can the waves of fear
O'er thy calm pure spirit flow?
Or is it the cold, through these vaults of mould,
That makes thee tremble so?"

Then strode he forth ;—the freze he closed
The gate behind the knight ;
Dim lay the clouds, like giant shrouds,
Over the red starlight.

And ever, with a low meaning sound,
Swept the gust 'mid the wild-wood trees ;
Calm, in slumber bound, lay all around,
Save the waters' fall, and the breeze.

The freze put his taper out, and looked
His high, barred lattice fro ;
And he saw, 'mid the dusk, the mounted knight
Down the winding valley go.

'Twas the break of dawn ; on the dewy lawn
Shone in glory the purpling day ;
The lark on high sang down from the sky,
The thrush from the hawthorn spray :

On the lakelet blue the water-coot
Oared forth with her sable young,—
While from its edge, 'mid the bordering sedge,
The fisher hern upsprung.

Where hurries so fast the henchman now ?
His steed seems frothed with spray ;—
To the abbey of St. John, 'mid the dawning lone
He speeds his onward way.

"Awake!" he cries, as loudly he knocks,
"Ho! arise, and haste with me;
For on dying bed is lowly laid
The Lord of Auchandrie."

Then forth outspake the abbot grey,
From his couch as he arose,—
"Alack! thou bring'st us tidings of ill,
For thy lord he was of those

"Who gifted our church with goodly lands,
And his sword hath ever been
In cause of the holy rood, and in ours,
At the call, unsheathed and keen.

"Then fasten thy steed in our porter's keep;
And our brother will straight repair,
As the falcon follows the little bird
That flies from the fowler's snare."

Bright shone the sun; the mounted monk
Rode along through the woodlands gay;
Upon his bosom lay the book,
Under his cloak of grey.

Before him, in the pleasant prime,
The osiered river flowed;
From wild flowers by the pathway side,
The gallant heath-cock crowed.

Glistened the dews on the heather-bells ;
And ever as the wind swept by,
From blossoming broom floated odours rich
As from gardens of Araby.

And now he wandered by beechen groves,
Now by daisied pastures green ;
And now, from the winding mountain-road,
The Lothians rich were seen.

Now by coppice and corn he urged his steed ;
Now by dingle wild, and by dell,
Where, down the ledges of rifted rock,
The living waters well ;

Till he came to a clump of oak-trees hoar,
Half over the wild road hung,
When up at once to his bridle rein
The arm of a warrior sprung :

With sudden jerk the startled steed
Swerved aside with bristling mane ;—
“ Now halt, thee, frere ! and rest thee here
Till I hither return again.

“ I know thine errand,—dismount !—dismount !—
That errand for thee I'll do ;
But, if thou stirrest till I return,
Such rashness thou shalt rue !

"Then doff to me thy mantle grey,
And eke thy hood of black,
And rest thee amid these brackens green
To the left, till I come back.

"Oh, bethink thee, knight," the good frere said,
"I should kneel by his couch and pray;
How awful it is for the soul of man
Unannealed to pass away!

"How awful it is, with sins unshrived,
To pass from the bed of pain;—
Lord Auchandrie may a dead man be
Ere thou com'st hither again."

He must needs obey,—he durst not say nay,
That monk, to the warrior stern;
His coralet unlaced, and his helm unbraced,
Down rattled amid the fern:

And he hath mounted the frere's good steed,
Clad in mantle and cowl rides he,
Till before his eyes, 'gins straight arise
The turrets of Auchandrie.

"Now speed thee!" cried the porter then,
As the portals wide he threw;
"Now speed thee!" cried the warders mailed,
The courts as he passed through.

"Now speed thee!" cried the seneschal,
As he showed the way before,
"For much I fear, most holy frere,
The struggle will soon be o'er."

Then passed he from the chamber forth,
And in silence from the gate,
And away to the east, through the mountain pass,
On his steed he journeyed straight.

Unfolded were the chamber doors,—
And there the great lord lay;
His rattling breath spoke of coming death,
And life's sands ebbing away.

But when the mantled monk he saw,
On his arm he strove to rise;
And the light, that now was waning fast,
Came back to his sunken eyes.

"Welcome! holy father," he said,
In accents low and weak,—
"I would pour my sins in thy pitying ear,
And absolution seek;

"For I have been a sinful man,
And repent me of my sin;
Yet, as pass the hopes of life away,
The fears of death begin.

" But chiefly would I tell to thee
My crime of the blackest dye,
Which a sea of tears might scarce wash out,
Though I could weep it dry.—

" A gentle ladye my kinsman loved,
And, before he crossed the sea
To combat afar with the Saracen,
He trust reposed in me.

" That knight he was only rich in heart,
But I was rich in pelf,—
So, instead of nursing her love for him,
I wooed it for myself."

Upstartd the frere.—" Ah ! holy man,
Yet the worst I have not told ;
In me, though sprung from noblest blood,
A perjured wretch behold !

" My suit that lefty ladye spurned ;
More distant she looked and cold ;
And for my love no love returned,
Though I wooed her with gifts and gold ;

" And for my love no love return'd,
Although, with hellish sleight,
We forged a cartel, whose purport showed
That Sir Edmund had fallen in fight."

Uprose the frere.—“Nay, sit thee down,—
Not mine was the guilt alone;
Father Francis was the clerke thereof,
In your own house of St. John.

“To the fair Ellinore that scroll he bore,
Then she folded her hands and sighed,
And said, “Since true he has died to me,
I will be no other’s bride!”

“Still wooed I her in her mourning weeds,
Till she showed a poniard bare,
And vowed, if again I vexed her heart,
Her hand should plunge it there.

“Day after day, ray after ray,
She waned like an autumn sun,
When droop the flowers ‘mid the yellow bowers,
And the waters wailing run:

“Day after day, like a broken rose-bud,
She withered and she waned,
Till of her beauty and wonted bloom
But feeble trace remained.

“Yet seemed she like some saintly form,
Too pure for the gazer’s eye,
Melting away from our earthly day,
To her element, the sky.

" She died,—and then I felt remorse,—
But how could I atone?—
And I trembled when by her breathless corse
In silence I stood alone!

" And when I saw my victim lie
Within her swathing shroud,
The weight of my wounded conscience hung
Upon me like a cloud.

" There was no light,—and all was night,
And storm and darkness drear;—
By day 'twas joyless, and my sleep
Was haunted by forms of fear!

" And often I of my kinsman dreamt,
Of his sorrow, and vengeance dire,
Till yesternight he crossed my path
Like a demon in his ire.

" I had not heard of his home return;
Like a spectre there he stood.
Down sank I, and his falchion drank
My fevered, forfeit blood.

" Oh! grant remission for my sins,
A humbled man I die—"
Ere yet the words were out the monk
Beheld his glazing eye;

And, rising away from the couch, he said,—

“ May Heaven forgive my vow,”—

Deep horrors thrilled through his yielding frame,

And he smote his throbbing brow.

Then down he passed through scraggy dean,

Overhung with aspens grey,

Until he came to the brackens green

Wherein Father Francis lay.

“ Ho, frere, arise! thy cloak and cowl

Have done their office meet—”

Father Francis arose from his lurking place,

And stood at the warrior's feet.

“ Now tell me,” quoth Sir Edmund fierce,

“ For thou art learned in lore,

What the meaning of this riddle is,

That a bird unto me bore :

“ A lady in her chamber sate,

Her true knight he was abroad,

Fighting the battles of his faith

Under the Cross of God.

“ A false lord, and a falser frere,

They tried to o'ercome her faith,

They forged——ah! wherefore dost thou fear?

Base caitiff, take thy death!

The knight he struck him to the heart,—
Through the branches, with a crash,
Down went the corse, and in the wave
Sank with a sullen dash.

“ Thus perish all who would enthrall
The innocent and the true ;
Yet on head of mine no more shall shine
The sun from his path of blue !

“ No more on me shall pleasure smile,
A heartless, hopeless man ;—
The tempest clouds of misery
Have darkened for aye my span.

“ Farewell, farewell, my native land !
Hill, valley, wood, and strath ;—
And thou, who held my heart's command,
And ye, who crossed my path !

“ Blow, blow, ye winds ! in fury blow,
And waft us from the shore,—
Rise, rise, ye billows ! and bear us along,
Who hither return no more !”

BURIAL OF ALARIC THE GOTH.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By the labour of a captive multitude, the river Busentia was forcibly diverted from its course. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel; and the secret spot where the remains of the conqueror had been deposited, was for ever concealed, by the massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.
Gibbon.

I.

It was no eastern king,
With blazoned banner, and jewelled crest,
And myriads vowed to his high behest,
That made THE ETERNAL ring,
With sounds unheard of a thousand years;
The clash of hostile shields and spears;
The victor shout of a foreign foe,
And the groans of her children trampled low.

II.

Barbarian and uncouth,
But yesterday, in his native woods
He strung his bow, and swam the floods,
With Dacia's blue-eyed youth.

Soon the bold chief of conquering hordes,
Unbribed by gold,—unchecked by swords,—
His war-blast shook the Cæsars' home,
And he, the Gern, was lord of ROME!

III.

That dazzling hour hath fled!
After the flash comes the thunder peal;
Mourning for joy, and woe for weal;
Rome's lord is with the dead!
Round him now, for a burial band,
Faithful and fierce, his warriors stand,
Grasping firmly their weapons good,—
Met to weep him with tears of blood.

IV.

They have laid him on his bier,
Heaped with gold, and with jewels strown;
That bed of death is the gorgeous throne
An empire's spoil should rear:—
And the labour dire of a thousand slaves
Hath changed the course of the whelming waves;
Now, even now, are the dark depths free,—
There will his place of burial be.

V.

The warriors' swords are red,—
Around are the slaughtered captives piled,—
The bier gleams bright in its cavern wild,—
Rite and revenge are sped !
There is shouting fierce 'mong the warrior band,—
A waving high of each blood-stained brand,—
And the floods rush back to their former home,
Nor reck that they cover the lord of Rome !

ROSAMUNDA.

A VENETIAN FRAGMENT.

BY MISS E. ROBERTS.

ROSE of the world, Flower of Italy, Bright star of Venice, were the titles applied by the whole population of the city to the lovely Rosamunda di Guarini. When the last sound of the vesper-bell died upon the ear, masqued musicians stole from the ambush of clustering pillars, or paused in their gondolas opposite her palace windows, and poured out strains of melody in her praise; prolonging the soft serenade until the dawn of morning, each note more witching than the last. Nobles sighed at her feet, —minstrels and poets made her the theme of song,—and the most gifted artists of the age transferred to their glowing canvas charms which are still the wonder and delight of admiring worlds. How light was her footstep in the dance,—how joyously she warbled wild notes of thrilling sweetness,—and how brightly her blue eyes flashed through the living tapestry of leaves and flowers which she had twined across the fretted stone-work of her balcony.

There, coyly shrinking from the gaze of men, she would sometimes venture, trusting to the clustering roses and mantling jessamine, to screen her fairer form and brighter blushes. Gay and gallant suitors crowded to the Di Guarini Palace, and princes were candidates for the hand of Rosamunda. She was neither ambitious of wealth or of power, but perhaps a little dazzled by the fame which proudly emblazoned the youthful career of Manfred Camaldano, she gave her heart to the bravest warrior, the most enchanting minstrel, and the most esteemed gentleman of the Venetian states. Manfred was a younger branch of a noble family: nature had been lavish in her gifts, yet fortune was unkind; his sword had purchased for him everlasting renown; but the policy of the Republic, in keeping her defenders poor, had denied him a more substantial recompense. He was, however, regarded as the probable heir of his rich uncle, the Count Andreas; and Rosamunda, young, sanguine in hope, and buoyant in spirit, looked forward to the period when the possession or the promise of this inheritance would enable him to demand her from her parents in marriage.

The sparkling waves of the Adriatic, when rippled by the gales of June, and kissed by the summer sun, danced not more gaily than Rosamunda's heart, when the lips of Manfred whispered in her ear his vows of everlasting love, and his dark eyes beamed upon her with the glance of true affection. Secure in his constancy, and exulting in the deep, the boundless attachment which absorbed her

own pure heart, fear and distrust were to her equally unknown ; and she rejoiced, with as little foreboding of the future, as a bird in the spring, a flower in the sunshine, or an infant at play in the lap of its mother. It was in these days of felicity that all Venice hung enraptured on the charms of its loveliest daughter ; that the church which Rosamunda frequented was thronged by multitudes of every class ; and the gondolieri abandoned the flowing verse of Tasso, the immortal chronicle of Armida's fascinations, Clorinda's valour, and Erminia's love, to chant the strain which celebrated the beauty and the virtue of the fair pearl of Italy, the sweet rose of the Di Guarini Palace.

At this period the Count Andreas died, somewhat unexpectedly to be sure, although the suddenness of his death excited no suspicion at the time that he had been unfairly dealt by. Manfred Camaldano succeeded to his uncle's wealth ; and now possessed of rank as well as riches, as soon as the first days of mourning were over, flew to the habitation of his beloved, and claimed her as his promised bride ; but Rosamunda was changed,—she would not listen to him, she would not even see him. She gave no reason for this alteration in her sentiments : tears, entreaties, persuasions, and commands were alike unavailing ; she continued inexorable. Although her disposition had hitherto been gentle even to timidity, she suddenly assumed an unyielding steadfastness, and even solicited to be allowed to retire to a convent ; but with this request her parents were unwilling to comply. They had opposed her union with

Manfred so long as he remained poor ; but no sooner had he attained to riches and distinction than they warmly espoused his cause, and led their trembling daughter into the gay world, where she was continually brought in contact with her lover. Manfred strove, by every art which love could dictate, to win from his cold auditor a single smile, a single sigh, a single tear ; but she turned a deaf ear to all his blandishments. It was not sternness, it was not obstinacy, it was not caprice,—but a fixed, immovable determination, which swayed her mind and restrained her tongue. “ I never can be your wife,”—“ I never will reveal the cause,”—were the only replies which hours of entreaty could wring from her averted lips. At one time Manfred would turn indignantly away, and join the dance with some bright beauty, proud of the attentions of one so handsome and distinguished amid the youths of Venice ; at another, he would suffer the angry feelings of his soul to rise, and vent them in the bitterest reproaches ; or he would pass his hand across his burning brow, and dash himself upon the earth in utter despair. Meanwhile the carnation faded from the cheek of Rosamunda, and growing still paler every day, she looked more like the marble production of some gifted sculptor, than a breathing personification of female beauty : once only did a momentary tint of crimson suffuse her pallid brow. Manfred, unable to restrain the rage and disappointment which burned within him, scornfully told her that she had lost her self-esteem, and dared not consent to sully the name of

Camaldano. The blood rushed to her cheek,—fire flashed from her eyes,—and she darted a withering glance of offended innocence upon him. It pierced him to the soul, and he knelt before her in an agony of contrition; and implored her forgiveness for the frenzied words which had escaped him. She resumed the usual melancholy yet calm expression of her countenance; and turned away from him in silence. He came no more to the Guarini palace, yet his persecutions did not altogether cease; though Rosamunda was seen

Less oft at masque and festival,
More frequent at confessional,

she could not emerge from the solitude of her chamber without being aware of his immediate proximity. If she stole out upon the balcony to breathe the evening gale, as cooled by the waters of the Adriatic, as it came freshly through the flower-wreathed trellice, it brought with it the deep mellow tones of one to whose gentle serenade in happier hours she was wont to listen with delight. If languidly reclining in the curtained gondola she floated over the surface of those unruffled streams which intersected her native city, still those well-known sounds thrilled upon her ear, Manfred's gliding vessel would shoot beside hers, and she felt that a plank, a silken drapery, alone divided her from that once loved object to whom she had clung with such fond tenacity; whose breath was as incense to her, whose smile brightened her existence, and from whom she would at one time have thought it worse

than death to part; though now she would willingly have planted oceans and mountains between her heart and that of the discarded Manfred.

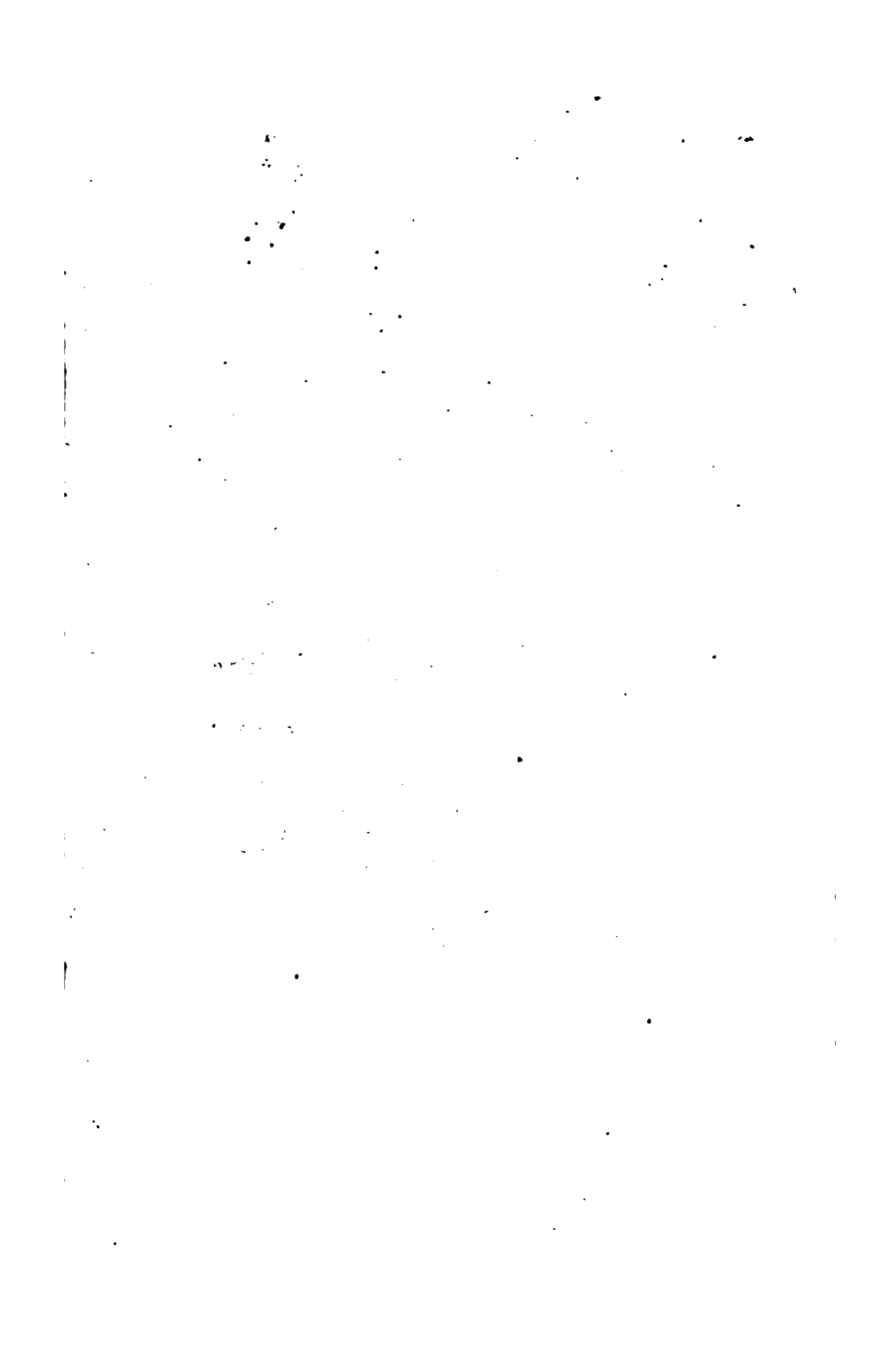
Kneeling before the shrine of her patron saint, though her spirit ascended on high and held communion with the blissful beings of a brighter sphere, the sigh and the groan of a prostrate form at her side would sometimes recall her to earth. Manfred shared in her orisons; and when, in obedience to the command of her parents, she sought the illuminated saloon, amid the glitter of innumerable lamps, the splendour of countless jewels, the flash of flowers, and the waving of plumes, her conscious eyes rested alone upon Manfred Camaldano. He was near her, he had touched her flowing veil, she inhaled the same air, stood upon the same spot with one who gazed upon her still with undiminished affection; but whatever were her secret feelings, those features which had formerly revealed with silent eloquence every thought, every sensation of her guileless heart, were now fixed in the expression of pensive sadness: the blue eye, beaming or tearful as joy or grief prevailed, had lost its lustre and its sparkling glance: the deep dye of the rose, which was wont to mantle and crimson on her cheek at every word and every look, was gone; and the unvarying alabaster hue betrayed not aught that was passing in, perchance, an agitated breast. All Venice gazed upon her with wondering eyes, and almost deemed that the incantations of some evil spirit had unsettled the mind of the fair Rosamunda;—

for what could be alleged against Manfred? he who, his country's boast and pride, was handsome and generous, gallant and gay, gifted with genius, blessed with prosperity, and the truest, the fondest, and most ardent lover that ever poet feigned or historian recorded.

The brave sons of the republic rushed out upon the waters at the call of danger! The banner of St. Mark floated on high in the bright blue air,—the guardians of the golden-winged lion exalted their victorious standard! and the hearts of the Genoese quailed beneath it. The then unspotted bride of Venice, the circling Adriatic, proved a grave to those whose adventurous prowls invaded the acknowledged rights of the Island City; and Manfred Camaldano, pre-eminent in the glorious strife, bound fresh laurels round his triumphant brows, and, leaping from his stout bark upon the shore, was hailed by applauding multitudes as the preserver of his country's honour. Garlands of flowers were strewed in the dust in the wide square of St. Mark,—the fronts of the houses were draped with rich tapestry, or wreathed with blushing roses,—and silken flags waved from the summit of every tower. The shout of the populace came upon the ear mingled with the bray of the trumpet, the roar of artillery, the loud clash of the cymbals, and the deep boom of the double drum, whilst every bell in Venice rang out a peal of joy. At the gates of the ducal palace stood the Doge, surrounded by a crowd of senators, and a broad platform raised for the occasion was occupied by the noblest and fairest ladies of the city.

Amid her bright and blooming companions, like a drooping lily of Sharon, sat Rosamunda. The proudest moment of Manfred's existence had arrived,—the most distinguished gift which Venice could bestow was offered to him by the hand of its chief magistrate.

Suddenly a squalid wretch, worn to a skeleton by disease or famine, pierced through the dense multitude; and, flinging up his arms to Heaven, exclaimed, "I accuse Manfred Camaldano of murder!—of the murder of the Count Andreas!" The whole assembly for a moment remained paralyzed with astonishment, and the intruder profited by the opportunity to narrate his mysterious tale. "Dark was the deed!" he cried, "and dark the scene wherein the crime was perpetrated: the vaults beneath the ruined church of St. Ildefonso, where few are wont to pray; but on that fatal night there were two suppliants at the subterranean shrine of the saint beside the Count Andreas, though both were hidden from the assassin's view. I was one witness,—and I call upon the Lady Rosamunda di Guarini to substantiate the charge, for she was the other!" The eyes of the spectators were immediately turned upon the trembling being thus fearfully adjured. She was pale,—so pale, that the gazers marvelled at the increasing paleness of one who already seemed to have whitened into stone; her blue orbs were veiled by their drooping lids,—her lips were closed,—her limbs had stiffened,—she was dead!





Engraved for A. Smith.

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Printed by J. H. W. & W. H. W. & W. H. W.

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BOLTON ABBEY.

THIS is the loveliest scene in all the land :-

Around me far a green enchantment lies.

Fed by the weeping of these April skies.

And touched by Fancy's fine, "all-charming" sun

Almost I expect to see a lightsome band

Come striding through the hazel boughs above

My path, or half-asleep on bank or lawn

Some Satyr, with stretched arm and clattering

It is a place of beauty. These trees

By yellowing ash and drooping sycamore

The river waters swift to meet the sun

And in the distance, in its hollow vale

The fatal fall is seen, the thundering cataract

Over all the morning hours



Proud ships are dancing in the bay ;
 " Is it their homage thus they pay,"
 She asks, " or but a snare,
 A dark device of Cæsar's hate,
 To seal my royal Pompey's fate ?"

V.

A bark comes tilting through the spray,
 To bear him to the shore ;
 One kiss, and then away—away !
 One word,—and all is o'er !
 Vain her entreaties, vainer now,
 The bodings wild that cloud the brow
 Her lips may press no more ;
 Bright prows are stirring in the bay ;
 The die is cast—away, away !

VI.

A shriek is on the noon-tide wave,
 Despairing, loud, and shrill ;—
 Oh, that her love had power to save
 The blood they rush to spill !
 It may not be ;—he looks his last ;
 One moment,—and the struggle's past ;
 Even now his heart grows chill ;—
 He draws his mantle o'er his eyes,
 And, as he lived, great Pompey dies !

VII.

And shouts of triumph rend the air,
 From the slaves who mark his fall ;
 But the voice of Cornelia's deep despair,
 Is heard above them all !
 'Tis the requiem wild of Woman's love ;
 The cry of blood to heaven above,—
 May vengeance note the call !
 And yon dastard traitors' cheeks grow pale
 At the dooming tones of that fearful wail !

VIII.

'Tis eve : those savage shouts are o'er,
 That shriek hath died away ;
 And far from Egypt's fatal shore,
 Her bark pursues its way :
 What is to her the fitful breeze,
 The conflict stern of the skies and seas,
 To the calm of yonder bay ?—
 She'd rather seek the whirlpool's breast,
 Than on its blood-stained waters rest !

IX.

What recks it where the casket lies,
 When the gem it shrined is gone,—
 Who bids the funeral pile arise
 When the deathless soul is flown ?

And yet may honours, duly paid,
 Truth's tears, appease a warrior's shade,
 For a martyr's wrongs atone,—
 Fall'n chief! those offerings—half-divine—
 That incense of the heart is thine!

X.

Though of all the minions of thy power,
 Who once meet homage paid thee,
 Who fawned on thee in fortune's hour,
 And when it waned, betrayed thee,—
 Not one court-parasite is near,
 To mourn above the bloody bier,
 Where traitor hands have laid thee;
 Two humbler friends, with duteous love,
 Now bend thy mangled form above.

XI.

And, gathering from the grasping wave
 The relics of a bark,
 Wrecked, like the glories of the brave
 When fortune's clouds grow dark;
 They spread them for thy funeral pile,—
 Then,—breathing vengeance deep the while,—
 Kindle the glowing spark;—
 And flames, as bright as truth, arise
 To grace great Pompey's obsequies!

THE DESERTER.

And his wife---by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last.

Wilson.

THOSE readers, it is to be feared, are daily becoming fewer in number who can remember the beginning of the disturbances, in British America, and the sanguinary war that ensued between the mother country and her revolted colonies. Few are the persons, however, who have not read of the vast exertions which the ministry of that day made, in all parts of the kingdom, to enlist soldiers, impress seamen, and equip a force equal to the task of speedily suppressing the revolt, coercing the refractory colonists, and preserving to the British crown one of its fairest and most important possessions.

It was in the summer of 1774, that a recruiting party, belonging to a Highland regiment of infantry, were marching through the streets of a city in the west of Scotland, displaying all the paraphernalia of war, and having suspended from the spears of their ensigns long silken purses, through the netted interstices of which were exhibited the tempting guineas ready to be tendered as a bounty to

all able young men who felt disposed, or could be persuaded, to mount a cockade in the king's service. It was impossible to avoid seeing the glittering gold, for it was a bright sunshiny day, and a tall, lusty corporal, with Stentorian lungs, kept bawling out in a louder key, and in a tone more wild and screeching than that of the bagpipes which accompanied it, the amount of the bounty, as it jingled over his head, and to which he was continually pointing with very significant gesticulations.

The rear of the procession consisted of a long line of military probationers, in all the disorder of civilian awkwardness, and in all the disarray of party-coloured clothes; some huzzaing, some singing, some apparently happy, and not a few seemingly mad from inebriation. In the foremost file of these recruits marched a tall, fair-haired, handsome young man, to all appearance about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. He was attired in a blue coat and trousers, and a scarlet waistcoat; and wore a pair of buckles in his shoes which bespoke a better condition than is usually the lot of one who can be induced to volunteer as a private soldier in a regiment of the line. He took no part in the gambols of his comrades, but seemed rather disposed to avoid the public gaze; whilst on his features there was impressed an air of dejection which betokened feelings far from being in harmony with the uproarious clamour, ribaldry, and yells of vulgar mirth, that rang around him.

Malcolm Lennox, (for such was the name of the young

recruit to whom we refer), was a native of one of the north-western counties of Scotland, where his family had settled, and where his father by following the occupation of an extensive stock-farmer, and by introducing the improvements and the habits of industry peculiar to the low countries into the high-lands, had acquired considerable wealth. Malcolm was the youngest of his four sons. Unfortunately for the youth, however, he had contracted a marriage without his parents' consent, the consequence of which was, that he was thrown almost entirely upon his own resources; his spirits sank before the repeated acts of contumely which were heaped upon him; and, anon, his heart became a prey to those mingled emotions of wounded pride and sorrow, which the sufferer oftentimes refuses to unbosom either to the gentle solicitations of friendship, or the wild entreaties of affection.

Poverty, nevertheless, bitter as were its inflictions, was not altogether the source of Malcolm's unhappiness. Nor, had his parents' conduct been different, could it have been attributed to misplaced affections, or impetuous or inconsiderate passion, any more than to disparity of condition. His wife's family was, at least, as respectable as his own; and she, with the attractions of a pretty mountain-maiden of seventeen, was all innocence, all simplicity, all truth and devotion to her husband and his interests. Her father was a small proprietor, whose estate, influence, and revenues, had gradually diminished as those of the elder Lennox had increased. The proud, but petty *laird*,

considered the industry of the lowlander to be a proof of the obscurity of his origin, and himself and family, though tenants of the chief of the clan, the great Duke of Argyle himself, to be little less than intruders. Lennox was sensible of this, and, in his turn, treated his neighbour with corresponding hauteur, which became more studied and distant as his concerns prospered. Thus, a mutual dislike was kindled between the two families, which progressively increased in bitterness, until it reached a height of exasperation that set all attempts to mediate between the conflicting parties completely at defiance. How an attachment could be formed in the teeth of these domestic disagreements, we leave to those learned in the mysteries of the gentle passion to explain.—“A plague on both their houses!”

Thus it was, however, that the same circumstances which rendered the young man a sort of outcast from his own family, made him an alien to that of his father-in-law. Intercession on the part of friends was not only unavailing, but served rather to cherish than extinguish the flames of family resentment; so that an alliance which ought to have produced peace, became the source of fresh animosities, which eventually engendered distrust, irritation, and disquietude, between the younger Lennox and his still younger helpmate.

A modern poet has told us that “whispering tongues can poison truth;” and Pope speaks of *friends* in whose every word “a reputation dies.” Such, it appeared, had

entered the domestic circle of our ill-starred pair; for scarcely had the first year of their marriage elapsed before discord brooded over their lonely home, and each day ushered in some idle fiction, some scornful expression, or some exaggerated insult, committed or endured by sister, brother, or some other member of their respective families. Jealousy, too, unavoidably, gave a colour to their disagreements, according to the prejudices of the parties; till, at length, love that had been warm as the sunbeam in the glen, and truth that had been pure as the mountain-spring, and innocence that had been as far above suspicion or reproach as heaven is from earth, became the victims of doubt, despondency, and conjugal misapprehension.

Malcolm finding his home a scene of strife, his marriage bed a bed of thorns, and the bands of matrimony bonds of contention between parties to whom he owed the allegiance of a child, but not the subserviency of a slave, resolved, after many agonizing struggles with his better feelings, to leave his young wife and infant son to their care, and to quit his family and his native dell, without the formality of an adieu. He accordingly withdrew himself clandestinely from his home; repaired to the Lowlands; assumed a feigned name; enlisted in the — regiment of foot, and after parading for one day, as already described, was marched, on the next, to the west of England, where he was hurried through the usual military exercises, and thence shipped for America.

We shall not pursue him through all the active and stirring scenes to which his new but congenial course of life of necessity introduced him. He was at the taking of Long Island and New York, and was severely wounded at the battle of Broad River. In the first skirmish in which he was engaged, after his recovery, he was taken prisoner, and, having experienced extremely kind treatment from his captors, was induced, partly by promises, but chiefly by the fear of being obliged to return home in case of a cessation of hostilities, to join the army under "George Washington, Esquire," (at that time so designated,) in which he received the rank of a subaltern officer.

This rash step, whilst it cast a stigma upon his character as an Englishman, for which not even the honourable wounds he had received in the service of his king were likely to atone in the eyes of his countrymen, so far from banishing from his mind the griefs by which it was disturbed, or rendering him less painfully sensible of the claims which a once much-loved wife and her child had upon him in a far distant land, only served to increase his anguish and the distressing perplexities of his situation. The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the now independent States had indeed been signed; and an indemnity offered to such of the king's subjects as had, in a moment of political frenzy, taken up arms against their mother realm. But Malcolm Lennox saw no security for him in the stipulations of the contracting parties, in the

event of his visiting Scotland ; and he accordingly removed into Virginia, and turned his attention to the business of a tobacco planter.

He soon realized wealth, and, as he improved in substance, was also enabled to gain friends ; but they had it not in their power to minister to the mental gangrene with which he was afflicted, or remove the hated brand of traitor and renegade, which, by deserting his colours and fighting against his country he *felt* he had affixed to his forehead. He dared not return to Scotland ; he feared to announce to any one his real name ; and he dreaded the consequences of entering into any communications with his relations, or appearing anxious to learn the fate of his wife and son. Ten years of war, and as many of peace, had passed away, and yet of wife, child, or home, he had heard literally nothing ; and, so far as he was aware, not one of his family was conscious of his existence. At length his pride yielded to his love of country, and the still unextinguished remains of early affection triumphed over his sense of shame :—he sold his West Indian effects, and returned to England.

Although long estranged from the scenes of his childhood ; and although his maturer years had been sufficiently embittered to efface, in a great measure, the remembrance of happier times, yet the first sight of the blue bleak hills in the distance, as the vessel neared the coast of Scotland, awakened, in their morning ardour, all his youthful and fondest reminiscences. His mind dwelt upon the wild

glen, and the bleak mountain beside which he had been born; and sterile as was the spot, he thought he loved it the more because it was loved by few beside himself. He bethought him of the crag, and the grey ash-tree up which he had clambered when a boy; the birchen dell through which he had been accustomed to roam; and the hoary hawthorn under whose shade he had stolen many an interview with that loved one whom he had, as he now felt, so cruelly abandoned; and a tear stood in his eye, the first that had glistened there for many a year, when he thought that she whom he had thus deserted might have died in penury and grief; that *his* wife and *his* child might have been cast upon the charity of a heartless world; and that his brothers and sisters might be enjoying that portion of his patrimony which, by remaining at home, he might have secured for himself and his family. He heaved a sigh—the blood revulsed upon his heart—and he sank spiritless, and almost lifeless, upon the gunwale of the vessel.

It was a golden evening, about the end of September, when he reached the little village on the banks of the estuary, on the farther shore of which had stood, when he last looked upon them, the farm-houses and sheep-folds of his father. The hamlet had increased considerably in size, and the ferry-boat, which, when he last crossed the firth, was managed by an old man, was now of larger dimensions, and intrusted to the care of younger boatmen, whose lineaments were entirely strange to him.

He was anxious not to pass to the opposite shore until

the shades of evening were so far advanced that he might do so without a chance of recognition; for he had resolved to maintain his incognito, if possible, until he should have explored with his own eyes the changes that time had wrought upon the neighbourhood, and had endured, in silence and without solace, whatever additional weight of affliction he might be doomed to encounter. This object, the toils of many hard campaigns and the sun of Virginia, aided by the gathering shades of an autumn twilight, would, as he conceived, sufficiently enable him to accomplish. His locks were scanty and silvered; his countenance, once fair and ruddy, was now harsh and bronzed; a scar was visible on his brow; and several deep-indented lines traversed a face to which nature had originally given an expression of openness and generosity, and invested it with an appearance of sternness altogether foreign to its former character. He was now forty-five years of age, and judging from his appearance, he might have been of ten or fifteen more; for his person was bent, his gait crippled, and his muscularity converted, by repeated attacks of fever, into tropical nervousness and debility.

His dress, though studiously of English fashion, was, notwithstanding, indicative of the foreigner; a conjecture which his long gold-headed bamboo walking-stick, the silver seals of his watch-chain, and his curiously-wrought snuff-box, conduced to countenance. His trunk, which he had given into the charge of the landlady of the only

hostelry of which the village could boast, was exteriorly cased in brass, and secured by a ponderous padlock of the same metal; both of which, in the estimation of the hostess and sundry of her gossiping neighbours, were of an unnecessary strength for a peaceably disposed stranger, and nothing like which had, in their judgment, ever been seen in that part of the country before.

The toil-worn soldier strode as lightly over the rough pebbles of the beach as his strength would permit, and accosting the ferrymen, desired to be conveyed across the estuary. They expressed their willingness to comply with his request, but added that they had occupations which would prevent their setting out until half an hour later, when they proposed to call for him at any house in the village he might be pleased to mention.

As he wandered along the strand, partly to while away the time, he observed a boat land a female upon the beach, and again bear off in the direction of a king's revenue cutter, which rode at anchor about a mile below. The woman eyed him with much earnestness and apparent interest, and he bent his steps in a different direction to avoid her scrutiny; for it was impossible to say by what accidental circumstance his intentions might be defeated, and his identity discovered. By this time the sun had gone down, the allotted half-hour had nearly elapsed, and, moreover, the dull twilight was fast descending upon the beauty of the landscape, enshrouding, at the same moment, his own cogitations with a corresponding gloom.

He was about to enter the little inn to enquire after the boatmen, when the same woman, as it appeared to him, whom he had before encountered on the strand, accosted him, and, in a low voice, demanded to speak a word with him.

"What would you with me?" enquired Malcolm, scarcely able to suppress his agitation.

"They are coming to apprehend you," whispered the woman, looking around her with visible trepidation, "and unless you fly to the hills, you will be a prisoner before the morning!"

Lennox had only time to ejaculate—"apprehend me?" when the woman suddenly disappeared; and as her parting words—"God help the stranger! he may be innocent!" which she uttered as if to herself involuntarily, still echoed in his ear, he saw, at the farther end of the village, a party of men apparently armed, and approaching him.

The idea that some one, to whom his conduct in America was familiar, had seen him, and that he was about to be seized as a deserter, and perchance made to suffer condign punishment on the very spot where all, if any, to whom his memory might still be dear resided, rushed over his mind in a flood-tide of agony. And yet it was a consolation, he thought, that if he should be so disgraced, it could scarcely be in the character of Malcolm Lennox, for that name he had never coupled with his guilt.

The party which approached consisted of four persons

in the dress of sailors, headed by a young man who, from his uniform, appeared to be an officer of the revenue cruiser before mentioned. They were preceded a few steps by a short, self-important looking personage, in a black suit, who bore the semblance of a country magistrate; and who, stepping slowly up to Lennox, gravely informed him that as, in his official capacity, he had received information that a suspicious person, alledged to be a French spy and answering to his description, was making his surveys along the coast, he considered it his duty to *cognosse* and examine him, as to his name, character, profession, means of subsistence, and particularly the nature of his business in that part of the country.

"I am a native of this neighbourhood—have returned from the United States of America—and my business is to find out my relations," answered Lennox.

"You landed at Greenock, a few days ago, from the ship *Ranger*, did you not?" interrogated the magistrate.

"I did."

"And your name is—?"

Lennox bethought himself for a few seconds, for he at once saw the peril of his situation, and the difficulty there would be in reconciling his connexion with Argyleshire and the fictitious name he had assumed, and by which he was rated in the ship-papers of the vessel by which he had arrived.

"It may appear strange," at length he said, addressing

the magistrate, "that one of the clan *Grant* should seek for relatives among the *Campbells*, but so it is in the present case."

The magistrate intimated that he could not permit a stranger, in these times, (for the war with the republic of France had just broken out in all its fury), to traverse the country without having the assurance of some known and respectable person that he was what he described himself to be.

"I am a free citizen of America," observed Lennox in reply, "and am entitled to the protection which this government has already guaranteed to the subjects of the republic; and, besides, it is a hard case that, after spending twenty-five years in a distant country, and returning to end my days where I was born, I should be thus unnecessarily molested and annoyed upon my landing."

This appeal made no impression on the cool temperament of the man of law—for the magistrate, it appeared, was none other than the Procurator Fiscal of the county—who replied, that as for his American citizenship, he knew of no privileges that belonged to it; in the warmth of his zeal and loyalty, sarcastically hinted that he had never before heard of the title; and concluded by remarking that unless he could instantly refer to some responsible resident, as to the purity of his intentions, he had no alternative but that of seizing his papers, and sending him on board the king's cutter in the firth, till he should be released by more competent authority.

The exile, gazed around him, evidently disappointed and perplexed at finding his plans thus defeated, and was searching with his eye, among the few persons near him, for some well-known face, to whom he could make known his name and circumstances without being necessitated to confess the fictitious patronymic he had adopted, when the young man who acted as commandant of the magisterial escort, desired to know whether his recognizance for the stranger would be accepted.

"What!—yours?" interjected and interrogated the official, with a glance of astonishment not unmingled with indignation.

Lennox stared upon his strange friend with a degree of surprise scarcely less obvious, although of a somewhat different complexion.

The young man repeated his willingness to give the requisite personal security.

"I cannot peremptorily *reject* your recognizance," at last stuttered the Fiscal; "but, sir," continued he, "I would bid you beware what you do,—it will be my duty to report you to your superior officer."

The other still persisted in becoming bound for the stranger, and the parties retired to the parlour of the inn; the fiscal prescribed the necessary form, it was immediately signed, and the man of criminal law departed.

Lennox, when he recovered from his surprise, and had power to thank this unknown friend, offered to place his trunk and papers in his hands, until he should return to

release them, which he promised to do in three days. This the young seaman declined; but expressed a hope that he would lose no time in discovering his friends and releasing him from his obligations.

The evening had now quite closed in, the ferry-boat had long since passed to the opposite bank, and, as there was no other regular conveyance across the firth, Lennox resolved on spending the night at the inn. Previous, however, to the return of the party in the boat, the Fiscal himself had boarded the cutter, and explained to the master in command the conduct of his officer; who, irritated at this act of insolence, as he termed it, on the part of an individual in his majesty's service, ordered the delinquent to his birth, placed a guard over his person, and, after having hurriedly penned a sea-epistle to the admiral of the station, intimated that he would go ashore in the morning himself, and bring the "skulking Frenchman" aboard, at his own hazard.

But the fiery loyalty of the old schipper did not at all prove that his authority on board his own vessel was considered as imperative. The crew, zealous as they were in the performance of their nautical duties, felt indignant at seeing the chief mate so harshly treated for what they deemed an act of laudable generosity, and they accordingly did not hesitate to communicate with him, and offer him such assistance as might be instrumental in procuring his liberation. The young man, however, sought nothing on his own account; but, without assigning any reason

for his mysterious disobedience of orders and discipline, requested two of his comrades to convey a letter to the suspected person at the inn, and afterwards conduct him, if he manifested any disposition to accompany them, to the other side of the estuary, and to a certain house, the situation of which he minutely described to them.

The sailors were soon ashore, and Lennox was apprised of the nature of their visit just as he was in the act of retiring to rest. He read over the letter of his unknown benefactor, and deeming that the advice he gave him was the best he could, under the circumstances, adopt, communicated to his visitors his readiness to attend them. He accordingly summoned his hostess, paid his bill, and mounting his brass-cased, suspicious-looking trunk upon the shoulders of one of his companions, proceeded to the boat.

The stars shone clear in the bright blue sky, and their reflecting rays danced on the gentle ripples of the loch, as the boat swiftly receded from the strand. The radiant haze of the young moon, as she peered above the rugged mountains before them, displayed the distinct outline of many a well-known landscape; whilst no sound arose to disturb the deep tranquillity of the scene, save the dripping of the suspended oar, and the far-distant notes of the bagpipe, borne wildly and fitfully upon the breeze. Anon a twinkling light was here and there discernible on the opposite coast, and the nature of the sensations which thrilled the heart of the wanderer may readily be con-

ceived, when he remembered that so gleamed the lights, and so echoed the mountain music, and so shone the stars, on that night of nights when he fled in despair from his home, and from his engagements to Heaven; "and who knows," his heart responded to his recollections, "but this music, and these lights, may proceed from some hearth once to me familiar,—beside which my father and my mother, my wife and my child, have been exposed to all the accumulated horrors of sickness, poverty, and desolation." He felt the tears trickle chill down his cheek, as the boatmen announced that they had reached the landing place.

So exclusively had his mind been absorbed with these mournful contemplations, that it had never once occurred to him to enquire whither his guides intended to conduct him. He relied that as improvements had taken place during his absence on one shore, they would have occurred also on the other, and that some house of entertainment would consequently be close at hand. The sailors were allowed, therefore, to pilot the way untroubled by any queries whatsoever, until they had travelled upwards of a mile, not along the shore, as he expected, but towards the interior of the country; a route with which he was somewhat acquainted, as it led in the direction of the spot where once stood the house of his father-in-law.

At length, after diverging from the main path, they reached a handsome cottage of two stories, surrounded on three sides by a high turf and stone fence. Its front looked

upon a smooth slope, that commanded an extensive view of the sea. No ray of light issued from chink or casement; no smoke from a single chimney-top; nor was the silence that prevailed disturbed, until the sailors tapped at the door; when the gruff bark of a sheep-dog aroused the slumbering inmates; and in due time a female voice desired to know the business of the intruders.

"A letter from the *Sparrowhawk*," answered one of the sailors, in a tone that might have been heard at the main-top of a man-of-war in a storm.

The door was speedily opened, and a red-haired, half-dressed Gael, in the capacity of a maid-servant, admitted the strangers to the dark hall, while she went to procure a light, and apprise her mistress of their arrival.

In a few moments a candle was brought in, and a genteel-looking female, apparently not more than twenty years of age, entered; bearing the introductory letter open in her hand. She bade the stranger welcome, ordered him some refreshments, and having intimated that there was a bed at his disposal, and that she would be glad to meet him at the breakfast table in the morning, wished him a "good night," and withdrew.

The sailors having quaffed a few bumpers of the "mountain-dew," and received a dollar each from the stranger, for their services, betook themselves again to their boat, in order that they might reach the *Sparrowhawk* before its then oblivious captain should have started for the second watch. Lennox accepted the proffered hospitality, and

having partaken, rather from a feeling of courtesy than inclination, of the refreshment that was set before him, requested to be conducted to his chamber.

In the morning he presented himself, at the appointed hour of breakfast, in the lower apartment. As he entered he saluted an aged man, apparently blind, the only person in the room, who sat close by the fireside. The old man made no return to the salutation, either by speech or gesture. At length the same young person whom he had seen on the preceding evening, entered the room, accompanied by a matronly looking female, whom she introduced to Lennox as her mother, and whose eye had scarcely encountered the gaze of the stranger, as he turned to acknowledge the introduction, when she shrieked aloud, and fell senseless on the floor!

Lennox hastened to assist her; but the reader may guess how ill qualified he was for the task when he discovered that it was his wife—his long-deserted wife, who was stretched pale and emaciated, and seemingly lifeless, at his feet.

It was long before she recovered her self-possession sufficiently to be enabled to comprehend his brief and hurried explanation of the causes of his absence and unlooked for return. This painful, but pleasing duty, having been performed, he was made acquainted with the situation of the respective families. The old man by the fireside was the remains of his proud father-in-law, at the age of ninety, reduced to the extremity of dotage, and

wholly insensible to every thing around him. He had survived all his family but his injured daughter, to whom, in his old age, he had made all the reparation in his power for the sorrows he had occasioned her in former years.

"And who may this young maiden be, who was my my hostess last night?" enquired Lennox, turning to the pretty mistress of the mansion.

"The wife of a son who has *also* married without his father's consent," replied the elder female with a smile.

"My own boy, who is—what?" eagerly demanded the agitated exile, nearly sinking to the ground from the intensity of his feelings.

"First mate of the Sparrowhawk——"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the father, dropping on his knees.

"Yes," continued his wife, "and as little did I know that the stranger whom I last night warned to fly to the hills was my husband, as my dear boy Malcolm could have been aware that he whom his kindness has protected was his own father."

All this really occurred, precisely as we have narrated it. The mother of the young Malcolm had, the day before, been on a visit to her son, in the king's cutter; and having casually ascertained from him that he had received orders to go ashore and arrest a suspicious-looking gentleman who was supposed, on very insufficient grounds, to be a French spy, she became involuntarily interested in his

fate; and encountering him, accidentally, had accosted him as we have already described. The gloom of the twilight prevented them from recognising each other; and she was afterwards ferried over the firth in the very boat which would have conveyed her husband across, but for the vexatious interruption he experienced from the Procurator Fiscal.

The story is scarcely worth pursuing farther. Malcolm Lennox found only one of his sisters, and a brother's family alive; but he disturbed not the settlement of his father. Young Malcolm *is still in existence*,—a distinguished and active officer in the British navy.

SONNET.

TO A LADY READING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TO-DAY IN IRELAND."

OH ! that I could be, even as thou, the mild,
The wrapt, the sad contemplator of things,
Reared by another mind's imaginings;—
That I could give my soul up as a child,
Unto the stream of story,—be beguiled
To self oblivion by its murmuring springs,
To slumber fanned by fancy's odorous wings,
Each care and anxious passion all exiled.
But no ! I feel within this breast a fire,—
A restless thirst, a wish to do, not bear,
That crusheth all such sympathy ; desire
To be myself the minstrel, and to wear,
Gathered for mine own brow, with mine own hand
The laurels of the famed and fabled land.

LINES.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG OFFICER, WHO WAS MOR-
TALLY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREATE.

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of Providence!—
Old men who have grown grey in camps, and wished,
And prayed, and sought in battle to lay down
The burthen of their age, have seen the young
Fall round, themselves untouched ; and balls beside
The graceless and the unblest head have past,
Harmless as hail, to reach some precious life,
For which clasped hands, and supplicating eyes,
Duly at morn and eve were raised to Heaven ;
And, in the depth and liveness of the soul,
(Then boding all too truly) midnight prayers
Breathed from an anxious pillow wet with tears.
But blessed, even amid their grief, are they
Who, in the hour of visitation, bow
Beneath the unerring will, and look toward

Their Heavenly Father, merciful as just !
They, while they own his goodness, feel that whom
He chaatens them he loves. The cup He gives
Shall they not drink it ? Therefore doth the draught
Resent of comfort in its bitterness,
And carry healing with it. What but this
Could have sustained the mourners who were left,
With life-long yearnings, to remember him
Whose early death this monumental verse
Records ? For never more auspicious hopes
Were nipt in flower, nor finer qualities
From goodliest fabric of mortality
Divorced, nor virtues worthier to adorn
The world transferred to heaven, than when, 'ere time
Had measured him the space of nineteen years,
Paul Burrard on Coruña's fatal field
Received his mortal hurt. Not unprepared
The heroic youth was found : for in the ways
Of piety had he been trained ; and what
The dutiful child upon his mother's knees
Had learnt, the soldier faithfully observed,
In chamber or in tent, the Book of God
Was his beloved manual ; and his life
Beseeemed the lessons which from thence he drew.
For gallant as he was, and blithe of heart,
Expert of hand, and keen of eye, and prompt
In intellect, religion was the crown
Of all his noble properties. When Paul

Was by, the scoffer, self-abased, restrained
The license of his speech ; and ribaldry
Before his virtuous presence sate rebaked.
And yet so frank and affable a form
His virtue wore, that wheresoe'er he moved
A sunshine of good will and cheerfulness
Enlivened all around. Oh ! marvel not,
If, in the morning of his fair career,
Which promised all that honour could bestow
On high desert, the youth was summoned hence !
His soul required no farther discipline,
Pure as it was, and capable of heaven.—
Upon the spot from whence he just had seen
His General borne away, the appointed ball
Reached him. But not in that Gallician ground
Was it his fate, like many a British heart,
To mingle with the soil ; the sea received
His mortal relics,—to a watery grave
Consigned so near his native shore, so near
His father's house, that they who loved him best,
Unconscious of its import, heard the gun
Which fired his knell !—Alas ! if it were known,
When, in the strife of nations, dreadful Death
Mows down, with indiscriminating sweep,
His thousands ten times told,—if it were known
What ties are severed then, what ripening hopes
Blasted, what virtues in their bloom cut off,
How far the desolating scourge extends,

How wide the misery spreads, what hearts beneath
Their grief are broken, or survive to feel
Always the irremediable loss,
Oh ! who of woman born could bear the thought !
Who but would join with fervent piety
The prayer that asketh in our time for peace !—
Nor in our time alone !—Enable us,
Father which art in Heaven ! but to receive
And keep thy word, thy kingdom then should come,
Thy will be done on earth, the victory
Accomplished over Sin as well as Death,
And the great scheme of Providence fulfilled !

THE MARRIAGE OF MARGARET.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

MARGARET ! my busy thoughts for thee
Have oft the fairest garlands twined,—
I've painted thy soul's purity,
Thy generous, gentle, thoughtful mind ;
And said that coming time would bring
Sweet recompense upon its wing.

Now be it so ;—the spirit roves
Like Noah's dove in search of rest,
And, having found the spot it loves,
There drops its wing, and makes its nest.
My dove ! my sister ! may it be
A nest of peace and joy to thee !

When babes, like neighbouring buds we grew ;
When children, hand in hand we sped
And then time's busy whirlwind threw
Thy brother on life's ocean-bed,
And left thee in thy house serene
To be its joy,—as thou hast been.

That brother,—once a timid boy,—
 Feels like a rock of granite now ;
 He has been shipwrecked oft in joy,—
 He has been wafted oft in woe ;
 He heeds not now the tempest's shock,—
 I said he was a granite rock.

But thou, a meek, retiring maid,
 The saint of our once hermitage !
 Thou, of thy very thoughts afraid,—
 Thou, whose whole life is like a page
 White as the driven snow, art bidden
 From the sweet vale where thou wert hidden.

Thine shall not be a troubled sea,
 But a calm stream that gently flows,
 Where the light skiff moves tranquilly,
 Where every star that nightly glows,
 And every flower that smiles, are known,
 And light the spot they beam upon.

'Tis something to have struggled hard
 For millions,—to have suffered too ;
 But they shall meet with their reward,
 Who in a narrower circle do,—
 Whate'er they can,—but there is none
 Who may not make the bliss of *one* !

1st October, 1822.

VENUS'S HAND-BILL.

FROM MOSCHUS.

BY THE HON. AND REV. HENRY HOWARD.

Who has seen Love's little god,
Wandering on the public road?—
To him who tells her where he is,
Venus shall afford a kiss;
To him who brings the fugitive,
Venus more than that will give.
Attend! for here are tokens plenty,
To know the truant among twenty:
A fiery skin,—an eye most vicious,—
Soothing words,—a heart malicious;
Sweet his speech as honey flowing,
But his meaning never showing;
When determined fools to cozen,
Uttering falsehoods by the dozen.
O'er his sly face ringlets flow;
Small those hands that draw the bow
The twanging bow, whose fatal dart
Transfixes even Pluto's heart.

His body naked you will find,—
He draws the covering o'er his mind.
Light as a bird, he never rests
Save when enthroned in mortal breasts.
Though slight the bow, though thin the reed,
It cleaves the heaven with lightning speed ;
Slung from his back, the golden quiver
Store of such darts encloses ever ;
And even I, his mother, feel
The keenness of their bitter steel.
All, all is dread !—yet mostly shun
His little torch that fires the sun !
But catch him, if thou canst, and bind,
Nor let the traitor mercy find.
Weep he, or laugh he, tears and smiles
Are but his old accustomed wiles ;
Still lead him on, reject his kiss,—
Thy bane is in the venom'd bliss !
And if, in meek and lowly guise,
He yield his arms the captor's prize,
O, touch them not ! with fatal craft,
Thrice dipt in flame is every shaft.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA AT TIVOLI.

HIGH on the summit of the flowery steep,
Where Anio's waves in headlong fury sweep,
And lavish nature bathes in rich perfume
The myrtle's foliage and the aloe's bloom ;
Thy temple, Vesta, lifts its hoary wall,
In tranquil splendour o'er the dashing fall !
The slender columns tower in fair array,
Light without weakness, lovely in decay ;
Whose clustering forms with olive-chaplets crowned,
In graceful cincture gird the fabric round.
What, though wild weeds entwine their tissued shade
Where once the statesman and the poet strayed !
What, though no more the lordly dome displays
Its fair proportions to the admirer's gaze !
Still 'mid the relics lives a nameless charm,
By age unwithered, and in ruin warm ;
O'er every fragment sheds a softened grace,
And breathes a deeper grandeur round the place.

350 THE TEMPLE OF VESTA AT TIVOLI.

But view it not, when noon's meridian glare
With envious lustre mocks the havoc there :
At that still hour, when flaunting day-beams fade,
And evening mantles o'er the wild cascade ;
As by the moon's pale gleam the fitful wind
Fans the light spray in links of silver twined,
And each mis-shapen rent by ruin made
Sleeps in the kind obscurity of shade—
Her fairy pile Imagination rears,
And Memory loves to lift the veil of years.

And, hark ! melodious numbers fit around,
And more than echoes tremble in the sound !
Is it the nymph beneath the flashing wave,
Albunea singing in her moon-lit cave ?

Again ! a sprightlier measure seems to float,
Grace in each air, and life in every note !
Oh ! strikes the master of the Sabine shell
His thrilling chords 'mid scenes he loved so well ?
Yes ; Fancy hears, as dies the strain above,
The whispered names of Lalage and of Love.
Oft as such tones 'mid vestal hymns would steal,
Blushed the chaste maid forbidden warmth to feel ;
And still, as mingling with her sister choir,
The conscious virgin fed the living fire,

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA AT TIVOLI. 351

A tear she strove, yet trembled to suppress,
And hopes 'twere vain to hide, yet madness to confess.

Quenched is that fire ; Italia's glory gone—
Fled all her wisdom kept, her valour won !
'Mid her fair fields—land of the free, the brave—
Here lurks the robber, and there crawls the slave :
Still Error haunts the shrines where heathens trod, &
And papal darkness veils the lamp of God.

B. E. A.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

I.

IN yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid ;
He will not wake, and she sits weeping ;
When, lo ! a stranger proffers aid.

II.

His hurried step, and glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare :—
“ Come, Pleasure, wake ! ” exclaimed Desire,—
And Pleasure ’wakes to bless the fair.

III.

But soon the nymph, in evil hour,
Desire asleep is doomed to view ;
“ Try, Pleasure, try ; ” she cries, “ your power,
And ’wake Desire, as he ’woke you.”

IV.

“ Fond nymph, your prayer exceeds all measure ;
Distinct must each his power keep,—
Desire must still awaken Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire asleep.”

AUTUMN.

I.

SWEET sabbath of the year !
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away !

II.

Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell ;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

III.

Along thy sunset skies
Their glories melt in shade ;
And, like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

IV.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose ;
As, on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

V.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay ;
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.

VI.

Of joys that come no more ;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled ;
Of farewells wept upon the shore ;
Of friends estranged or dead.

VII.

Of all that now may seem,
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

J. M.

THE BRIDAL DIRGE.

THE bride is dead ! The bride is dead !
Cold and frail, and fair she lieth :
Wrapped is she in sullen lead ;
And a flower is at her head ;
And the breeze above her sigheth,
Thorough night and thorough day,
“ Fled away !—Fled away !”

Once,—but what can that avail,—
Once, she wore within her bosom
Pity, which did never fail,
A hue that dashed the lily pale ;
And upon her cheek a blossom
Such as yet was never known :
—All is past and overthrown !

Mourn ! the sweetest bride is dead,
And her knight is sick with sorrow,
That her bloom is ‘ lapped in lead :’
Yet he hopeth, fancy-fed,
He may kiss his love to-morrow.
But the breezes—what say they ?
—“ Fled away !—Fled away !”

EVENING.

FROM SCHILLER.

BY SAMUEL ROBINSON, ESQ.

SINK, glorious God ! The thirsty earth drinks up
The quickening dew ; the peasant homeward plods ;
The wearied horses draw
The chariot slowly down.

See ! from the crystal surface of the waves
Who smiling welcomes thee ? Thine heart replies !
The horses swifter fly :
'Tis Thetis welcomes thee.

Quick from his chariot springs into her arms
The charioteer, and Cupid grasps the reins ;
The horses panting stand,
And drink the cooling flood.

Over the dusky heavens glides softly forth
The fragrant night, whom follows gentle love :
Phœbus is gone to rest,
Thou too may'st rest and love.



Drawn by J. M. Wright

Engraved by W. Humphrys.

RICHARD AND RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

Printed for Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London. 1826

Printed by P.

THE TROUBADOUR,
AND
RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain
Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.
O'er many a rugged mountain-scene,
And forest-wild, his track hath been ;
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky :
He hath sung the songs of chivalry,
His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze,
And rung through the snowy Pyrenees ;
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,
He hath sought his prince, the loved, the brave,
And yet, if still on earth thou art,
O monarch of the lion-heart !
The faithful spirit, which distress
But heightens to devotedness,
But toil and trial vanquished not,
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung with vine,
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine ;
The feudal towers that crest its height
Frown in unconquerable might ;
Dark is their aspect of sullen state,
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest ;
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,
That midst bright sunshine lowers on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer-sky.

Not these the halls where a child of song
Awhile may speed the hours along ;
Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,
Or the wild huntsman's bugle-blast,
When his phantom-train are hurrying past.
The weary minstrel paused—his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly :
Within the lengthening shadow, cast
By the fortress, towers and ramparts vast,
Lingering he gazed—the rocks around
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned ;
Proud guardians of the regal flood,
In giant strength the mountains stood ;
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.

Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,
But the Rhine all shadowy rolled below ;
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild ;
Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell,
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell,
But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark ! that solemn stillness breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is waking.
Full oft that song, in days gone by,
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry ;
It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains lone,
Hermon ! thy echoes have learned its tone ;
On the Great Plain its notes have rung,
The leagued Crusader's tents among ;
'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won
The palm in the field of Ascalon ;
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

"Thine hour is come, and the stake is set,"
The Soldan cried to the captive knight,
"And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are met
To gaze on the fearful sight.

"But be our faith by thy lips professed,
The faith of Mecca's shrine,
Cast down the red-cross that marks thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine."

"I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
And gazed with undaunted eye ;
I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood,
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,
Have fall'n for the name divine ;
And the faith that cheered *their* closing hours
Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom ?
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,
Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns was twined
For a dying Saviour's brow ;
He spurned the treasures that lure mankind,
And I reject them now !"

"Art thou the son of a noble line
In a land that is fair and blest ?
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive ! pine,
Again on its shores to rest ?

"Thine own is the choice to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth,
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er,
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise
In the country of my love ;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There's a brighter clime above !"

The bard hath paused—for another tone
Blends with the music of his own ;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain :

"Are there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christain ! left to deplore thy fall,
With sorrow deep and vain ?

There are hearts that have loved me through the past,
With holy love and true ;
There are eyes, whose tears were streaming fast,
When I bade my home adieu.

Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier
Than the apostate's living stain ;
There's a land where those who loved when here,
Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he ! thy prince—long sought, long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host !
'Tis he !—to none thy joy betray,
Young Troubadour ! away, away !
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave,
Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
To win their lion from the toil ;
And free the wassail-cup shall flow,
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow ;
The festal board shall be richly crowned,
While knights and chieftains revel round,
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,
When merry England hails her king !

[In printing Mrs. Hemans's beautiful poem "The Troubadour and Richard Cœur de Lion," I have deviated from the plan of the *Literary Souvenir*, it having already been published. I had prepared a short illustration to accompany the plate myself ; but having met with this poem, I most willingly gave it the preference. Three other pieces, not less attractive of their kind, will be found in the foregoing pages, from Mrs. Hemans's pen, which were furnished by her expressly for this work.—A. A. W.]

THE PROTEGE.

Four wretches, that depend
On greatness' favours, dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing.

Shakespeare.

It is melancholy to reflect how often the warm impulses of kindness grow chilled by the prospect of a wearying perseverance, and how many causes for repentance arise out of the violation of laws which we have imposed upon ourselves. The truth of this observation is constantly exemplified by the patronizing propensity which is the property of every good-natured, unthinking person who may happen to be endowed with means or influence. Promises are made without regard to the difficulties of performance, or the capacity of the object; and hopes are raised of which the disappointment has many a time depressed a life, which would otherwise have been contented and happy, into sorrow, discontent, and even death itself. We have all of us witnessed instances of this nature, in greater or less extent; and I fear that the following little history, which occurred under my own eye, will only be thought too common.

I lived some years ago in a small, retired village, which was chiefly the property of a great lady, who occupied a mansion that was considered the pride of the neighbourhood. It was a noble place, surrounded by a huge park, studded with ornamental timber, and summer-houses, and lakes and grottos, and other attractions, which filled it in the summer months with half the quality of the metropolis. During the London season, however, it is difficult for great people to find suitable companions elsewhere: and our lady, whose state of health was inadequate to the labours of society, beyond the little sympathetic circle I have mentioned, would sometimes amuse herself by condescendingly attending to the comforts of her nearer dependents. She had not long lost her husband, had no children, and was not past the age of a degree of romance with which young widows are apt inconsiderately to devote themselves to a world of melancholy resignation, and the sole pursuit of promoting the happiness of others. The sincerity of these resolutions is seldom disputed at the time they are made, and I used to feel quite as much respect for Lady L——, when her stately form strolled down to the village with these benevolent propensities, as the little boys and girls did for the gold lace and long stick of the footman who stalked behind her.

Among her especial favourites, were an honest, industrious couple, who fully deserved the distinction. They had a large family of beautiful children, whom

they brought up in a manner that did them credit, and whom they had afterwards the reward of seeing well off in life—all, except one, and in this one they reposed their greatest hopes, for it was Lady L——'s god-daughter, a little beauty, who had drawn from her the most flattering promises of protection. I was always fond of children, and the young Queen Mab, for so I named her from her light and fairy form, and graceful expression, was one of the most engaging I had ever met with. She was not more than five or six years old; but, as I watched her sporting before the cottage door, there was a sensibility and mind in her childish actions, which, when her fair hair and blue eyes were transported to the great house, deprived me of one of my most interesting contemplations. Mab became all at once a little lady, and I never saw her but when she came down with her patroness to astonish her brothers and sisters, and soil her finery in the thoughtless joy of the meeting. I could not help thinking that there was something hard in the exaltation of one of the little brood over the rest, but yet the less favoured urchins seemed the happiest. They only looked upon her with a degree of fear, as if she were no longer one of them, and her departure was always a signal for the renewal of their gambols; but in Mab the tear of regret could hardly be restrained, and it was a matter of doubt whether the advantages she enjoyed were sufficient to heal the laceration of ties which were never intended to be broken.

The child which we take from its parents has, in

justice, a claim upon us, superior even to that of our own offspring, for we burthen ourselves with the obligation to atone for an injury at the outset. This, however, is an arrangement which is seldom considered. Nay, we are apt to think ourselves entitled to gratitude for the infliction, and to exact, in return, a devotion which nature has rendered impossible. Such was the case with the little Queen Mab. Her protectress really was, in the general acceptation of the word, a kind-hearted, though not an over-sensible woman. She treated her with tenderness, and supposed herself to be doatingly fond of her; and the pretty plaything would nestle to her side with all her infantine propensity to love. The joyous spirit of the child, however, was gone. She sat amidst her multitude of toys and treasures with her winning tongue at rest, and the tears ever ready to spring from her eyes, but which she knew must be restrained for fear of reproach. The only method of cheering her, was to promise her a visit to the cottage. The blood would then start to her cheeks, and the laughter to her eyes; her treasures were all collected for the little tribe of her bosom, and she was again the light spirit that only wanted wings to make it perfect. All this was, of course, a subject of extreme mortification to a person who, like Lady L——, could not understand why superior kindness should not purchase superior attachment; and as her protégé increased in years and understanding, her feelings were doomed to be wrung still further with doubts and remonstrances which

Mab's artless assurances had not power to allay. Because she could not love her patroness exclusively, she was accused of not loving her at all ; and Lady L——, whose romantic turn of mind could not endure ingratitude, began, of course, to repent of her ill-advised adoption. The fact was, its novelty had worn off, and she was heartily tired of it. Yet, what was she to do ? She had undertaken to bring her up, and to break her promise and restore the victim to happiness would not be becoming. Bring her up she must ; and then, when she had brought her up, what was to become of her ? It was strange that she had not considered this at first ; but then, to be sure, she could not tell how she would turn out. She had not spirit or affection to be a companion in private,—she had not birth to be taken into society. In short, Lady L—— was in a terrible straight ; and, in the mean time, the arrangements which had been made for the pretty Mab's education were pursued the more effectually, from the little interest she excited, and the rarity of affectionate interruption. Her progress was rapid, even for these circumstances, for her mind had no enjoyment but in its own cultivation. She was a being who lived only in being loved, and was soon aware of the change which had succeeded the novelty of her removal to the great house ; and so the forlorn creature went on and on with her task to dispel the reflections of years which should have produced none but happy ones.

Perhaps the only pleasurable moments of Mab's life, (for her parents were soon removed to another estate, where she saw no more of them), were when Lady L—— had her periodical influx of visitors. I used sometimes to be invited on these occasions, and was delighted to see how my favourite, then about fourteen years of age, was admired and caressed. Every body loved her, and, in consequence, she loved every body, which increased the great lady's chagrin the more. How perverse, that she should be happy with every one but herself! In fact, the child had been reproached till she was afraid of her, and did not dare to show any symptoms of affection, lest she should be thought a hypocrite. Under the influence of this society, the natural delicacy of Mab's mind received all the polish, if not the confidence, which the great world could have given it. Her manner was moulded into perfect elegance, and her beauty served to shape itself into accordance with it. The rosy sparkle of her infancy had subsided into the faint flush of transitory excitement. The full, dimpled cheeks, and undefined outline of features, had fallen into a graceful oval, and displayed the minute chiseling of a statue. The laughing look had declined into pensive thoughtfulness, and the slender symmetry of her person proved fully that the expression was not assumed. Altogether, Mab was the sweetest document of poetry that nature had ever experienced.

About this time, Lady L——, from the disappointment which she had experienced in her first favourite, thought fit to provide herself with another. She accordingly took to her gentle bosom a remarkably fine young captain of dragoons. Certes, the fidelity with which she had kept her resolution of thinking herself extremely happy, and the most beneficent promoter of comfort to others, deserved no less a reward. She had persevered in it through the summer of her life—nay, through the very dog-days of it,—and had arrived at that nondescript season which was neither summer nor autumn.

This revolution was, for a time, all in young Mab's favour. The captain, though a modest man, who could not have been enticed into matrimony without the prospect of a few thousand acres of fine umbrageous timber to cool his blushes, was an honest, good-natured blade, who never, like his wife, suffered his good intentions to be poisoned by compound distillations of sentiment. He would confer kindness without caring whether people were grateful or not, and, accordingly, he had seldom found them otherwise. He laughed at the complaints against Mab's disposition; taught her only to have confidence in his good will, and her heart sprung towards him with all the engaging frankness which had been desired and discouraged by her patroness.

Romance is all very delightful, and, now and then, very harmless, so long as it is sweetened by youth; but the romance that is out of season is usually heady,

and drives us to the commission of follies which sober people can hardly imagine. Lady L—— was at first jealous, as usual, of her protégé, and afterwards cherished an equal mistrust of her husband. He did not profess that extreme passion for her which persons who begin to doubt their powers of excitement are so peculiarly apt to exact; and, to preserve him from temptations, it occurred to her that Mab was of an age which required a greater degree of circumspection than had been practised heretofore. It was very well to let her have the run of the drawing-room, as a child, but as a young woman she must live in greater retirement. The limits of her study in the morning, and a walk in the garden when the captain was sitting over his wine, were license sufficient; and the company of a very decent lady's maid was all that could be desired. As for the admiration of lords and ladies, and such folk, it was only calculated to raise improper expectations, and unfit her for the destiny to which she was necessarily devoted by her birth.

The gentle girl did not complain. She did not ask whether the acquirements which she had been suffered to make for the purpose of administering to her protectress's pleasure had not already unsuited her to any life but that in which they were likely to be understood. She wandered about lonely and distressed, as though she had been guilty of some crime which had banished her from society. She would seat herself at the foot of an old

oak in the park, with a book upon her lap, which her thoughts would not suffer her to peruse, while her mild blue eyes wandered tremblingly around for some object to fix them, and drive back the unavailing tears to her bosom; and when her bitter hour of solitude was expired, she was condemned to the still more bitter endurance of vulgar familiarity, which was more inclined to presume from the novelty of its exercise. She had not even the consolation of a guess as to what was ultimately to become of her. She felt herself a burthen to herself and to her protectress and the abyss into which she was about to be cast, assumed every day a more terrific aspect.

Things continued in this state for another year or two, and Mab was gradually permitted to sink deeper and deeper in humiliation. Her patroness seldom desired her presence, and, instead of being employed in the accomplishments in which she had been bred, it was suggested that she might assist her companion in tricking out the decayed person which, in spite of the measures that had been taken, seemed no whit the more captivating to the young soldier than it was before. Mab became little more than a better sort of lady's maid; and was soon condemned to pour out tea for that order of visitors who were not admissible to the drawing-room, but something too good for the kitchen. Amongst these was the bailiff, a personage who was very respectable in his line, and very uncouth and uneducated out of it. He was much prized by his lady for his grateful attachment, and by the

captain for getting in the rents; but what were these qualities to the pretty Mab? There was nothing to interest her in a weather-beaten face of forty, seamed in every direction with the lines of pounds, shillings, and pence; and it naturally never occurred to her that such a being could leave the lowings of his cattle for the gentle voice of love. She poured out the good man's tea as she was desired, and smiled condescendingly, to deliver him from his panic. After a time or two, he became more at his ease; and, finally, bit his fingers and began to be ambitious. I know not how he contrived to screw his courage to the sticking place; but I rather suspect that his benevolent mistress, who continued her endeavours to promote universal felicity, lent him a hand. However the case might be, Lady L—— took the opportunity of a temporary absence of her husband with his regiment, to acquaint the innocent Mab that Mr. —— complained of her tea having intoxicated him. She described him in all the interesting terms which are captivating to girls of fifteen; but, like a savage, he only looked the more hideous for his decorations. Mab was quite old enough to distinguish between the true and artificial colouring, and neither the promise of increased love and protection, nor the gift of the romantic woodbine cottage at the end of the park, could dry up her agony of tears. She sank shuddering upon her knees, and hid her young face as though a monster were before her; and Lady L—— satisfied herself that she had more just grounds than ever to

reproach her with the basest ingratitude. She had taken her from a station which would have devoted her to the meanest servitude,—she had loved her as her own child,—she had educated her in the most finished style;—and now, that she desired her to be happy, and bestowed upon her a provision for life, her advice was to be disputed, and her wishes were to be disregarded.

The miserable girl replied that she was not ungrateful; that she loved her most truly; that she prayed most fervently to be able to prove it. Then “why did she refuse to give the proof which was now in her power? and what was likely to have become of her had she been left to her humble fate?” “I know it, I know it!—I should have had to toil, as my little brothers and sisters have done. Perhaps I should have begged, at the worst. I could but have died; and I should have died without the suspicion of ingratitude, or the sin of marrying where my heart shudders. I know I am now a feeble inexperienced girl, and unable to provide for myself if turned upon the world; but if you have found me unworthy of being your companion, let me be your servant. If my heart is unsusceptible of the feelings you anticipated, the principles which you have bestowed upon me will at least render me faithful. I have not made an ill use of my time, and can do much that you will not find in others.”

Alas! the tenderness of Lady L—— had ceased to be more than a theory. She doubted the motives of the poor girl's reluctance to leave her, and threw out hints which

could have sprung from nothing but the cruelty of a jealous heart.

Mab was struck dumb—she gazed upon her protectress for a while—her heart struggled to her throat, and she sunk back in her chair in an agony of distress. Lady L—— felt convinced that she had touched the secret spring of her victim's motives, and swept out of the room in a whirlwind of jealousy and indignation.

From this moment poor Mab offered no further resistance to her fate. She dried her tears; and though her face was deadly pale, it wore a look of determination to do all that was required of her. Lady L—— generously forgave her the crime which was thought to be unequivocally confessed; and the woodbine cottage was furnished in the most elegant style. I had hopes, that her extreme youth would accommodate itself to her circumstances, and that her life might hereafter pass in tranquillity and contentment. At all events, no change could be for the worse, where her presence was a burthen; and where she was doomed to undergo the keenest suffering; and as continually admonished that she was indebted in the deepest gratitude. My speculations, however, were mistaken. In the interval before her marriage, she wandered lonely and disconsolate, without occupation, and apparently without thought. She was striving to drive away reflection, and summon a desperate resolution for the trying occasion, and she succeeded. She went to the altar with the same calmness that supports a criminal

to the bar when his fate is certain. Her pretty features were sharpened into the sternness of death, and she spoke the fatal words with the audible precision which we might imagine of a spirit, when the tremors and anxieties of life are past. In the evening there was a *fête champêtre* for the second-rate persons of the neighbourhood, including all the bridegroom's friends and relations, and the bride's future associates. My heart ached for their vulgarity; but Mab's countenance underwent no change; and Lady L—— moved about with a condescending and benevolent aspect as though every thing met with her perfect approval, and her heart were gladdened by the happiness she had occasioned.

It would be tedious to relate the miseries of poor Mab's union, or how meekly she persevered in her endeavours to overcome them. There was no situation in which she could have been placed without performing her duty, but her spirits and her health were not in her power. While, therefore, her husband was inclined to treat her kindly for her submission to his habits, he could not fail of being dissatisfied with the visible efforts which it cost her. He was too much a man of business either to yield or expect any great share of devotion; but he thought it unreasonable that she should shrink from him with disgust. It was unjust to wear a face of such piteous sorrow, and subject him to the suspicion of ill usage. It was obstinate and unheard of to waste away, day by day, without uttering a complaint, or giving him an opportunity to remedy

the evil. By degrees his dissatisfaction began to find vent in expostulation. She was taunted coarsely with setting herself too high upon the patronage she had enjoyed, and was again taught to look back to her birth, and consider herself a fortunate being. She did not dispute the propriety of these allusions, and only laboured the more assiduously to prevent their recurrence ; but still it was in vain. Her efforts to appear happy did not prove her inability to feel so, and when she would have seemed least above her station, she was always the least successful. The exertion of a smile only left her to exhaustion and weeping ; and her courtesy to her new style of companions was considered strained and supercilious. She could not talk to them in their own way, and she found that her late elevation caused them to misinterpret her feelings with unsparing malice. Her heart sickened at the vain endeavour to please, where it was predetermined that she should fail, and she was accused of disgusting the low tribe by silence and inattention. Whatever she did was wrong. Her timid nature became habitually hesitating and mistrustful of itself, and things became worse and worse. She was considered a weak and unhappily disposed creature, and her husband presumed to treat her with neglect and contempt. Her resolution and her health became exhausted together, and in less than two months from her marriage, she wept herself upon a bed which was destined to yield her lasting repose.

Lady L——, whose benevolent countenance had not

been seen at the cottage since she had found reason to doubt the efficacy of the measures to which she had resorted for the happiness of its inmates, was sent for at Mab's touching entreaties. She came at the call, with a heart fluttering with self-reproach, and a variety of well-meant plans of atonement ; for which, however, she was saved the pain of ungrateful returns. Her protégé, wasted and woe-begone, could hardly be raised upon her pillow, and there was scarce blood enough at her heart to suffuse her cheek with a flush of satisfaction.

There was an affectionate spirit playing upon her fair features, which told more than Lady L—— thought necessary, and gave her transparent bosom and lucid glance an ethereal appearance which was fearfully beautiful. Lady L—— almost started from the touch of her hand ; and her tears, which had usually been too ready to flow, were stopped by breathless surprise.

"I thought," said the gentle girl, "you would pardon my sending for you at such a time. I could not die without beseeching you to believe that I am not ungrateful. I told you that I could not live, and, you see, the truth of it is proved. I told you that I loved you, for your goodness to me, and it was equally true. I have only one last favour to beg, which is, that you will think of me kindly, but never suffer my memory to give you pain. My early death is most welcome to me, for I have seen enough of life to be satisfied, and all the good which was likely to attach me to it I have owed to your kind hands. Re-

member this, and that I was no hypocrite in thus pressing them to my heart."

Poor Mab! she continued to press the hand which she held, till her grasp was cold, and her blue eyes were beaming where sorrow could never reach her. I feel that I have told her story feebly and imperfectly, but conveying, as it did, such a touching example of capricious patronage, I could not choose but attempt it. Of the ill-advised cause of her sorrows, I have still another word to say—a word with which the lover of retributive justice will hardly dispense. When the foregoing particulars were made known to Lady L——'s young husband, who returned from his regiment shortly afterwards, the heartlessness of her conduct was more than his honest spirit could brook. Her romantic lamentations over the frustration of her well-meant designs, were insufficient to deceive him into pity or forgiveness; and he left her in disgust, to assuage her conscience with fresh resolutions of sorrow and philanthropy, and to amuse her leisure hours with the detail of her hard usage, or the unaccountable misfortunes of every interesting person whom she had undertaken to patronize.

A FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Not in envy, ire, or grief,
Bid I now the Muse farewell;
'Tis no childish fancy brief,
Lured away by newer spell;
As, of earthly good the chief,
I have sought her long and well.

Not in anger ;—inward joys
Have been mine, and meed of praise,—
Payment vast for idle toys,
Fleeting, unsubstantial lays ;—
Sandy columns wind destroys,
And that wind again can raise.

No,—nor yet in grief we part,—
Never unto bard like me,
Gave the Muse a broken heart ;
'Tis to noble votaries, she
Doth that awful gift impart,—
Pledge of immortality!

Not in envy ;—though around,
Like the stars, a radiant throng,
In their several orbits found,
I behold the sons of song,—
Every brow with laurel bound,
And a few as giants strong.

Not in envy ;—though I know
Neither wreath nor radiance mine ;
I will yet pay homage low,
Pilgrim-like, at every shrine ;
Seek where buds and blossoms grow,
And for others garlands twine.

Never hath the Muse bereaved me,
Song hath lightened hours of pain ;
Never Poet yet deceived me,
Truer friend I scarce could gain ;
Ne'er among the things that grieved me,
Ranked the minstrel lute and strain.

Yet I bid the art adieu,
It may be adieu for ever ;
I abjure the Syren too,
Vain, I own my best endeavour ;
Weak to grasp, though keen to view,
Climbing alway—rising never.

Though I smite the rock of song,
At my stroke no stream will flow,—
At my spell no spirits strong
Bidden come, or mastered go ;
Nor the world of passion throng
With its wild waves to and fro.

Farewell Muse !—vouchsafing never
But dim glance and veiled brow ;
Farewell Lute !—a rude toy ever,
Broken, stringless, soon art thou !
Farewell Song !—thy last notes quiver,—
Muse,—Lute,—Music,—farewell now !

October 5th, 1825.

M. J. J.

A REMONSTRANCE

TO THE AUTHORESS OF THE FOREGOING "FAREWELL
TO THE MUSE."

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

GENTLE Minstrel, say not so !

Bid not thus the Muse farewell !

Since to her 'tis thine to owe

Many a bright and soothing spell,

Fraught with power to bring a train

Of unbidden joys around thee :—

If she "lightens hours of pain,"

And, when fate's barbed arrows wound thee,

Pours upon thy bleeding heart,

Balsam sweet, to heal the smart ;

If thou 'st loved her "long and well,"

Wherefore bid her now farewell !

II.

Fame's proud steep is hard to climb,
Never Poet gained its brow,
And its laurel wreath sublime,
But with toilsome steps, and slow ;
For the Muse is coy to yield
To the first light vows we make her ;
Those who 'd see her spells unsealed,
To their inmost hearts must take her ;
Cherish her in weal or woe,
And all other loves forego ;—
Nor, when fancies wild impel,
Bid her thus, like thee, farewell !

III.

Why pronounce her promise vain,
And her name, ungrateful, wrong ?
Why declare in such a strain,
In so wildly sweet a song,
That she ne'er to thee hath given
Gleams of her ethereal fire,—
Foretastes of her native heaven,
Now to soften—now inspire !
Where, if not on hearts like thine,
May she pour her rays divine ;
To whom may she her mysteries tell,
If thou must bid her thus farewell !

IV.

Then take thy Lute, and it shall be,
Betide what may of dark or bright,
Even as Aladdin's lamp to thee,
The depths of thine own heart to light :—
To point where gems unnumbered shine,
Wealth thou may 'st scarcely deem of now ;
And bid thee thence a garland twine,
To grace thy young, aspiring brow,—
A wreath of more than mortal birth,
To keep thy memory green on earth,
When thou hast bidden Song's sweet spell,
Muse, Lute, and Life, indeed, Farewell !

RETIREMENT.

A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH GALLERY, BY LEAKY.

It was a stream in Thessaly, the banks
Were solitary, for the cypress trees
Closed o'er the waters ; yet at times the wind
Threw back the branches, and then a sunbeam
Flung down a golden gift upon the wave,
And showed its treasures ; for the pebbles shone
Like pearls and purple gems, fit emblems they
For the delights that hope holds up to youth,
False in their glittering, and when they lose
The sparkle of the water and the sun,
They are found valueless. Is it not thus
With pleasures, when the freshness and the gloss
That young life threw o'er them has dried away ?

One only flower grew in that lonely place,
The lily, covered with its shadowy leaves,
Even as some Eastern beauty with her veil,

And like the favourite urns of spring ; its bells
Held odours that the zephyrs dared not steal.
And by the river was a maiden leant,
With large dark eyes, whose melancholy light
Seemed as born of deep thought which had gone through
Full many a stage of human wretchedness,—
Had known the anxious misery of love,—
The sickness of the hope which pines and dies
From many disappointments,—and the waste
Of feelings in the gay and lighted hall ;—
But more, as knowledge grew but from report
Than its own sad experience ; for she loved
The shelter of the quiet mountain valley,
The shadow of the scented myrtle grove,
And, more than all, the solitary bend,
Hidden by cypresses, of her own river,—
They called the nymph—~~Retirement.~~

L. E. L.

CONSTANCE DE CEZELLI.

During the troubles of the League, in 1593, Henri de Saint Armes, governor of Louvaine for Henry IV., was taken prisoner by the Spaniards. They pressed the governor to deliver up Louvaine; they threatened at the same time to kill him, if he did not persuade Constance De Cezelli, his wife, who had put herself at the head of the garrison, to open the gates. He was immovable. Constance, informed of his danger, replied, she would never purchase the life of her husband by giving up a fortress, for the preservation of which he would glory to die. Irritated at this, they put their threat into execution, and then raised the siege. Henry IV., who knew how to recompense great notions, sent her the brevet as governess of Louvaine, with its revenues to her son.

History of France.

I.

LIST to the bugle's call, trampling of mailed feet,
A battle-cry from the outward wall, where cuirass'd
warriors meet;
A sound of woe is on the breeze, a murmuring of despair,
And tears, half shame, half sadness, flow from one wild
watching there.

II.

She walks the turret's height, and she stills her heart to
speak,
While falls the sombre hue of night like sorrow on her
cheek;—
“ Oh, would that life of mine might save thy proud head
from the sword,
I 'd welcome as a joy the grave, my husband and my lord !

III.

"They tell me thou must die, and I look upon our son ;—
Might'st thou be sayed ? Thou might'st—and I—what
hath my rashness done !—

Yet wert thou by thy Constance now, all stained thy
noble fame,
How could I gaze upon thy brow—and die not in my
shame !

IV.

"Oh, ever wast thou known to wear, in tent, on battle-
plain,
The loftiest brow, the stateliest mien, of all the knightly
train ;
And I have gazed with woman's pride, lived on each look,
each word,—
Oh, woe that thou should'st leave my side,—my husband
and my lord !

V.

"Where France's banners wave, 'mid the thundering
cannon's breath,
Had'st thou found among the perished brave a hero's
honoured death,
Not thus I would have wept the fate renown and glory
wrought ;
But, thus by traitor hands to die, it is a maddening
thought !

VI.

" Our son is wild with grief, yet reck's not of thy fate,—
' Where,' cries he, ' is my sire, our chief, the foe beset
our gate ?

Those gleaming swords, gay dancing plumes, that mock
the kindling sky,

Mark when my gallant father comes, they will not wave
thus high.'

VII.

" Day sets behind the hills, and countless golden lines
Are flashing down the crystal streams, on the green and
purple vines ;

Alas ! even now thy doom they seal—thy groans are on
the air—

Save him ! oh, hear me, heaven—I kneel—I kneel in my
despair !"

VIII.

'Tis morn, but dark and drear,—she looks on earth 'mid
storm,—

The wide sea trembles, as in fear, before her threatening
form ;

On Leucate's plain, a warrior knight in pale death lonely
lies,

His funeral song the thunder's peal, as it sweeps from
the frowning skies.

C. S.

THE TAKING OF TROY.

CHORUS FROM THE TROADES OF EURIPIDES.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

A SAD, unwonted song,
O'er Ilion, Muse! prolong,
Mingled with tears of woe,
The funeral descant slow.

I too, with shriek and frantic cry,
Take up the dismal melody;
How, lost through that strange four-wheeled car,
Stern Argos' captive chains we wear.
What time the Greek, or ere he fled,
Left at our gate the armed steed,
Menacing the heavens with giant height,
And all with golden housings bright.

Shouted all the people loud,
On the rock-built height that stood,—
"Come," they sang, and on they prest,—
"Come, from all our toils released,

Lead the blest image to the shrine
Of her, the Jove-born Trojan maid divine!"

Lingered then what timorous maid?
Her age his tardy steps delayed;—
With gladsome shout, and jocund song,
They drew their treacherous fate along;
And all the Phrygian rout
Through every gate rush'd out.
On the dangerous gift they lead,
The beauty of the unyoked, immortal steed,
With its ambushed warrior freight,
Argos' pride and Ilion's fate.
Round the stately horse, and round
Cord and cable soon they wound,
And drag it on, like pinnace dark
Of some tall and stately bark,
To the Temple's marble floor,
Soon to swim with Trojan gore.

O'er the toil, the triumph, spread
Silent night her curtained shade;
But Lybian pipes still sweetly rang,
And many a Phrygian air they sang;
And maidens danced with airy feet,
To the jocund measures sweet.
And every house was blazing bright,
As the glowing festal light

Its rich and purple splendour streamed,
Where the mantling wine-cup gleamed.

But I, the while, the palace courts around,
Hymning the mountain queen, Jove's virgin daughter,
Went with blithe dance, and music's sprightly sound,—
When, all at once, the frantic cry of slaughter
All through the wide and startled city ran !
The shudd'ring infants on their mothers' breasts
Clung with their hands, and cowered within their vests.
Forth stalked the mighty Mars, and the fell work began,
The work of Pallas in her ire !—
Then round each waning altar fire,
Wild slaughter, drunk with Phrygian blood,
And murderous Desolation strewed ;
Where, on her couch of slumber laid,
Was wont to rest the tender maid,
To warrior Greece the crown of triumph gave,
The last full anguish to the Phrygian slave !

MY GODFATHER.

BY MISS MITTFORD.

It is now nearly twenty years ago that I, a young girl, just freed from the trammels of schooldom, went into a remote and distant county, on a visit to my godfather, to make acquaintance with a large colony of my relations, and behold new scenes and new faces ;—a pleasure, certainly ; but a formidable and awful pleasure to a shy and home-loving girl. Nothing could have reconciled me to the prospect of encountering so many strange cousins, for they were all strangers, but my strong desire to see my dear and venerable godpapa, for whom, although we had never met since the christening, I entertained the most lively affection,—an affection nourished on his part by kindnesses of every sort, from the huge wax-doll, and the letter in print-hand proper to the damsel of six years old, down to the pretty verses, and the elegant necklace, his birth-day greeting to the young lady of sixteen. He was no stranger, that dear godpapa ! I was quite sure I should know him at first sight, quite sure that I should love him better than ever—both which predictions were

verified to the letter. It would have been strange indeed if they had not.

Mr. Evelyn, for so I shall call him, was a gentleman of ancient family and considerable fortune, residing in a small town in the north of England; where he had occupied, for the last fifty years, the best house, and the highest station, the object of universal respect and affection from high and low. He was that beautiful thing, a healthy and happy old man. Shakspeare, the master-painter, has partly described him for me, in the words of old Adam,—

"Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frothy but kindly."

Never was wintry day, with the sun smiling upon the icicles, so bright or so keen. At eighty-four he had an unbent vigorous person, a fresh colour, long curling milk-white hair, and regular features, lighted up by eyes as brilliant and as piercing as those of a hawk: his foot was as light, his voice as clear, and his speech as joyous, as at twenty. He had a life of mind, an alertness of spirit, a brilliant and unfading hilarity, which were to him like the quick blood of youth. Time had been rather his friend than his foe; had stolen nothing as far as I could discover; and had given such a license to his jokes and his humour, that he was, when I knew him, as privileged a person as a court-jester in days of yore. Perhaps he was always so; for, independently of fortune and station, high animal spirits, invincible good humour, and a certain

bustling officiousness, are pretty sure to make their way in the world, especially when they seek only for petty distinctions. He was always the first personage of his small circle ; president of half the clubs in the neighbourhood ; steward to the races ; chairman of the bench ; father of the corporation ; and would, undoubtedly, have been member for the town if that ancient borough had not had the ill luck to be disfranchised in some stormy period of our national history.

But that was no great loss to my dear godfather. Even the bench and the vestry, although he presided at them with sufficient reputation, were too grave matters to suit his taste. He would have made a bad police magistrate : his sympathies ran directly the contrary way. Accordingly he used to be accused of certain merciful abuses of his office of justice of the peace, such as winking at vagrants and vagabonds, encouraging the Merry Andrew, and the droll fellow Punch, and feeing the constable not to take up a certain drunken fiddler, who had haunted the town, man and boy, these forty years.

Races and balls were more his element. There he would walk about with his hands behind him, and a pleasant word for every one ; his keen eye sparkling with gaiety, and his chuckling laugh heard above all ; the unwearied patron and promoter of festivity in all its branches : rather than the dance should languish he would stand up himself. This indulgence to the young, or rather this sympathy with enjoyment wherever he found

is, was not confined to the rich ; he liked a fair or a revel quite as well as an assembly,—perhaps better, because the merriment there was noisier, heartier, and more completely free from restraint. How he would chuck the rosy country lasses under the chin, and question them about their sweethearts ! And how the little coquettes would smile and blush, and curtsy, and cry *fie*, and enjoy it ! That was certainly an octogenarian privilege, and one fairly worth a score or two of years in his estimation.

But these diversions, thoroughly as he entered into their spirit, were by no means necessary to his individual amusement. His cheerfulness needed no external stimuli. The day was too short,—life itself, although so prolonged, was too brief for his busy idleness. He had nothing to do, followed no calling, belonged to no profession, had no estate to improve, no children to establish, and yet from morning to night he was employed about some vagary or other, with as much ardour as if the fate of the nation depended on his speed. Fiddling and fishing, shooting and coursing, turning and varnishing, making bird-cages and picture-frames, and cabbage-nets and flies for angling, constructing charades and tagging verses, were only a few of his occupations. Then he dallied with science, and flirted with art ; was in a small way a connoisseur, had a tolerable collection of prints, and a very bad one of paintings, and was moreover a sort of virtuoso. I had not been two days in the house before my good

godfather introduced me to his museum; a long room, or rather gallery, where, as he boasted, and I well believe, neither mop nor broom, nor housemaid, had ever entered.

This museum was certainly the dirtiest den into which I ever set foot,—dark to a pitch which took away for a while all power of distinguishing objects; and so dusty as to annihilate colour and confuse form. I have a slight notion that this indistinctness was in the present instance rather favourable than otherwise to the collection, which, I cannot help suspecting, was a thought less valuable than its owner opined. It consisted, I believe, (for one cannot be very sure), of sundry birds in glass cases, exceedingly ragged and dingy; of sundry stuffed beasts, among which the moth had made great havoc; of sundry reptiles, and other curiosities, preserved, pickled—(what is the proper word?)—in glass bottles; of a great heap of ores, and shells, and spars, covered with cobwebs; of some copper coins all rust; of half a mummy; and a bit of cloth made of asbestos. The only time I ever got into a scrape with my good-humoured host was on the score of this last-mentioned treasure. Being assured by him that it was the veritable, undoubted asbestos, which not only resists the action of fire, but is actually cleansed by that element, I proposed, seeing how very much it needed purification, that it should undergo a fiery ablution forthwith; but that ordeal was rejected, as too dangerous; and I myself certainly considered for five minutes as dangerous too,—something of an incen-

diary, a female *Guy Faux*. I was lucky enough to do away the impression by admiring, very honestly, some newly caught butterflies,—pretty insects, and not yet spoiled,—which occupied one side of a long table. They were backed, to my great consternation, by a row of skulls, which Mr. Evelyn, having lately met with Dr. Gall's book, and being much smitten with crania—I beg its new name's pardon—phrenology,—had purchased, at five shillings a head, of the sexton, and now descanted on their bumps in a vein as unlike Hamlet's as possible.

The museum was hung round with festoons of birds' eggs, strung necklace fashion, as boys are wont to thread them, being the part of its contents, which, next perhaps to his new playthings, the skulls, its owner valued most. Indeed, they had an additional charm in his eyes, by being mostly the trophies of his own exploits from childhood downward. Bird-nesting, always his favourite sport, had been, since he had dabbled in natural history, invested with the dignity of a pursuit. He loved it as well as any child in the parish; had as keen an eye to his game, and as much intrepidity in its acquisition; climbed trees, delved into hedgerows, and no more minded a rent garment, or a tumble into a ditch, than an urchin of eight years old. The butterflies, too, were for the most part of his own catching. I have myself seen a chase after a moth that might serve as a companion to that grand *Peter-Pindaric*, "*Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco*;" but my godfather had the better of the sport, he knocked down his insect.

To return to our museum. The last article that I remember was a prodigious bundle of autographs, particularly unselect; where Thomas Smith, date unknown, figured by the side of Oliver Cromwell; and John Brown, equally incognito, had the honour of being tied up with Queen Elizabeth. I would not be very certain either that there might not be an occasional forgery among the greater names; not on the part of the possessor, he would as soon have thought of forging a bank bill, but on that of the several venders or donors, which last class generally came autograph in hand to beg a favour. Never was any human being so complete a subject for imposition,—so entirely devoid of guile himself, so utterly unsuspecting of its existence in others, he lived as if there were not a lie in the world;—blessed result of a frank and ardent temperament, and of a memory so happily constituted, that it retained no more trace of past evil than of last year's clouds.

His living collection was quite as large, and almost as out of the way as his dead one. He was an eminent bird-fancier, and had all sorts of "*smalé foulés*," as old Chaucer calls them, in every variety of combination, and in different stages of education; for your professed bird-fancier, like your professed florist, is seldom content to let nature alone. Starlings, jays, and magpies, learning to talk; bullfinches and goldfinches learning tunes from a barrel organ; linnets brought up under a woodlark, unlearning their own notes and studying his; nightingales, some of the earliest known in these parts, learning

to live north of Trent; all sorts of canaries and male birds, and nests full of young things, names unknown, made up the miscellaneous contents of his aviary. He had also some white mice, a tame squirrel, and a very sagacious hedgehog; and he had had a tortoise, which, by an extraordinary exertion of ingenuity, he had contrived to kill,—a feat which a road waggon going sheer over the poor animal would have failed to perform. This was the manner. The tortoise, as most people know, is for about six months in the year torpid, and generally retires under ground to enjoy his half year's nap: he had been missing some days, when the old gardener dug him up out of a cabbage bed, and brought him in for dead. My godfather forgetting his protégés' habits, and just fresh from reading some book on the efficacy of the warm bath, (he was a great man for specifics), soured the unlucky land-crab into hot water, and killed it outright. All that could be done to repair the mischief was tried, and he was finally replaced in his old burrow, the cabbage bed; but even burying failed to bring him to life again. This misadventure rather damped Mr. Evelyn's zest for outlandish favourites. After all, his real and abiding pets were children,—children of all ages, from six months old to twelve years. He had much of the child in his own composition; his sweet and simple nature, his restlessness and merriment, harmonized with theirs most completely. He loved a game at romps too as well as they did, and would join in all their sports, from battledore and shuttlecock, to puss in the corner.

He had no child of his own,—(have I not said that he was married?)—no child whom he had an absolute right to spoil; but he made all the children of the place serve his turn, and right happy were they to be spoiled by Mr. Evelyn. They all flocked around him, guided by that remarkable instinct by which the veriest baby can detect a person who really loves it; ran after him when he rode on horseback, thrust their little hands into his when he walked, and hung round the stone porch in which he had the habit of sitting on a summer afternoon, reading the newspaper in the sun, and chatting to the passers by, (for he knew every soul in the place, gentle or simple); holding a long dialogue with one, sending a jest after another, and a kind nod to the third. Thither his clients, the children, would resort every evening, as much, I verily believe, for love of their patron as for the gingerbread, apples, and halfpence,—the tops, marbles, and balls, which used to issue from those capacious magazines, his pockets.

The house to which this porch belonged was well suited to the tastes and station of its owner;—stately, old-fashioned, and spacious; situate in the principal street, and commanding the market-place,—a mansion in a town. Behind was a formal garden in the Dutch style,—terraces, and beds of flowers, and tall yew hedges, and holly and box cut into various puzzling shapes,—dragons, and peacocks, and lions, and swans. Within doors all was equally precise and out of date, being (except the museum)

under the especial and exclusive dominion of the lady of the house.

Mrs. Evelyn formed just the sort of contrast with her husband, which is said to tell best in matrimony. She was nearly twenty years younger in actual age, but seemed twenty years older from the mere absence of his vivacity. In all essential points they agreed perfectly; were equally charitable, generous, hospitable, and just; but of their minor differences there was no end. She was grave, and slow, and formal,—upright, thin, and pale; dressed with a sort of sober splendour, wore a great quantity of old-fashioned jewellery, went airing every day, and got up, breakfasted, dined, supped, and went to bed at exactly the same minute the whole year round,—clock-work was never more regular. Then she was addicted to a fussing and fidgetty neatness, such as is held proper to old maids or Dutch women, and kept the house afloat with perpetual scourings; moreover, she had a hatred of motion and idleness, and pursued, as a duty, some long, tiresome, useless piece of handy-work,—knitting a carpet for instance, or knitting a veil, or constructing that hideous piece of female joinery, a patch-work counterpane. The room in which I slept bore notable testimony to her industry; the whole fringe of the bed and window curtains being composed of her knotting, and the hearth-rug of her work, as well as a chair, miscalled easy, stuffed into a hardness, bumping against you in every direction, and covered with huge flowers, in small tent stitch,—flowers that would have done honour to the gardens of Brobdingnag. Besides this,

she was a genealogist, and used to bewilder herself and her hearers in a labyrinth of pedigree, which even at this distance of time it gives me a head-ache to think of; nay, she was so unmerciful as to expect that I should understand and recollect all the intricacies of my own descent, and how I came to be of kin to the innumerable cousins to whom she introduced me,—I could as soon have learnt that despair of my childhood, the multiplication table.

All this might seem to compose no very desirable companion for an idle girl of sixteen; but I had not been a week in the house before I loved her very nearly as well as my dear godfather, although in a different way. Her thorough goodness made itself felt; and she was so perfectly a gentlewoman, so constantly considerate and kind, so liberal and charitable in deed and word, nobody could help loving Mrs. Evelyn. Besides, we had one taste in common, a fondness for her peculiar territory, the orchard, a large grassy spot covered with fine old fruit trees, divided from the flower garden on the north by a magnificent yew hedge, bounded on one side by a filbert walk, on the other by the high ivied stone wall of the potagerie, and sloping down on the south to a broad sparkling rivulet, which went dancing along like a thing of life, (as your northern rivulet is apt to do), forming a thousand tiny bays and mimic promontories, and letting in a prospect of matchless beauty. Fancy a winding woodland valley, a rural bridge, a village with its gothic church, and a steep acclivity crowned with the ruins of a venerable castle, thrown together with a felicity of form and colour—

ing which might beseech a landscape-painter's dream, and you will have a faint idea of the view from that orchard. Under the yew hedge, on a sunny bank thickly set with roses and honeysuckles, and flowers and sweet herbs, were Mrs. Evelyn's pets, her only pets, the bees. She was so fond of them, and visited them so often, that I used to wonder that she allowed them to be taken; but her love of bees was balanced by her extraordinary predilection for honey: honey, especially when eaten in the comb, was, in her mind, a specific for all diseases, an universal panacea, the true elixir vite. She imputed her own good health entirely to this salutary regimen; and was sure to trace every illness she heard of to some neglect of honey-eating. That she never could prevail on her husband to taste this natural balsam, (as she was wont to call it), must have been the great evil of her matrimonial life. Every morning did she predict death or disease to the sturdy recusant; and every morning was she answered by the same keen glance of the laughing hazel eye, and the same arch nod of defiance. There he sat, a living witness that man might thrive without honey. It was really too provoking.

Another point in dispute between them arose out of Mr. Evelyn's extraordinary addiction to match-making. He always insisted on calling marriage a happy ceremony, although one should think he had attended weddings enough to know that a funeral is generally lively in the comparison; and I am persuaded that, dear as he held his genuine asbestos, a piece of bride-cake, drawn

nine times through the ring, would, for the time being, have been held the greater treasure. Accordingly, he was the general confidant of all courtships of gentility within ten miles, and even, with all deference be it spoken, of some wooings which had no gentility to boast; for his taste being known, and his abilities in that line duly appreciated, half the youths in the town came bowing to his honour to beg his good word. To his honour's good word, and his own goodly person, did John Bell, head waiter of the Greyhound, owe the felicity of calling the buxom widow Wilson, the rich landlady of that well accustomed inn, Mrs. Bell. To his honour's good word, and a threatened loss of custom, was Robert Ford, the smart young linen-draper, indebted for the fair hand of Margaret Car, sole heiress of Archy Car, Scotchman and barber, between whom and old Robert Ford a Capulet and Montagu feud, originating in a quarrel about their respective countries, had subsisted for a dozen years. Nothing short of my godfather's threatening to learn to shave could have brought that Romeo and Juliet together. His honour related these exploits with great complacency, whilst his wife did not fail to remind him of the less fortunate exertions of his talent. How his influence gained poor Will, the blacksmith, his shrew, or Jem, the gardener, his daudle. But such accidents will befall the ablest diplomatists. The grand object of his schemes, at present, was an union between two individuals of his own household. Mrs. Evelyn's personal attendant was a stiff, perpendicular old maid, bony and meagre in

her person, with red hair, and something of a vinegar aspect,—for the rest, a well-intentioned woman, and a valuable servant. Mr. Evelyn had been looking out for a sweetheart for this amiable damsel, (Mrs. Embleton by name), for the last ten years, and had begun to despair of success, when all at once it occurred to him to strike up a match between her and his old coachman, Samuel—a round, jolly old bachelor, blunt and bluff, with a broad red face, a knowing grin, and a most magnificent coachmanlike wig. He began in due form by rallying Mrs. Embleton on her conquest. Mrs. Embleton minced and simpered,—no objection in that quarter! Then he consulted Mrs. Evelyn,—Mrs. Evelyn remonstrated;—that, however, he knew, from experience, might be overcome. Then he laughed at Samuel,—Samuel whistled;—that was rather dismaying. The next day he returned to the charge—and again Sam whistled;—worse and worse!—A third time his master attacked him, and a third time did Samuel whistle;—and any body but my godfather would have despaired. He, however, did not. At this point stood the game when I left the north; and the very first letter I received from Mrs. Evelyn informed me that the marriage was settled, the wedding-day fixed, and the bride-cake purchased. And the next brought tidings, (for I still had doubts of Samuel), that the ceremony was actually performed, and the happy knot tied; and Mrs. Evelyn seemed pacified, and the bridegroom resigned,—notwithstanding my dear godfather!

AMICI.

Nunc unus petit astra, mox et alter :
Cui non raptus amicus ? Omnis, Aule,
Infrà natus amor peribit infrà.
Quem terrena quies beârit, illi
Non post ante obitumve erit quod optat.

Ultra Temporis ipsius volatum,
Torvæ tristia regna Mortis ultra,
Est felix regio, est—ubi receptis
Haud ævum, velut halitus, per auras
Vanescit ; neque amor, caducus ignis,
Statim exstinguitur, ut micare coepit.

Est suprâ regio, est—ubi suorum
Velli amplexibus haud erit timendum :
Æternâ sed Amor bonis corollâ
Cinget tempora, ibique mortuorum
Ferri læta Fides videt catervas.

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

I.

Love, practice not those wily ways,
My conscious heart to move,
Affected anger but betrays
Suspicious doubts of love ;
That face, where frowns at will can dwell,
Where cold deceit beguiles,
May just as easy and as well
Dissemble while it smiles.

II.

Thy face is fair, let that suffice,
And scorn a meaner power ;
Worth adds to beauty's fading price,
As fragrance to the flower.
And though you frown or smile in jest,
My folly must declare
A weakness burns within my breast,
Feels all in earnest there !

LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. AND J. B. FLINDELL, 67, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

AUTOGRAPHS - N^o 1.

J. D. Dilling John Salt W. H. Ditchins
 J. Colman James Smith
 W. Lawrence. David Wilkie
 Paul Hall Washington Irving
 Leigh Hunt Jane Porter -

J. S. Meisenger sc.

AUTOGRAPHS - N^o 2.

Maria Edgeworth
 Volney B. Jeffrey D. Ingham
 W. Barry John Franklin
 N. G. Foscolo S. Liddons. -
 Russell. Horatio Smith.

J. S. Meisenger sc.

Postscript.

I HAVE reserved to myself space for a few incidental remarks which, had they been of sufficient importance to have warranted their appearance in the preface, would have swelled it to an inordinate length.

I trust the ladies will excuse the introduction of a few latin verses into the pages of the *SOUVENIR*. I allude to the beautiful translation of Mr. Montgomery's "Friends," with which I was favoured soon after the publication of the volume for 1825, by my friend the Archdeacon Wrangham; to my classical readers they cannot fail of proving acceptable, as proceeding from the pen of one of the most accomplished scholars of the age.

A great number of anonymous contributions have been received since the publication of the *LITERARY SOUVENIR* for 1825, which it is quite impossible to mention more particularly here, and equally so to reply to privately. These articles, which happen to be all unsuited to my purpose, are consigned to the care of Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., addressed to the initials respectively subscribed to them. I am obliged to the parties for their kind intentions, and as several of the pieces, although ineligible for publication in this work, are possessed of great merit, I trust that each contributor will ascribe the non-insertion of any article with which he may have favoured me to the cause which is most flattering to his or her self-esteem.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to mention, that the contents of the present volume are not precisely what were announced in the *Literary Gazette* some weeks ago, several pieces having given place to productions received after the list had been printed, and some few having been omitted because it was discovered, on making up the pages of the later sheets, that it would be impossible to include them without materially increasing the bulk of the volume. Even as it is an extra half-sheet has been introduced. Among the poems thus necessarily excluded, are *GERTRUDE DE BALM*, *THE PLAGUE SHIP*, *TO-MORROW AND YESTERDAY*, *THE LADY AND THE MERLIN*, *KING PEDRO'S REVENGE*, and *DEATH CROWNED*, by the Editor; and unpublished poems by Dr. Langhorne and Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.

Mr. Montgomery mentions in his *Sheffield Iris*, that the "Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria," by Mr. Campbell, in the *L. S.* for 1825, were originally published, about twenty years ago, in an obscure newspaper, long since defunct, entitled "*The Alfred*." Mr. M. considers the poem one of the most powerful compositions of its author. The little piece, from the same pen, inserted in the present volume, may, it is possible, have appeared under similar circumstances. I am not, however, aware that it has. The same remark will apply to the little epigram by Mr. Coleridge. Neither of these poems was furnished by their authors. The song ascribed to Sheridan was presented to me as original, by a distinguished living poet.

A. A. W.

LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1825.

A few copies may still be had of

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR;

OR

CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE,

FOR 1825.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

PRINTED FOR

HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO., 5, WATERLOO PLACE.

Independently of ten highly finished line engravings by Charles Heath, Finden, &c. &c. from designs by Copley Fielding, Brockedon, Nash, Corbould, Wright, and other eminent artists, and three plates of fac-similes of the hand-writing of the living poets of Britain, this work contains about seventy original articles in prose and verse (tales, romances, and poems), from the pens of Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, esq., Mrs. Hemans, the Rev. C. R. Maturin, James Montgomery, esq., L. E. L. author of the "Improvisatrice," James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Rev. G. Croly, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, Allan Cunningham, the Archdeacon Wrangham, the Editor of the Literary Gazette, J. H. Wiffen, esq., Mrs. Ople, Delta (of Blackwood's Magazine), the Author of "May you like it," the Rev. C. C. Colton, the Rev. Thomas Dale, William Read, esq., the late Ismael Fitzadam, the sailor poet, the late Herbert Knowles, Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, David Lyndsay, author of the "Dramas of the Ancient World," Alaric A. Watts, &c. &c. &c.

Among the embellishments are—I. the Mother and Child, from a painting by Brockedon. II. the Bay of Naples, from a drawing by Copley Fielding. III. Mary Queen of Scots and Chatelar in the Boudoir of Holyrood, from a design by Ducis. IV. the Decision of the Flower, from a drawing by Wright after Retzsch. V. a view of Lyons, from a drawing by Brockedon. VI. Kirkstall Abbey, from a drawing by Charles Cope. VII. Ishmael and Miriam at the Fountain of Engaddi, from a design by Wright. VIII. View of Paris from the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, from a painting by

Literary Souvenir for 1825.

Nash. IX. the Fortress of Saguntum, from a sketch by Brockedon. X. Emblematical Frontispiece, from a design by Henry Corbould. XI. and XII. External embellishments, viz. The Hebe, and Dancing Girl, of Canova. XIII., XIV., and XV. Facsimiles of the hand-writing of Sir Walter Scott, Roscoe, Barton, Gifford, Colton, Crabbe, Campbell, Lamb, Opie, Wiffen, Polwhele, Wrangham, Shee, Byron, Cunningham, Rogers, Maturin, Hogg, H. Moore, Baillie, Bowles, Cornwall, Procter, Moore, Hemans, Read, Coleridge, Tennant, Wilson, Southey, Croly, Milman, Montgomery, Wordsworth, L. E. L.

The following are a few of the many Testimonies which have already appeared in various Periodical Publications, in favour of the LITERARY SOUVENIR:—

If the legitimate object of periodical criticism be to recommend to the public such works as deserve its patronage, and expose fully and false taste, we may, in the discharge of the first of these offices, be allowed to criticise the *Literary Souvenir*. The leading character of the articles is superior, the design is excellent, and, if rightly presented, the *Literary Souvenir* may take the highest rank among periodical publications. The most eminent literary characters of the day are among its contributors. With such writers, and published annually, the work has every chance of attaining to steady excellence and enduring reputation. The limitations of our work will not allow us to quote a sixth part of what we could, otherwise, dwell on with great pleasure: there is much that is beautiful in the longer tales. The engravings which accompany the *Literary Souvenir* are extremely beautiful.

British Critic.

In point of literary merit, the palm must be conceded to the *Literary Souvenir*. Mr. Watts appears to have taken great pains to render his little work deserving of public favour. The embellishments surpass those we have ever seen in any similar work, designed by artists of talent, and engraved in a style of great beauty. We have here a display of genuine taste,—an elegant compendium of our passing literary novelties, which no gentleman need be ashamed to place in the hands of a lady on a new year's day.

New Monthly Magazine.

The volume contains three hundred and ninety-four pages, written by popular authors; ten exquisite engravings, by the first artists; and three plates of autographs of the principal living poets. Besides the poetry, of which we have quoted some average specimens, there are some half a score prose tales, picturesque or pathetic. The prose tales are in general good—excellent. Some of the best pieces in the *Literary Souvenir* are from the Editor's pen. Perhaps the best poem is by Allan Cunningham.

Blackwood's Magazine.

This is one of the most elegant and attractive little volumes that have yet appeared in this age of literary luxury, and does equal credit to the Editor's taste and the spirit of the Publishers. The work is intended to be continued annually, and, if the future volumes should correspond in the merit of the original compositions, and the style of the embellishments, to this specimen, there can be no doubt that its yearly appearance will be hailed with the most unequivocal marks of public favour. Not the least pleasing and interesting poems are those furnished by the Editor. Some of the plates are exquisitely engraved.

Edinburgh Review.

Mr. Watts' publication declines the title and office of an almanack, claiming favour merely as a collection of original pieces in prose and verse, to form an elegant new year's gift. Our readers are not unacquainted with the poetic merit of Mr. Watts' own compositions, and they will find themselves no strangers to his associates in this undertaking. These names must, of themselves, stamp the nature and merit of the compositions, which are not only so numerous, but so extremely various in their subjects, that it is equally impossible for us to give any detailed character of them. The engravings are very pleasing, and the whole volume is prepared in the most handsome manner.

Monthly Review.

The *Literary Souvenir* boasts such a catalogue of contributors, that were one-half of their compositions to be published as a volume, at any period of the year, we should be inclined to rank it among the most striking productions of the press, and treat it, perhaps, with greater consideration than we pay to the whole together, assuming the more toy-like shape of a Christmas present. That the *Souvenir* rises far above this order will be felt when we state that among its contents are original pieces by Sir Walter Scott, Campbell,

Literary Souvenir for 1825.

Maturin, Hemans, and many other well-known names, as well as anonymous contributions by very able writers, who have chosen to remain incognito. There are, in fact, above sixty tales, romances, and poems, by these distinguished penes; and the volume is adorned by several admirable engravings of subjects well chosen for its illustration.—The *Literary Souvenir* is eminently entitled, not only to take a foremost place among these modern improvements which we have called Annuals, but to a station in every drawing-room and library where female taste and literary predilections prevail.

Literary Gazette.

This is one of the most beautiful little volumes that ever came under our notice. The Editor, Mr. Alaric A. Watts, himself a poet of no mean fame, has rallied to his aid a host of eminent writers, whose united contributions must ensure popularity to any publication. There are ten highly finished engravings. The landscapes are, indeed, perfect gems of art;—nor are the historical subjects less beautiful.

Gentleman's Magazine.

The book before us may well be considered a dangerous rival to Ackermann's *Pocket no. 1861*. Its engravings are, indeed, splendid; and the contributions, which afford many happy specimens of all that is beautiful in poetry and romance, are the productions of several of the most distinguished writers of the day. To observe that the *Literary Souvenir* is fraught with the happy efforts of writers of such high repute, is not only to give our readers a tolerable idea of its character, but to bestow upon it, at the same time, what is, in our opinion, its greatest eulogium. The tales in prose are all very beautiful.

European Magazine.

The *Literary Souvenir* is a very pleasing little work. It has much more variety than either of its rivals, and its poetry is generally of a superior character. Considerable pains, indeed, must have been taken to collect together so great a number of pieces possessing so much merit, and for this a good deal of praise is due to the Editor. Such pieces are of permanent interest, and may be read again and again with delight. The embellishments of the *Literary Souvenir* are very finely executed. No one can fail to be delighted with the charming *View of Lyons*, the *Portress of Saguntum*, or that sweet little gem, *Kirkstall Abbey*. The *View of Paris*, also, from Fort la Chaine, is very fine.

Buckingham's Oriental Herald.

In that species of utility which consists in ministering to mental recreation, and the gratification of taste and sentiment, the *Literary Souvenir* may be truly said to abound to the extent of its necessary limits. The engravings are very beautiful, and the printing and getting up commensurate both with these embellishments and with the literature they accompany. Of this we need only mention the names of Campbell, Montgomery, Maturin, Mrs. Hemans, &c. &c. &c. as among the distinguished contributors, to bespeak the attention of the fair, and the gallant present makers, to the *Literary Souvenir*.

Monthly Magazine.

The *Literary Souvenir*, a new and beautiful annual publication, of which the author of *Kirkstall Abbey Revisited*, is the Editor. It is but justice to say that, so far as regards their contributions to the work before us, Mr. Watts has shown himself quite equal to the most celebrated of his correspondents, though among them we observe Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, &c. &c. &c. The embellishments of this little volume are brilliant and delicate specimens of the perfection of line engraving in this country. Among the miscellanies in prose and verse that constitute the diversified contents of the *Souvenir*, many are of great merit, and none without some pleasing interest. We are glad to find among them one of the most finished and powerful compositions of Thomas Campbell. It may be confidently affirmed, that nothing from the same hand is more likely to make the author immortal.

Mr. Montgomery's Sheffield Iris.

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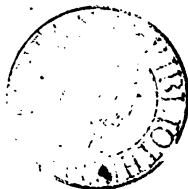
We perused these poems on their first appearance, and we have now re-perused them with no diminution of the pleasure we experienced at first meeting with them. They display throughout a true poetical vein. Some of the minor pieces are eminently pleasing.—*NEW MON. MAG.* Nov. 1823.

It is not on the descriptive merits of Mr. Watts, even in his most successful attempts, beautiful as they undoubtedly are, that we feel disposed to bestow our chief praise. This we would reserve for his pathetic pieces, which breathe the very soul of feeling and tenderness, in language which no contemporary poet, with the exception of Barry Cornwall, could equal.—*MON. MAG.* May, 1823.

It would be a waste of time to discuss Mr. Watts' capabilities as a poet. His volume has attracted the favourable notice of almost every reviewer. In these times, it is certainly no small praise that his poems do not contain a single syllable militating against religion or morality.—*GENT. MAG.* July, 1824.

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